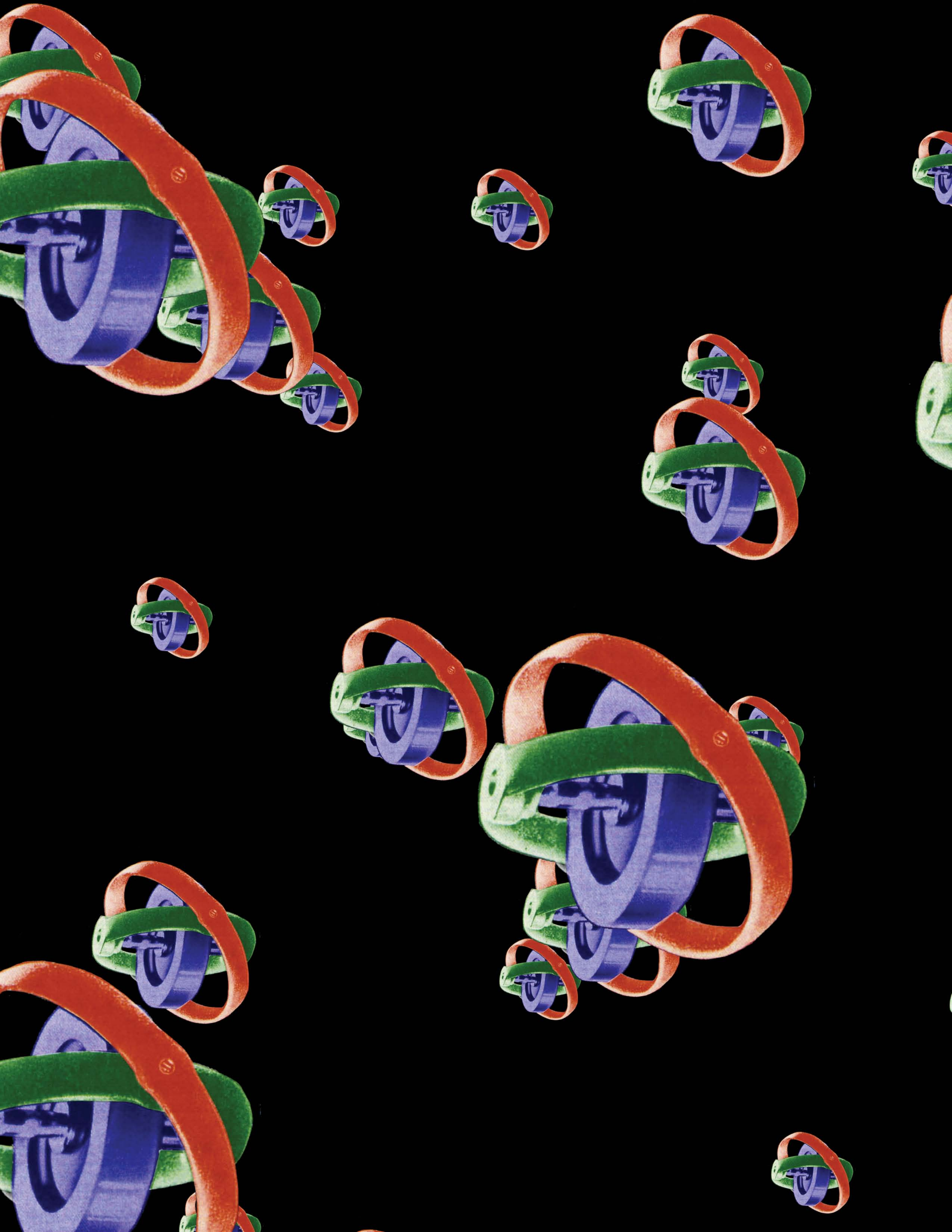
Works of a Nonexistent Enigmatician

Seth Kallen Deitch



Doctor Ahmed Fishmonger
Works of a Nonexistent Enigmatician

By

Seth Kallen Deitch

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http://www.skdeitch.com

Let’s clear a few things up

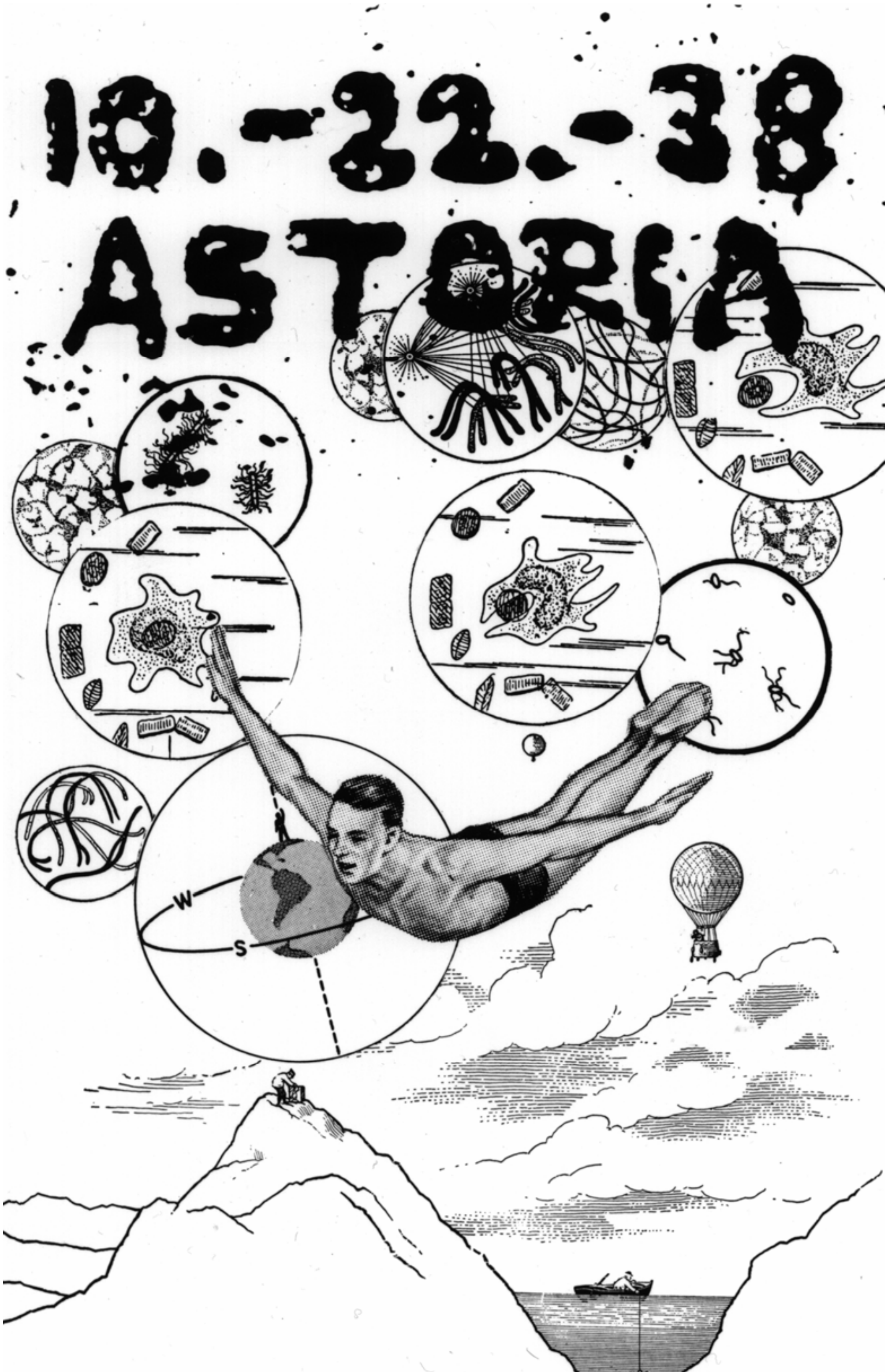
To begin with, Doctor Ahmed Fishmonger does not currently, nor has he ever existed in this universe. That name belongs to a body of work, not a person.

In the nineteen eighties, I started a magazine called “GET STUPID”, a Xerox produced affair that was at first quite similar to numerous other projects being produced throughout the developed world in that era. They were called “ ‘zines” by those who made them and read them. “’zine” is not short for magazine, but for fanzine. The great majority of them concerned the burgeoning punk rock/garage band phenomenon and that’s where the fan part comes from. In the case of mine and several others, it was less obvious. Donna Kossy, who produced a ‘zine called “False Positive” once said “If what I make is a fanzine, I wish someone would tell me what I’m a fan of.” Pretty much the same went for GET STUPID, and by the way, Ms. Kossy was a contributor and friend to Get Stupid.

The Name Ahmed Fishmonger is a stupid play on words derived from a source some might find strange. In Charles Fort’s book *LO!* , he notes an apparent fall of fish near Worcester England in 1881. His facetious explanation involved “a mad fishmonger” and a team of assistants throwing seafood all around the town in the wee hours for no apparent reason. Surely a more reasonable explanation than them actually falling from the sky. Ahmed Fishmonger sought to be the first cause of inexplicable happenings.

The works, mostly cut paper collages, were designed to be aesthetic and yet stubbornly defy any attempt to impose meaning upon them. The images are similar in general feeling to the collage works of Ernst or Cornell, but come from a slightly different place. Ernst and Cornell were attempting to recreate the experience of dreams, Dr. Fishmonger was trying to drain intellectual content from print media. The Fishmonger work offers the promise of meaning without delivering it. It has been great entertainment for me over the years to hear the various meanings that some people have attached to the various works.

Honestly looking at the stuff is basically a huge waste of time. Put this book down now, it will supply you with no information.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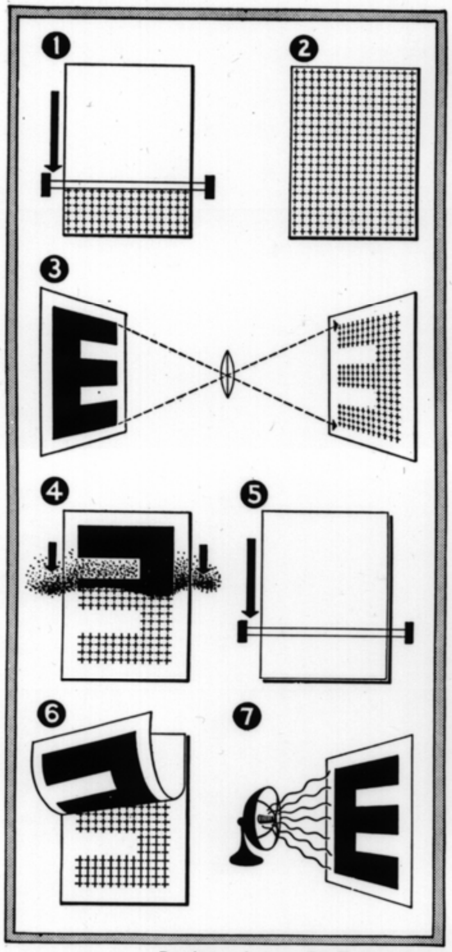
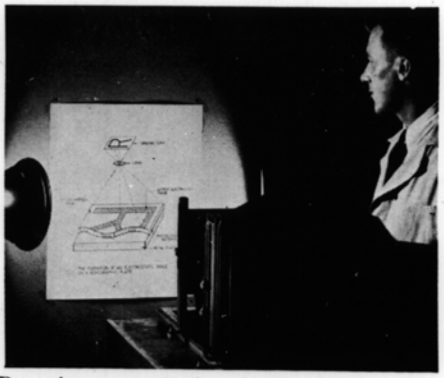
A REVOLUTIONARY PRINTING PROCESS

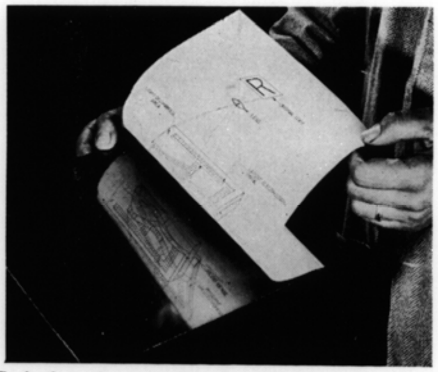


Drawings and photos, The Haloid Company

Xerography is a new dry electrical process of printing and reproducing documents and drawings. (The word comes from the Greek *xeros*, dry, and *graphein*, to write.) The xerographic plate corresponds to the film or paper used in photography. It consists of an electrically conductive backing material; this has a coating that does not conduct electricity in the dark, but that becomes conductive when exposed to light. The above diagrams show how xerography works. 1. The surface of the specially coated plate is electrically charged as it passes under wires. 2. The coating is now charged with positive electricity. 3. Copy (E) is projected through the camera lens. Positive charges disappear in the areas exposed to light, as shown by white space. 4. A negatively charged powder adheres to the positively charged image. 5. A sheet of paper is now placed on the plate and receives a positive charge. 6. Positively charged paper attracts powder from the plate. 7. The print is heated for a few seconds to fuse the powder and form a permanent print.



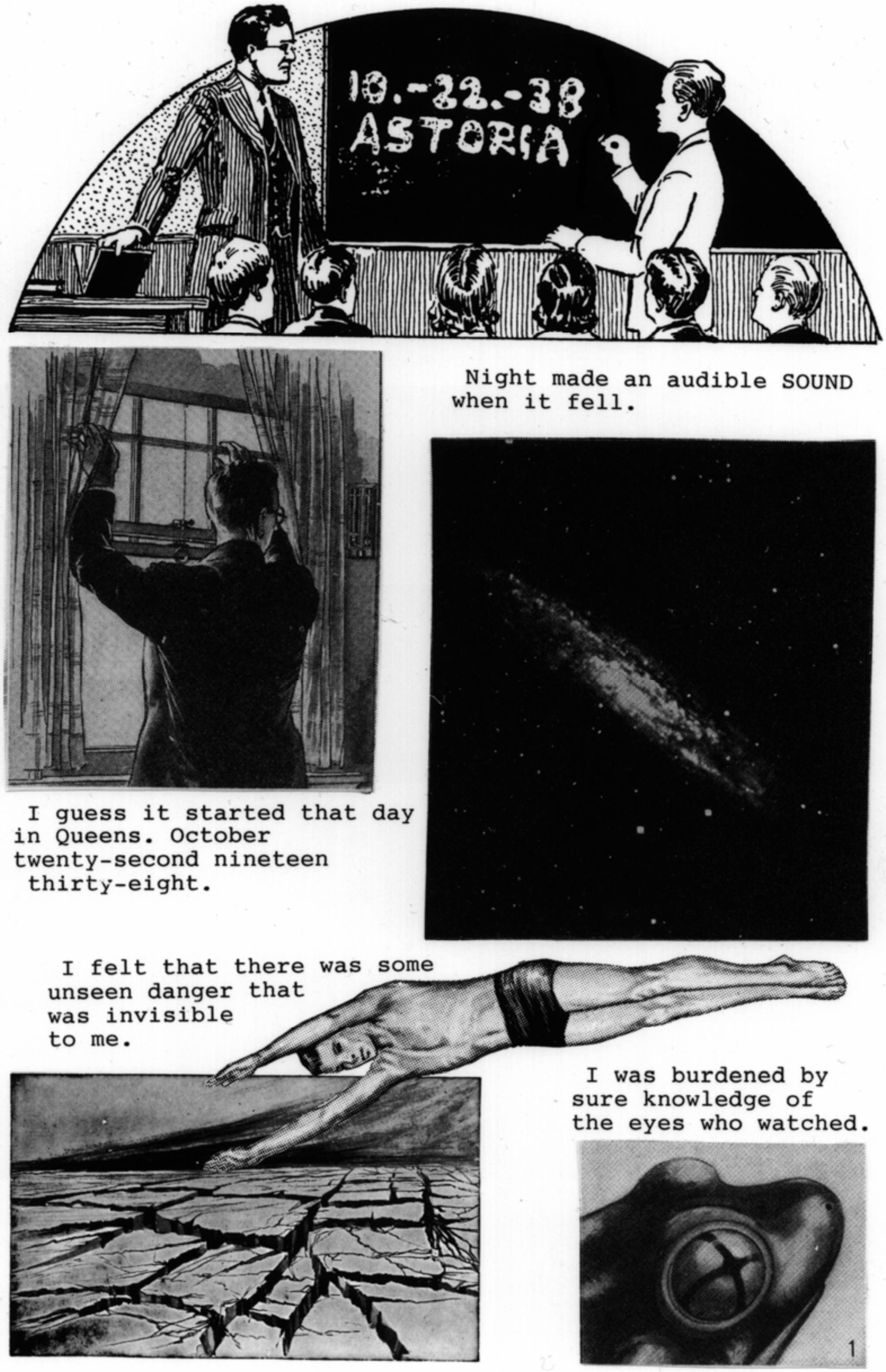
Preparing a reproduction of a line drawing. The xerographic plate may be exposed in a camera under an enlarger or in a contact printing frame.



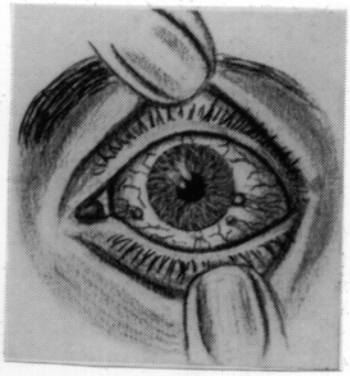
Stripping the transferred print from the plate. Heating the print will cause the powder to be fused to the plate and make the image permanent.

Battelle Memorial Institute

Printing by the xerographic process. Its chief advantages are the light weight of the printing machinery and the simplicity of plate-making.


10.-22.-38
ASTORIA
Night made an audible SOUND when it fell.
I guess it started that day in Queens. October twenty-second nineteen thirty-eight.
I felt that there was some unseen danger that was invisible to me.
I was burdened by sure knowledge of the eyes who watched.
1

There is music in the next apartment but I cant identify the tune.



I haven't slept in two days.

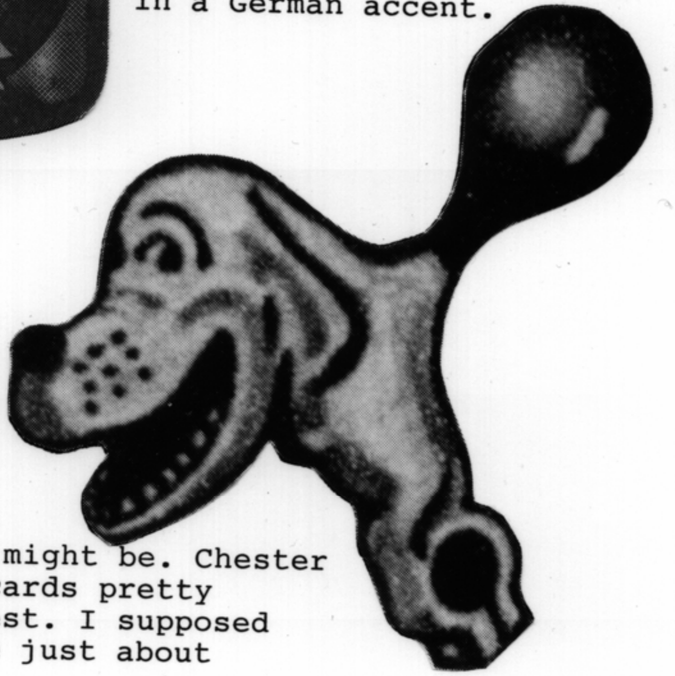
I Know that it's lack of rest which has led to the strange sensations

My insomnia has led to odd waking dreams and hallucinations. I also am receiving multiple excited phone calls from Chester who insists on comming over immediately to show me somthing he refers to only as "The Device."

...that must have originated in some antique sea.

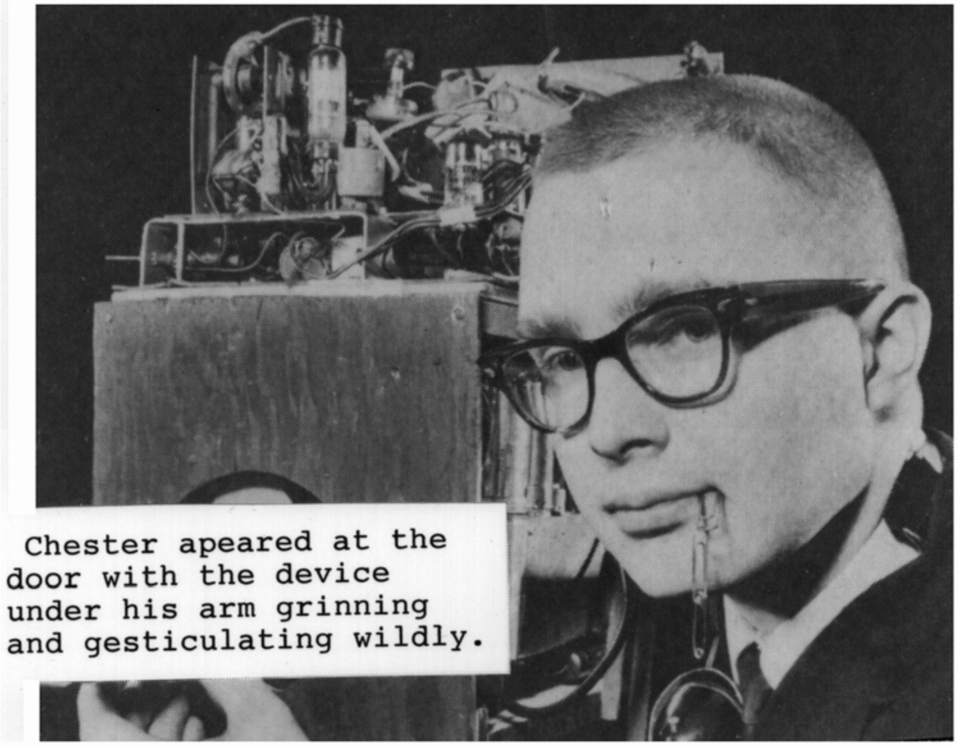
I have started to see a sign of intelligence in the eye of a crustacean...

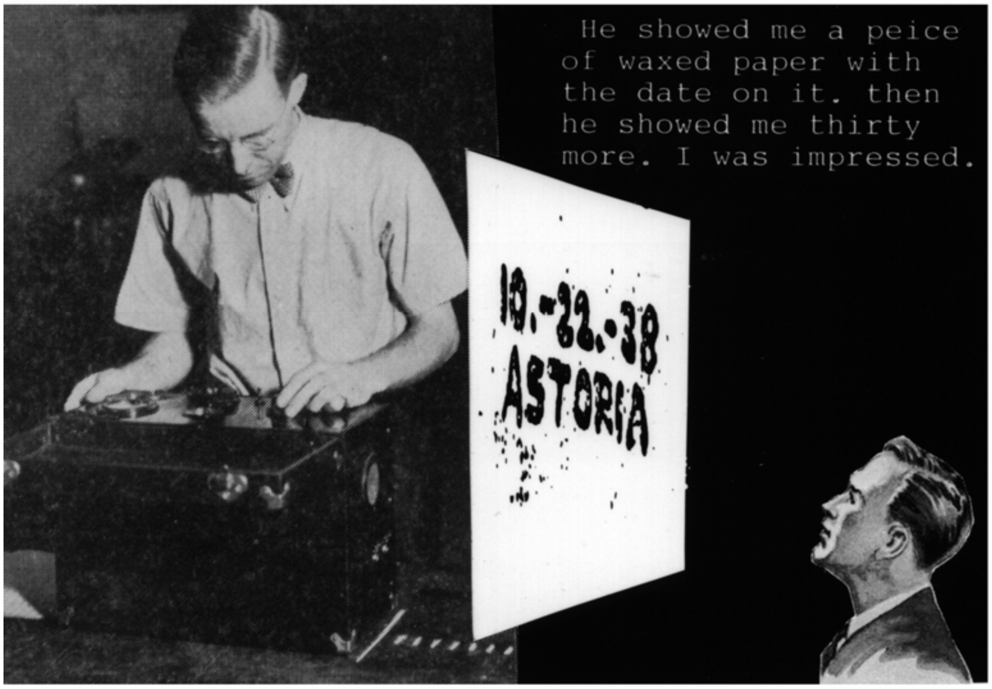
The radio was blaring news about Hitler interspersed with stupid popular songs. I had waking dreams about the fuhrer singing "Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy-Floy" in a German accent.



I must admit that, in my semi-delerium, I had strange ideas of just what the device might be. Chester had played his cards pretty close to the chest. I supposed that it could be just about anything.

I went downstairs to the drugstore for a cold drink. God, if only I could get some sleep! As I left my apartment, I saw six guys with banjos leaving the place across the hall. At least that one wasn't a hallucination. Chester would be here to bother me soon. People at the counter shied away from me. I realized that I must have smelled of sweat and insomnia.


Chester apeared at the door with the device under his arm grinning and gesticulating wildly.


He showed me a peice of waxed paper with the date on it. then he showed me thirty more. I was impressed.
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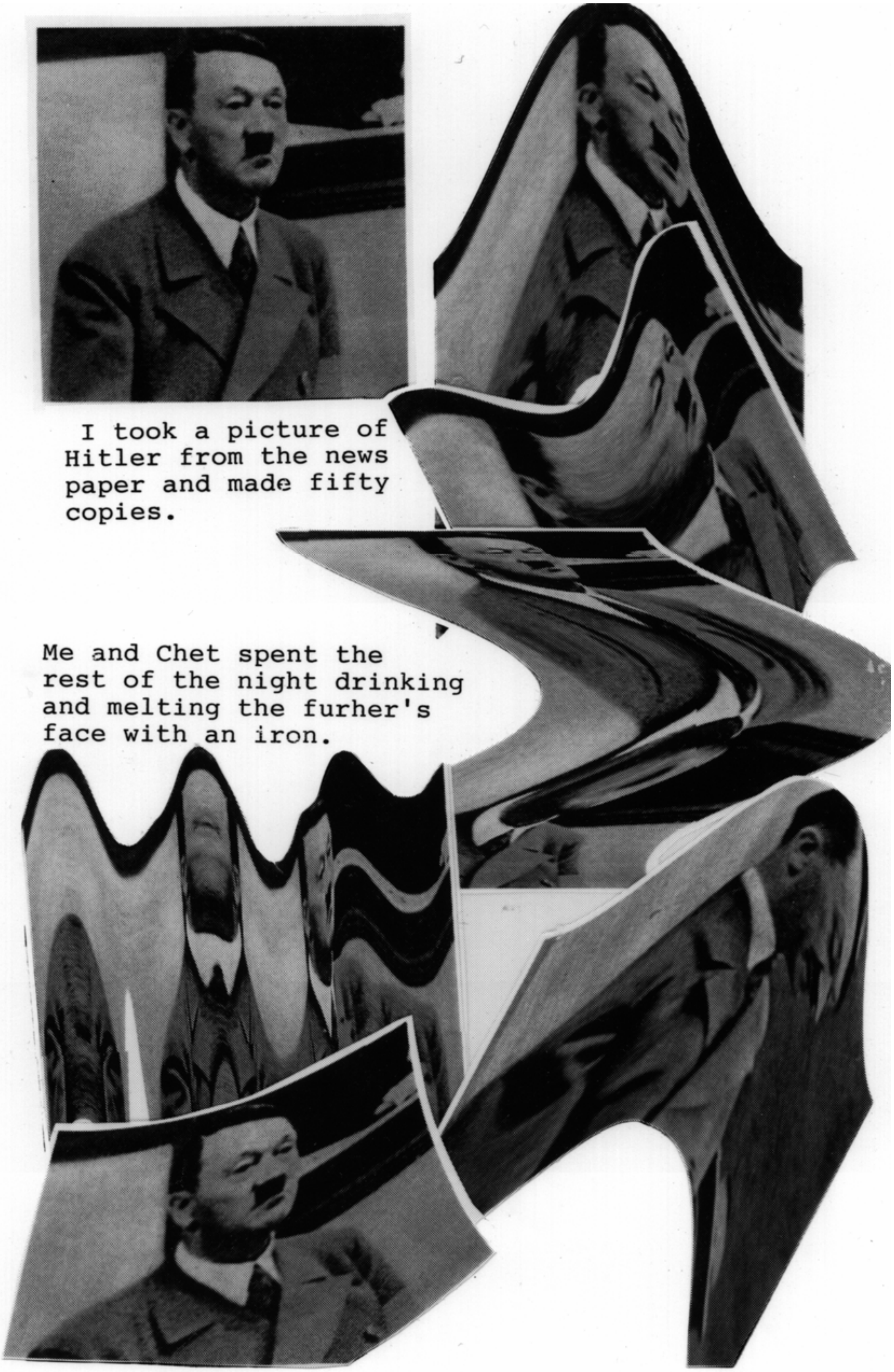
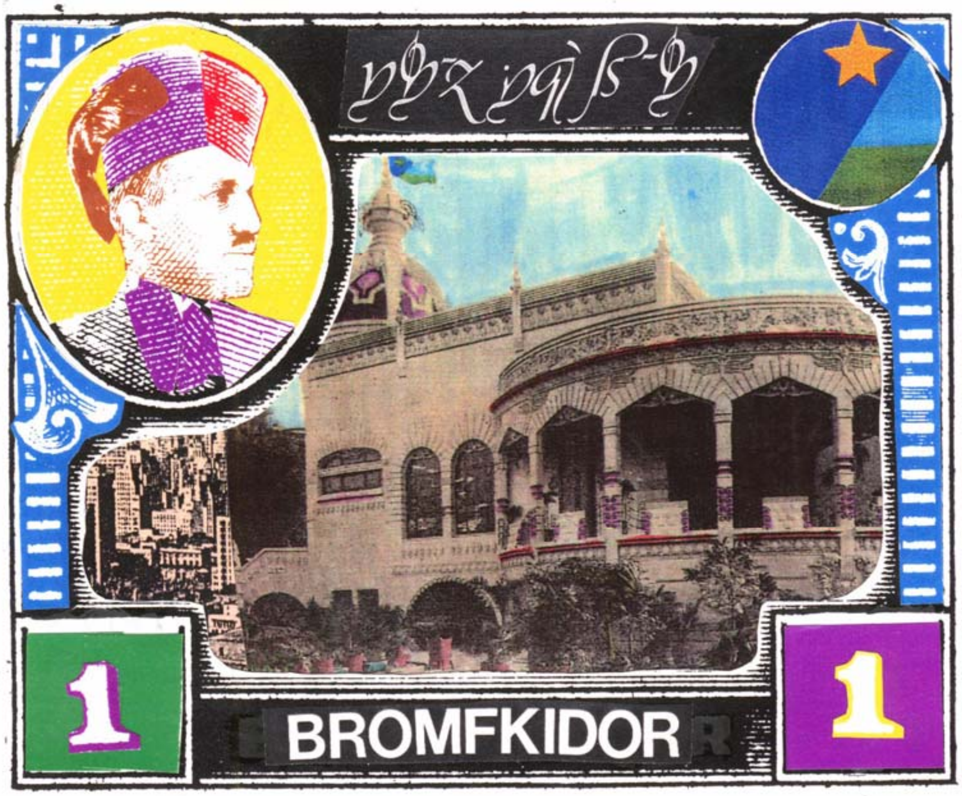

I took a picture of Hitler from the news paper and made fifty copies.
Me and Chet spent the rest of the night drinking and melting the furher's face with an iron.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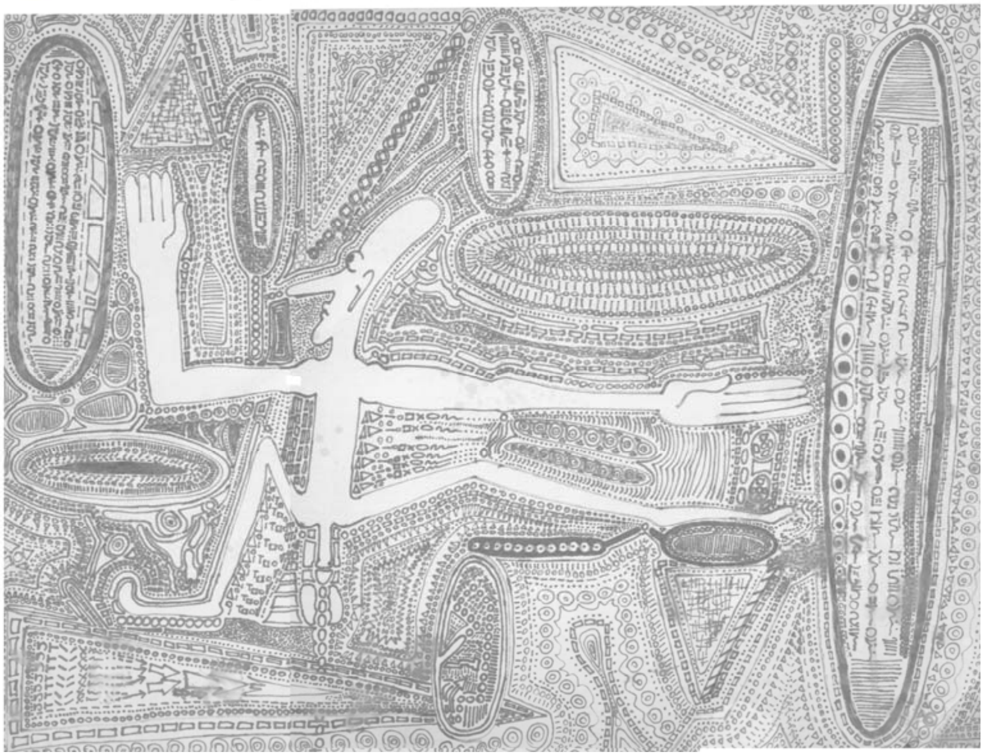
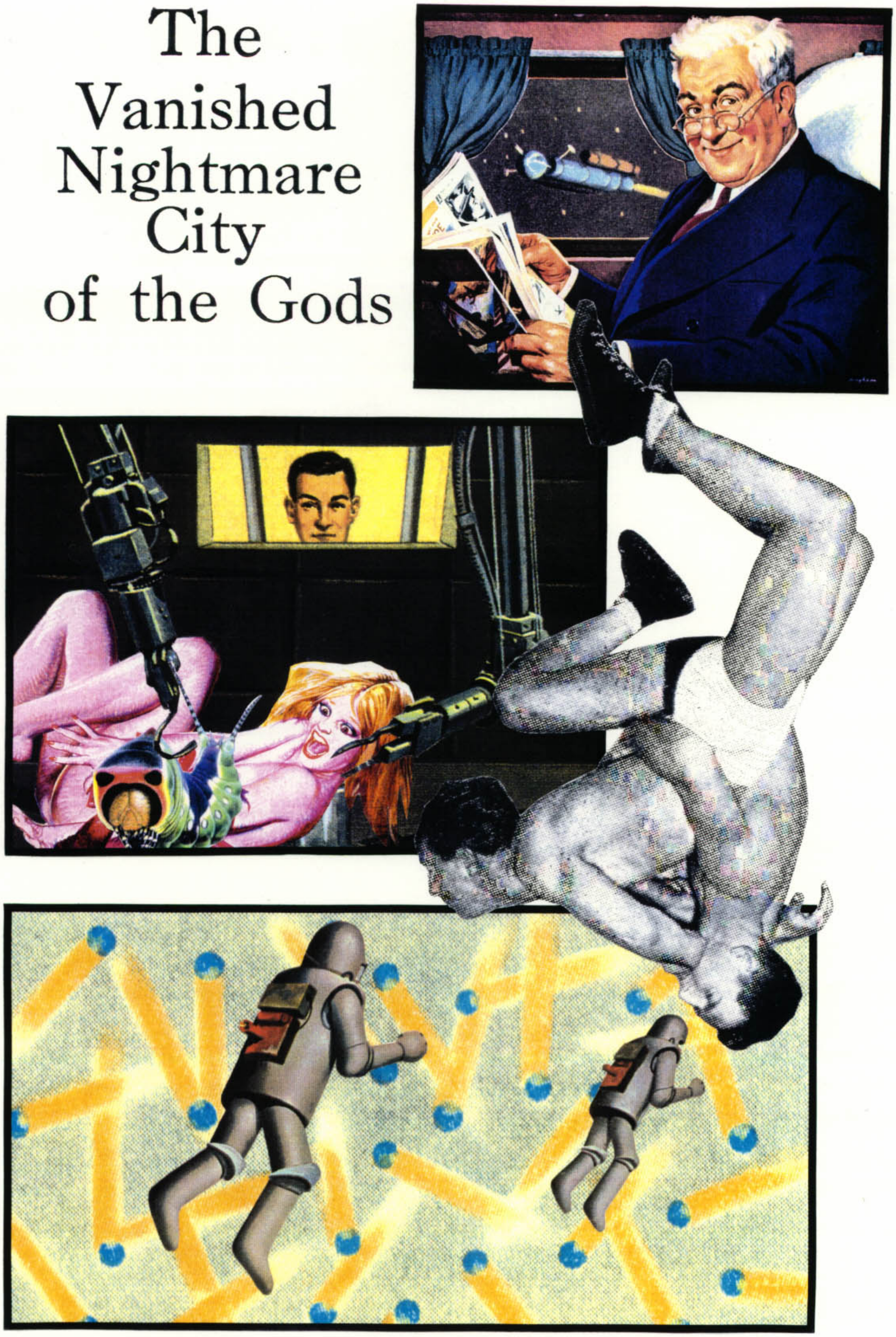
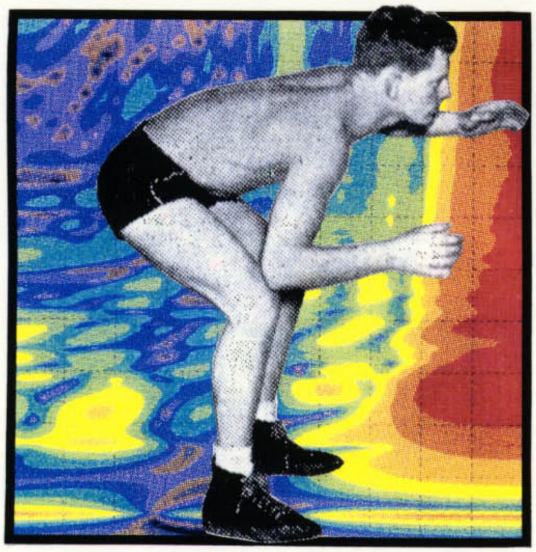


The Vanished Nightmare City of the Gods





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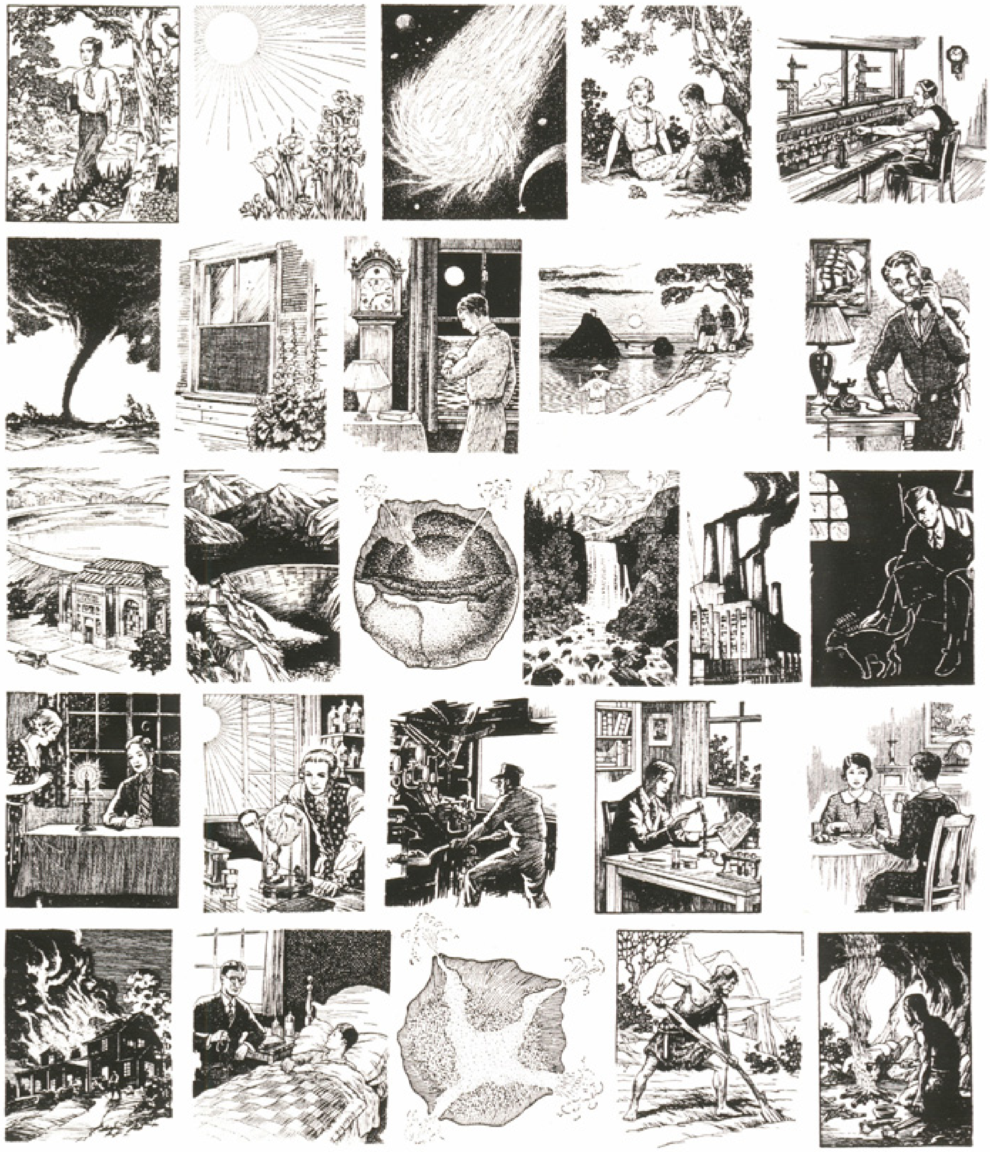
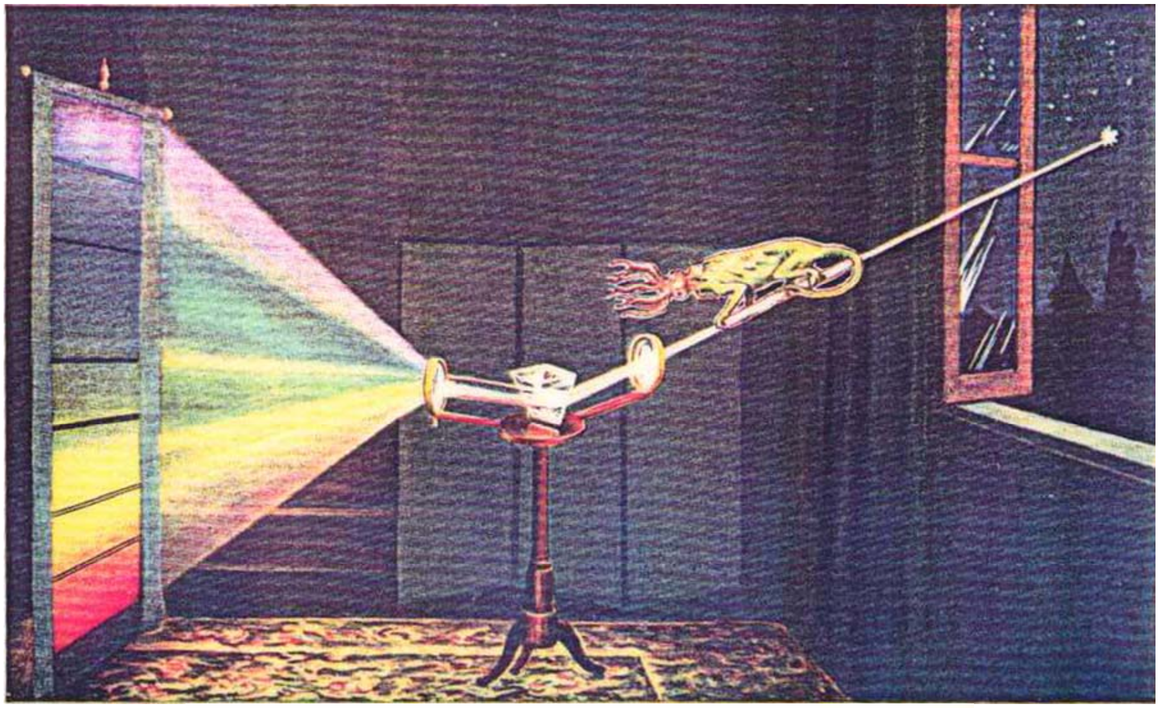
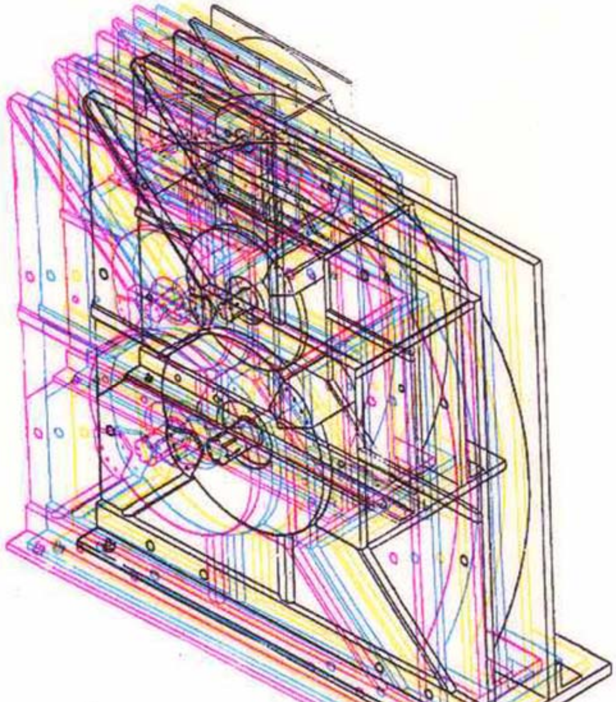
THE VISITING SUN

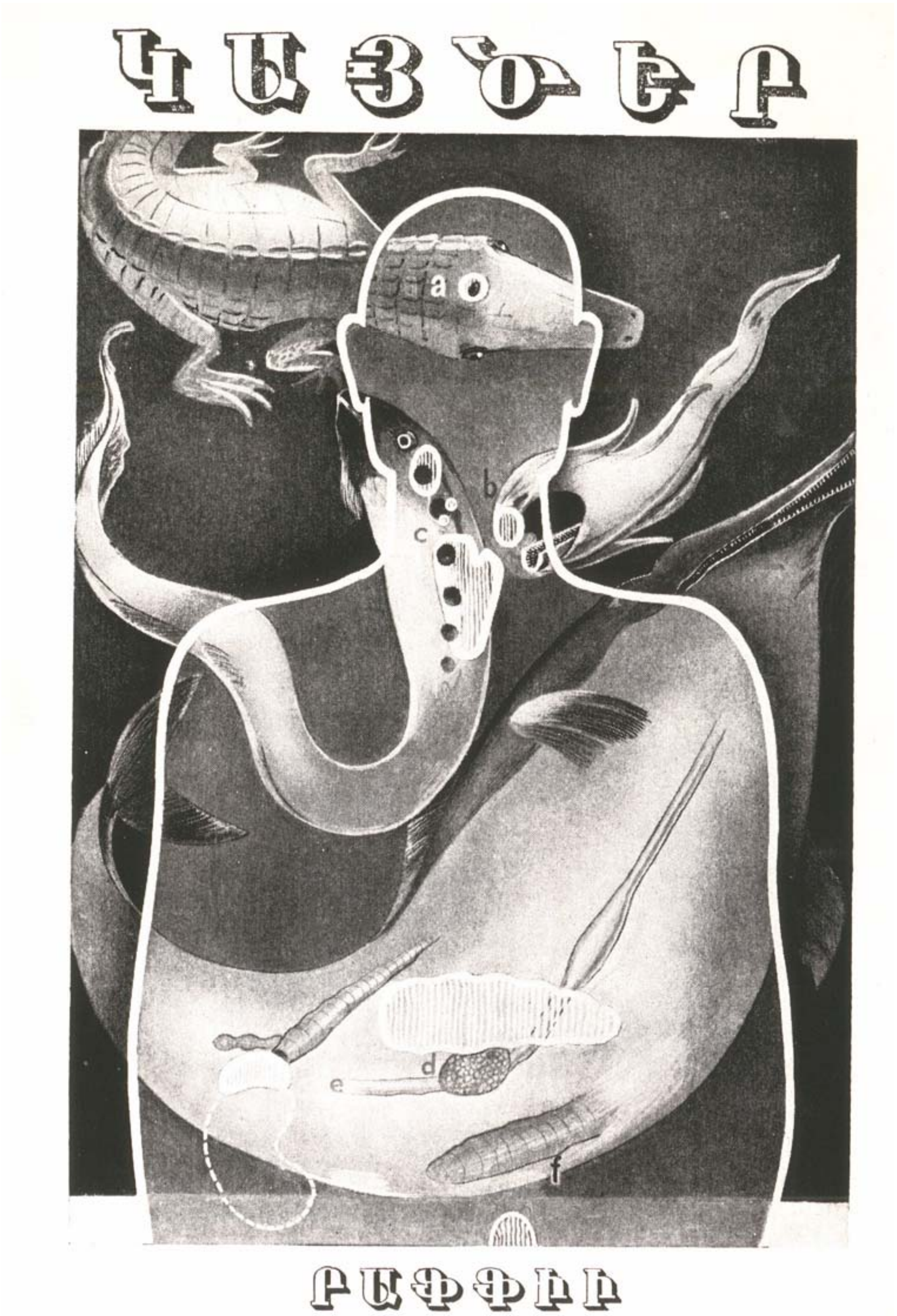
by Ahmed Fishmonger



IMPENDING DOOM
USA
32



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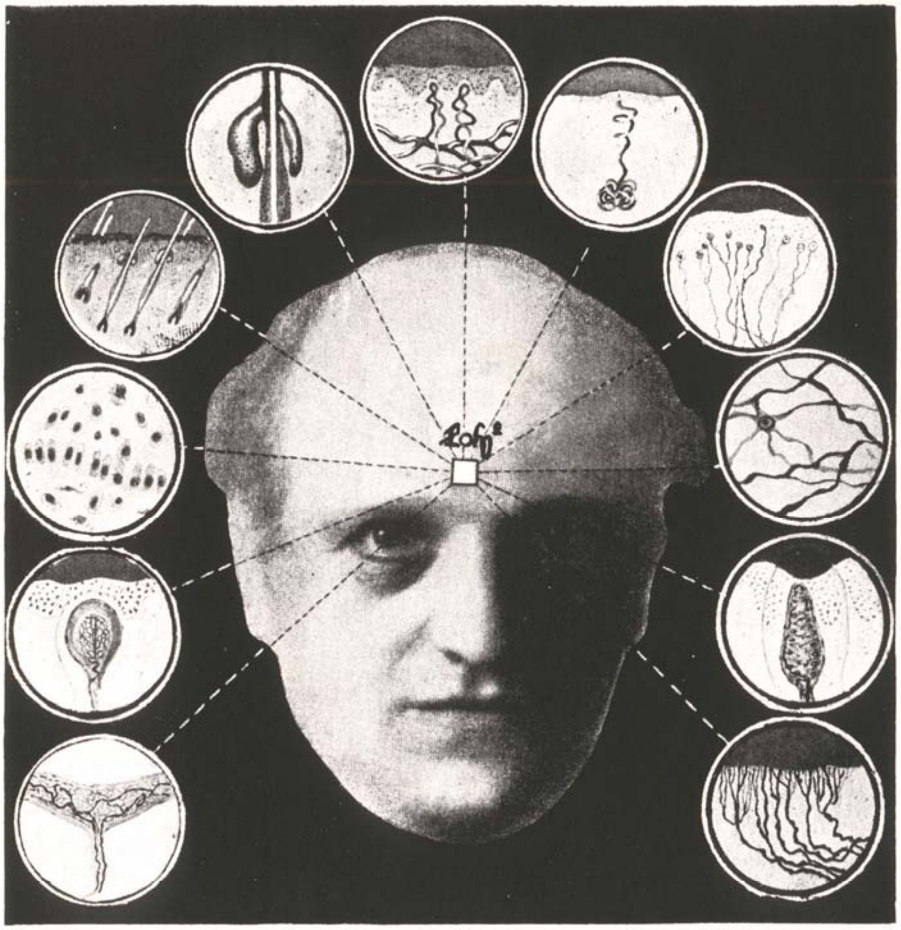
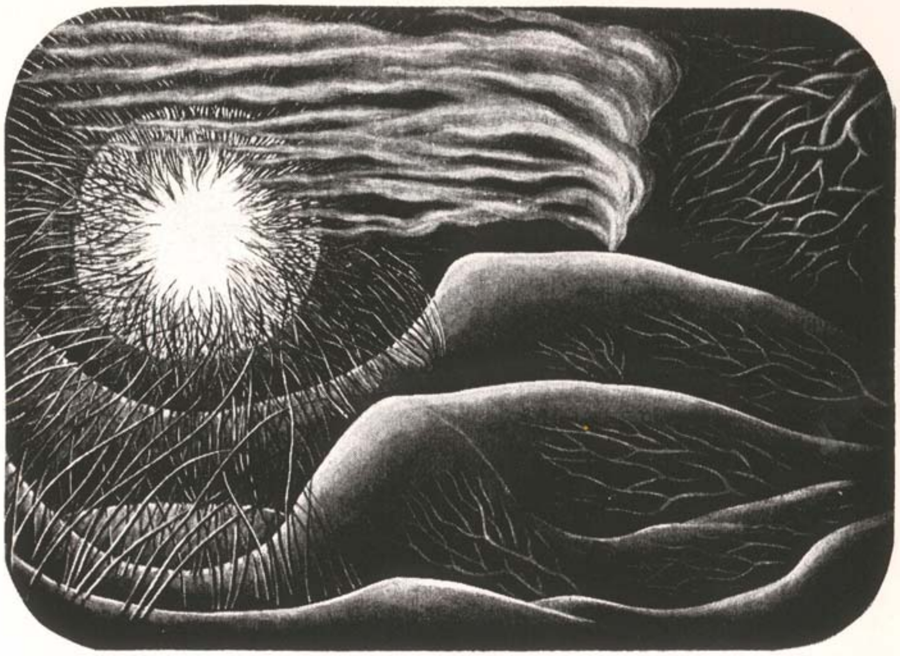


«Բայց այն Սերովբէներից մէկը թռաւ դէպի
ինձ, եւ ձեռքումը կրակի կայծեր կային, որ սե-
ղանի վրայից ունելիքով վեր էր առած, եւ իմ
բերանին դիպցնելով, ասաց, ահա այդ քո շըր-
թունքներիդ դիպաւ, եւ քո անօրէնութիւններդ
կը վերացնէ, եւ քո մեղքերը կը սրբէ քեզանից»:

Եսայի Զ. Է.



Ա.

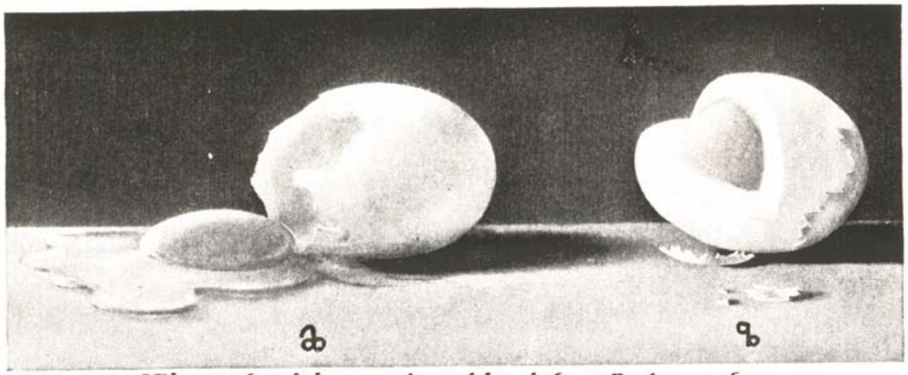
ԸՆՏԱՆԻՔ

Իմ մանկութիւնից շատ փոքր բան կարող եմ գրել, որովհետեւ նա անցաւ այնքան շուտ եւ այնքան դարտակ կերպով, որ շատը ես ինքս չեմ յիշում։

Բայց երբ մտաբերում եմ անցեալը, իմ տխուր եւ յիմարութիւններով լի անցեալը, կրկին զարթնում են վաղեմի յիշողութիւնները, եւ որպէս մթին խաւարի միջից, նկարւում է իմ առջեւ մանկութիւնը իր անմեղ-երեխայական կերպարանքով։

Ահա մինը միւսի ետեւից երեւան են գալիս ծանօթ պատկերները. —

Ես տեսնում եմ հայրենի տնակը իր հին, ժամանակի աւերմունքից մաշուած պարիսպներով։ Դեռ նոյն տերեւա-



Մեր տանը խիստ սակաւ էի տեսնում հօրս: Նա, որպէս սովորաբար ասում են, դաշտի մարդ էր: Տարուայ երեք եղանակներում՝ — գարուն, ամառ եւ աշուն — նա մշակում էր իր հողերը եւ փոքրիկ այգին, իսկ ձմեռը իր՝ Ջուլհակի խորի մէջ կտաւ էր գործում: Բայց դարձեալ մնում էր միշտ աղքատ: Հայրս շռայլ մարդ չէր. ոչ արաղ էր խմում, ոչ ծխում էր եւ ոչ էլ լաւ ուտում կամ հագնւում էր: Ես դեռ չեմ մոռացել նրա բազմամեայ հողաթափները, որոնք ստէպ կարկատուելուց այնքան ծանրացել էին, որ հազիւ կարելի էր շարժել: Նրա մորթէ գդակը բոլորովին կորցրել էր իր մազերը: Էլ ի՞նչով պէտք էր բացատրել այդ խնայող եւ աշխատաւոր մարդու դառն աղքատութեան պատճառները:

Լինում էր, շատ անգամ տանը հաց չունէինք ուտելու, քոյրերս լաց էին լինում սովից: Եւ ահա, գիշերային տարաժամ պահուն յայտնւում էին հարկապահանջները: Սկսում էին դուռը զարկել: Կը կոտրէին, եթէ իսկոյն չը բաց անէինք: Ներս էին թափւում մի խումբ կատաղի ֆէրրաշնէր: Բոլորովին դժոխք էր դառնում այն ժամանակ մեր տունը: Ամէնքս սարսափում էինք: Հայրս մեռելի գոյն էր ստանում, իսկ մայրս երկիւղից սկսում էր դողալ: Ես եւ քոյրերս փախչում էինք ու մտնում մեր քնաշորերի մէջ, թէեւ երբէք քնել կարող չէինք, բայց սուս էինք կենում:

որպէս մի գեղեցիկ պատկեր, նկարած զանազան գոյներով ։ Գիւղերը, այգիները, ձեռատունկ անտառները, լաւ մշակուած դաշտերը, բոլորը միախառնուելով հանդիսացնում էին ամբողջ հովիտը իր կանաչազարդ, գեղագրական տարածութեան մէջ ։ Ես ջոկում էի բոլոր ինձ ծանօթ տեսարանները ։

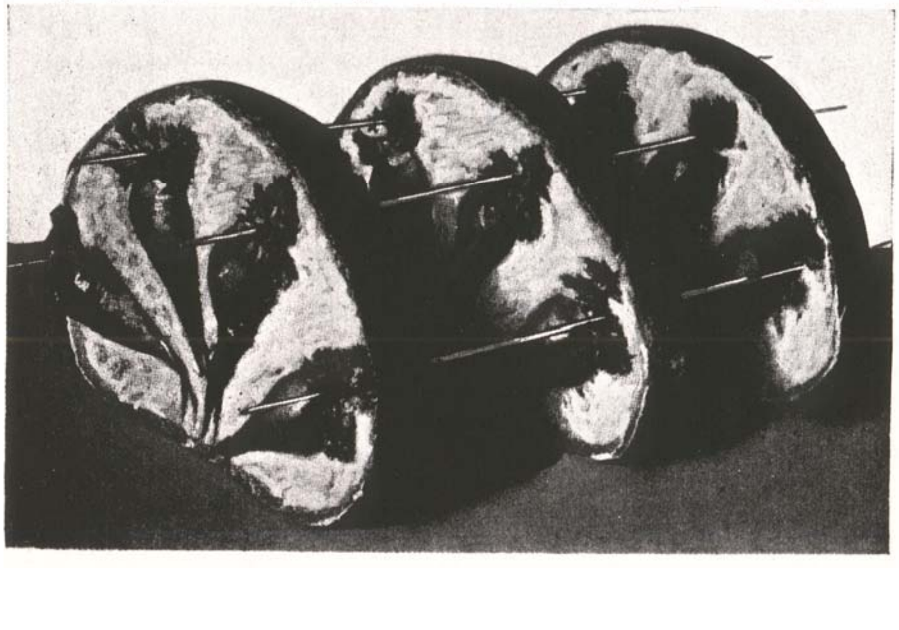
Հեռու, բարձր ապառաժի վրայ, տեսնում էի ես Ղարնի-Նարուղի աւերակները, աւերակները այն առասպելական ամրոցի, ուր թափուել էր այնքան արտասուք եւ սէր... ուր անօրէն Թուրք իշխանի ձեռքը խլում էր ամուսնի գրկից կնիկների ամենագեղեցիկը... ուր տարվում էին ամենանուրբ աղջիկները ամբողջ գաւառից եւ անբախտ ծնողների արտասուքը, ընտանիքի սրբութիւնը, ծնողների աղաչանքը չէին կարողանում ամոքել բռնակալի կրքերը... Դէպի աջ նայելով, ես տեսնում էի սուրբ Յովհաննու մատուռը. միայնակ կանգնած բլուրի գագաթին, որը մի ահագին շաքարի գլխի նման վեր էր բարձրացել ընդարձակ դաշտի միջից ։ Որքան քաղցր զգացմունքներով կապուած էր այդ սրբարանը իմ յիշողութեան հետ ։ Այնտեղ, տօնական հանդէսների ժամանակ, ուխտաւորների աշխարհային զուարճութիւնները, ախտերը եւ կրքերը եփ էին գալիս, բորբոքվում էին, միախառնուելով կրօնական ջերմեռանդութեան հետ...

ին ընկաւ քաղաքը. նա թագնուած
մէջ, որոնք ձեւացնում էին մթին,
Ես որոշեցի մեր թաղը. այնտեղ ես
էի “մէկին„... կարծում էի, թէ
գիտեմ ինչու նոյն րոպէում իմ
ուքով, ես այլ եւս չը կարողացայ

կրկին նոյն ոլոր-մոլոր սանդուղք-
նկատեցի, որ աշտարակը ունէր

գաւուրի պարանոցի վրայ, գրազ գալով, թէ մեզանից ով որ մի հարուածով կը կտրէ պարանոցը, միւսը պէտք է պարտաւորուի իր հաշուով հիւրասիրել նրան մի ֆինջան քաղցր ղահուէով եւ նարգիլէյով: Այժմ ես տարայ»: Բազմութիւնը գովաբանում է սրիկայի քաջութիւնը, ասելով՝ «մաշալլա... մաշալլա»... եւ հեռանում է: Իսկ սրիկան, իր ընկերի ձեռքից բռնելով, քարշ է տալիս դէպի ղահուէտուն, որ ստանայ խոստացած մրցանակը: Մի ամբողջ օր հօրս դիակը մնում է հրապարակի վրայ: Մուսուլմանները ծաղրելով են անցնում նրա մօտից, թէ ո՛րքան թոյլ է եղել «գաւուրի» պարանոցը, որ մի հարուածից կտրուել է. իսկ ոմանք զարմանում էին սրիկայի բազկի զօրութեան եւ նրա դաշոյնի սրութեան վրայ: Բայց տեղային հայերը, երկիւղից չէին համարձակուել ցերեկով մօտենալ նրան, եւ միայն գիշերով վեր էին առել դիակը ու թաղել:

Այդ սարսափելի եղեռնագործութեան լուրը խիստ սառնասրտութեամբ ընդունուեցաւ մեր կողմերում, որպէս թէ, սովորական անցքերի կարգից դուրս մի բան չը լինէր: Մեր թշնամիները ուրախացան, իսկ մեր բարեկամները աւելորդ համարեցին տրտմել: Աւելի հասկացող մարդիկ այսպէս էին բացատրում, թէ Աստուած նրա ճակատին այնպէս էր գրած, պէտք է այս տեսակ մահով վախճանուէր: Իսկ իմ քեռիները ասում էին, թէ Աստուած պատժեց նրան, որով-



սիկներից, թուրքերից եւ քրդերից,
զէնքերը շինել տալու: Հեռու կամ
ները այնտեղ մնում էին օրերով եւ
կը պատրաստուէին նրանց զէնքերը:
տերը կերակրվում էին քեռիներիս
գամ փող չէին վճարում նրանց
Ես փոքր ժամանակս չէի կարողանում
նշանակութիւն ունէր այդ նահապե
թիւնը՝ համ ձրի աշխատել,
չստանալ: Յետոյ հասկացայ, որ այդ
էին տալիս ոչ բոլորին, այլ նշանաւոր
միայն: Խաների, բէկերի, սէիդների,
քուրդ ցեղապետների համար աշխատ
մահմեդական ժողովրդի առաջնորդնե
էր քաղաքավարի կերպով կաշառել, դրանց բարեսրտու-
թիւնը պէտք էր գրաւել, որպէս զի կարելի լինէր դրանց
շնորհիւ հասարակ մահկանացուներից վարձատրութիւն ստա-
նալ: Հակառակ դէպքում, անհնար էր գործել, առաջնորդ-
ները կարող էին հրամայել, որ բոլորովին ձրի աշխատեցնեն
արհեստաւորներին կամ զանազան շառեր կը սարքէին: Իսկ
այժմ ոչ մի թուրք, ոչ մի պարսիկ, եւ ոչ մի քուրդ չէր
համարձակվում իր վճարը չը հատուցանել, որովհետեւ գի-
տէր, որ պետերը յարգում են, պաշտպանում են վարպետ
Բաբային, այսպէս էր իմ մեծ քեռու անունը:

Կար եւ մի ուրիշ բան: Մեր գաւառում բնակուող
զանազան մահմեդական ցեղերը, մանաւանդ քրդերը, ան-
հաստատաբնակ ժողովուրդ էին. գարնան սկզբից սկսած մին-
չեւ աշնան վերջը իրանց հօտերով եւ վրաններով թափա-
ռում էին լեռնային ամարանոցներում, եւ ձմեռը միայն
վերադառնում էին իրանց տները: Թափառումների ժամա-

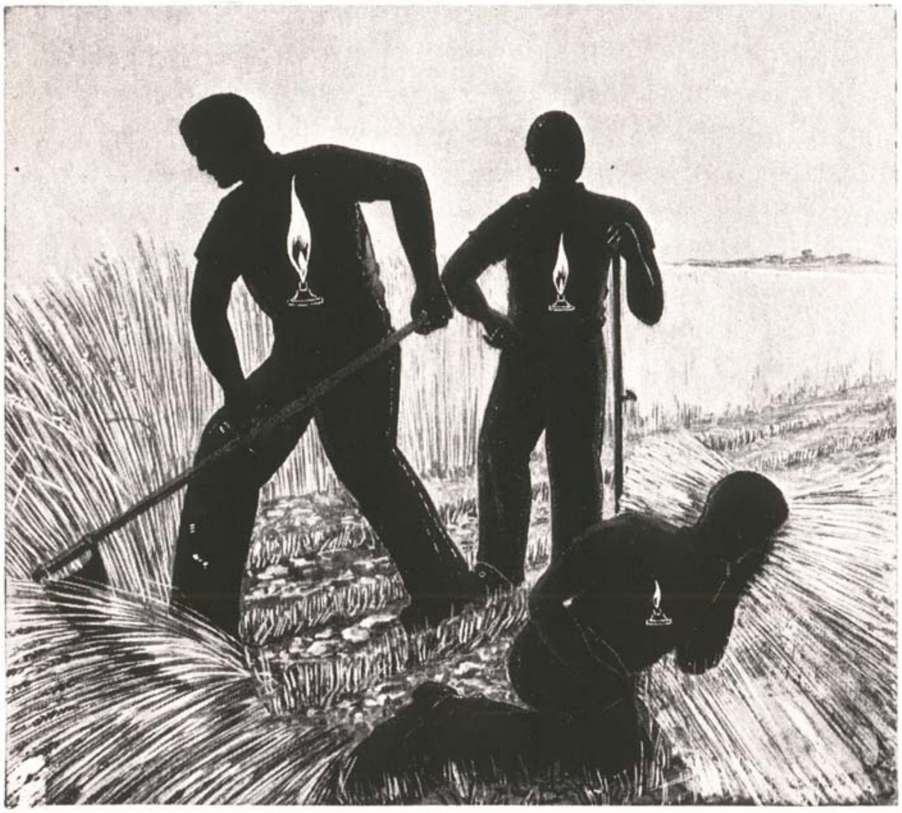
Դ.

ՈՐՍՈՐԴԸ

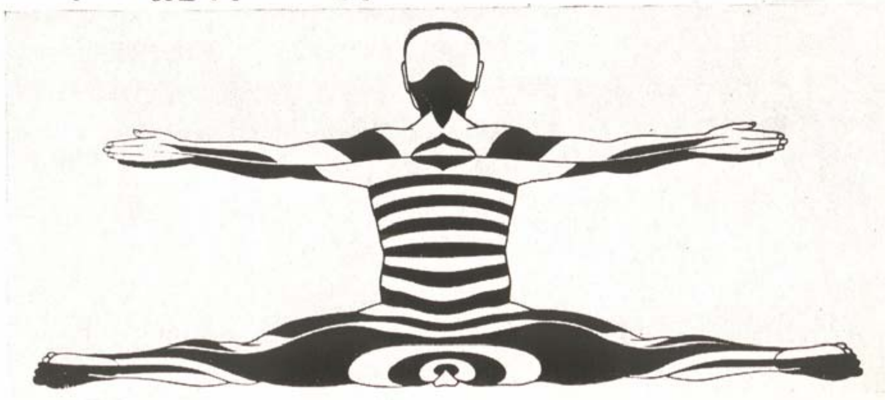
Անցան մի քանի ամիսներ այն օրից, երբ հարկապահանջները ծախեցին մեր տան կայքը, — անցան մի քանի դա՜ռն եւ մահաբե՜ր ամիսներ...

Մեր շուրջը տիրում էր արդէն ձմեռ, որ սառն ձեռքով խլեց դաշտերի եւ լեռների բոլոր գեղեցկութիւնները։ Ցուրտը օրըստօրէ սաստկանում էր եւ մոյգ-մոխրագոյն երկնքի երեսը աւելի եւ աւելի խոժոռ կերպարանք էր ստանում։ Արեգակը, կարծես, խռովել էր երկրից եւ չէր ուզում իր դէմքը ցոյց տալ։ Վերջապէս եկաւ ձիւնը եւ թանձր պատանը տարածեց երկրի վրայ։

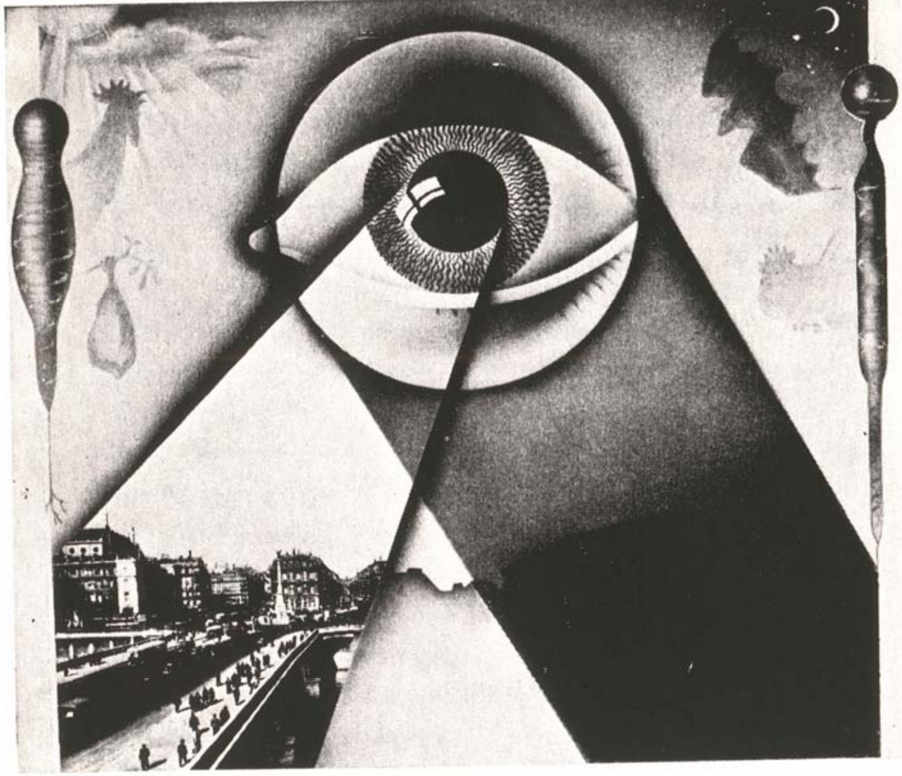
Մութ փոթորկային գիշեր էր։ Դրսում քամին կատաղի կերպով մռնչում էր եւ նորեկ ձիւնի փխրուն տարափը ահագին քանակութեամբ տարուբերում էր մի տեղից միւս տեղ։



տացել: Մայրս որպէս վերեւում յիշեցի, իր եղբայրների միակ քոյրն էր, նա իր աղջիկ ժամանակը շատ սիրուած էր թէ՛ եղբայրներից եւ թէ՛ հօրից: Ամեն կողմից խնդրում էին մօրս ձեռքը, ոչ այն պատճառով միայն, որ նա շատ գեղեցիկ էր, այլ ամեն երիտասարդ մի առանձին բախտաւորութիւն էր համարում լինել փեսայ այն ընտանիքի, որ ամբողջ գաւառի մէջ վայելում էր մեծ յարգանք: Փեսաների թիւը այնքան շատ էր, որ չը գիտէին, թէ որին պէտք էր ընտրել, կամ որին պէտք էր մերժել: Վերջապէս ընտրեցին Մահլամ գիւղի մելիքի որդուն, ի հարկէ, առանց հարցնելու իմ մօր կամքը եւ առանց ստանալու նրա հաճութիւնը: Երբ կատարվում էր հարսանիքի հանդէսը, հէնց այն գիշերը, երբ նորահարսին եւ փեսային պէտք է եկեղեցին տանէին, յանկարծ գտան նորահարսին անյայտացած հօր տնից: Խայտառակութիւնը չափ եւ սահման չունէր: Չար լեզուները սկսեցին զանազան կերպով բացատրել նրա պատճառը. ոմանք ասում էին՝ թուրքերը գողացել են նորահարսին, ոմանք ասում էին՝ իրան սպաննել է, ոմանք ասում էին՝ որ նա ծածուկ սիրում էր մի ուրիշին եւ նրա հետ փախել է: Այդ կարծիքներից արդեօք ո՞րն էր ուղիղ, — այն ժամանակ դժուար էր ստուգել, իսկ ինչ որ ճշմարիտ էր, այն էր, որ իմ մայրը կորաւ եւ կորաւ:



ՄԱՀԻՑ ՅԵՏՈՅ



ԺԲ.

ՄԹԻՆ ԳԱՂՏՆԻՔ

Դառնանք դէպի մեր պատմութիւնը։

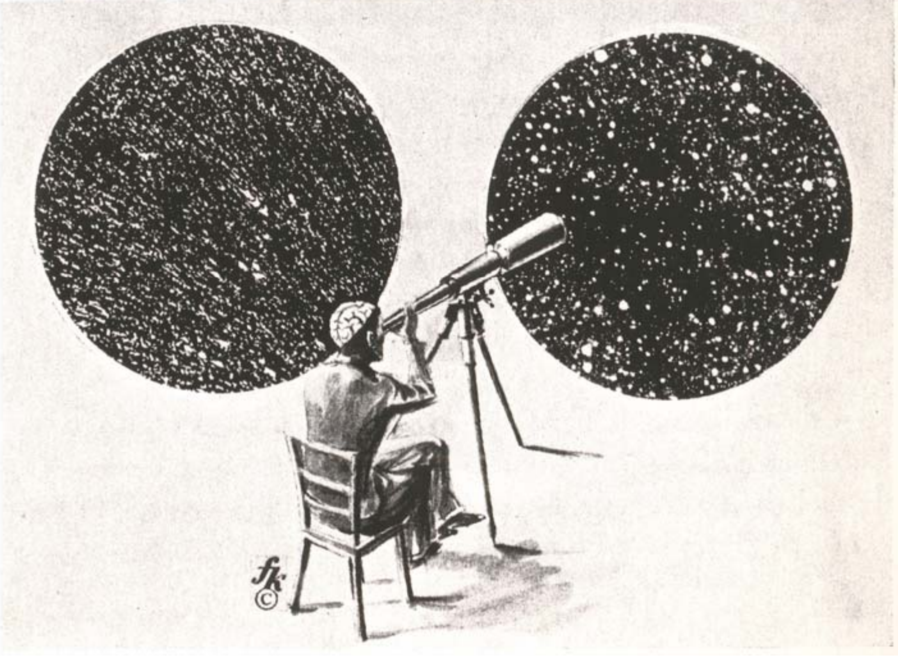
Վաղ-առաւօտեան, դեռ արեւը չը ծագած, ես զարթեցայ։ Ես ինձ գտայ խորհրդաւոր մինարէթում, պառկած ցամաք տերեւներից կազմուած անկողնի վրայ։ Գլխիս տակին, բարձի փոխարէն, դրած էր մի խուրձ խոտ։ Կարօի վերարկուն ծածկում էր ինձ վերմակի տեղ։ Երեւում էր, ընկերներս խնամք էին տարել իմ հանգստութեան համար, որովհետեւ դեռ չէի սովորած բացօթեայ կեանքի խստութիւններին։

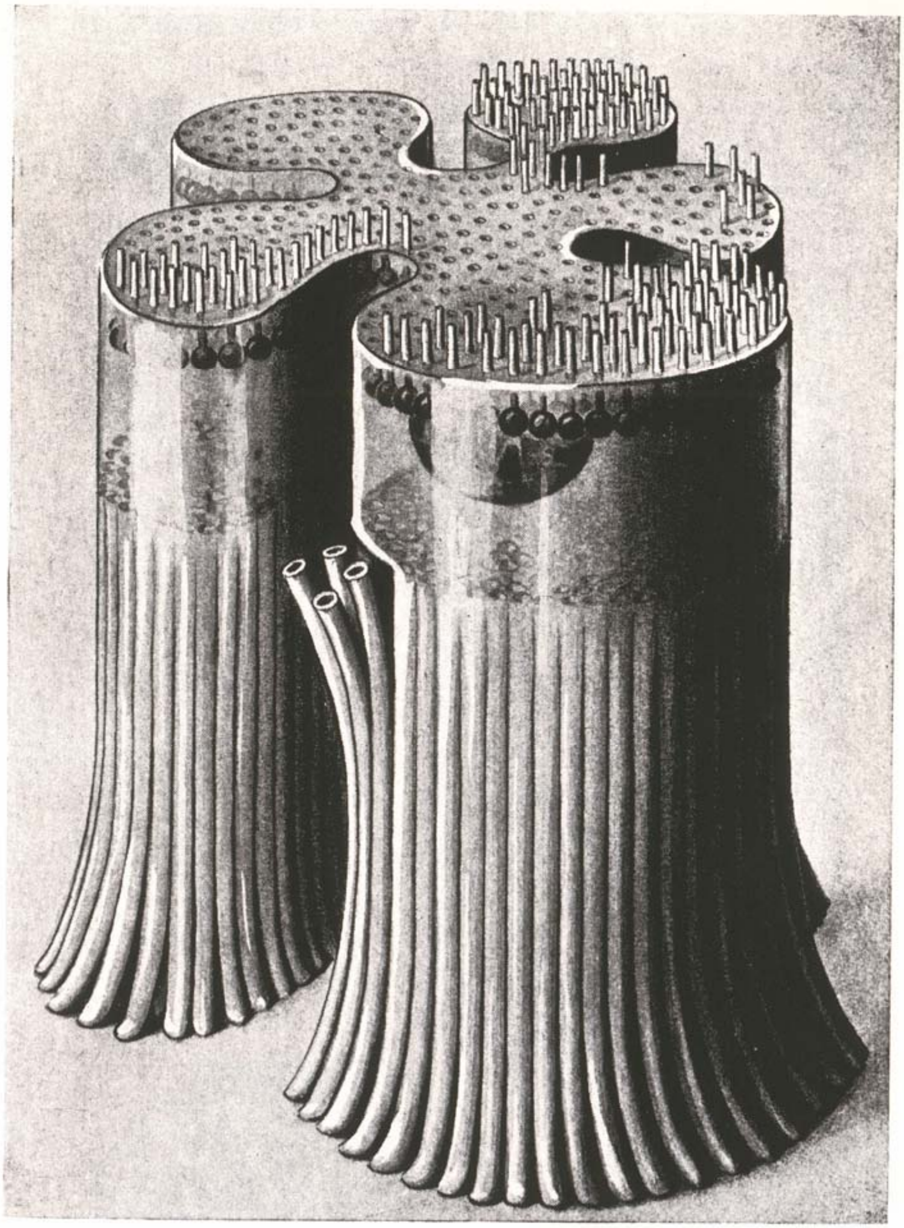
Գ.

ՀԻՆ ՄԵՂՔԸ

Աշունը մօտենում էր իր վախճանին։

Այդ առաջին աշունն էր, որին հանդիպում էինք մենք, քեռուս տունը տեղափոխուելուց յետոյ։ Դաշտերը ստանում էին տխուր եւ գունաթափ կերպարանք. կանաչ մարգագետինները, օրըստօրէ դեղնելով, մեռելային դէմք էին կրում։ Անխղճաբար փչում էր սառը քամին եւ թափում էր մերկ ծառերի մնացած տերեւները։ Երկնքի խոժոռ եւ մոխրագոյն դէմքի վրայ գլորվում էին մթին ամպերի ահագին բեկորներ եւ արգելում էին արեւի թոյլ ճառագայթները։ Խիստ տխուր եղանակով լսելի էր լինում կռունկների խուլ կանչիւնը, որոնք բարձր եթերքի միջով, եռանկիւնի շարքերով, դիմում էին դէպի օտար աշխարհ։ Ծիծեռնակներ ամենեւին չէին երեւում, նրանք վաղուց էին գաղթել։ Միայն մրջիւնները խիստ եռանդով կրում էին դէպի իրանց ամբարները ընդեղէնների զանազան տեսակներ։ Ամեն արարած պատրաստվում էր ընդունել ձմեռը — իր անախորժ հիւրը։





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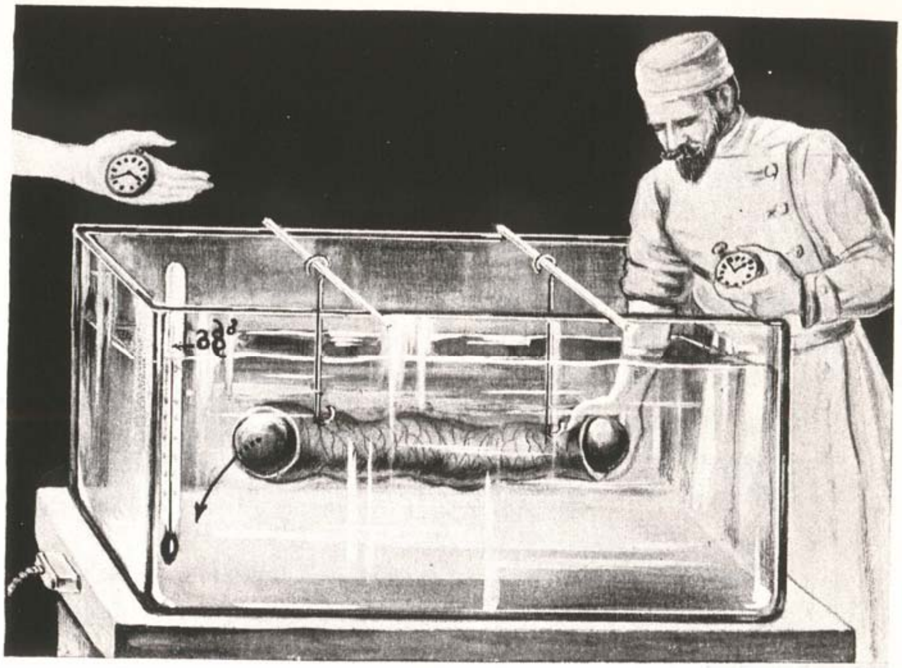
Ամէն մի լուր, ամէն մի խօսք, ծակերի միջոցով, կայծակի արագութեամբ տարածւում էր ամբողջ Թաղի մէջ, առանց մի մարդ իր տանից դուրս գալու: Ծակերից շատերը այնքան մեծ էին, որ կարելի էր, մանաւանդ վտանգի ժամանակ, մի տան կայքը Թաքցնել կամ տեղափոխել միւսի մէջ, կամ հարեւանի մօտ ապաստան գտնել: Թագստի համար իւրաքանչիւր տան մէջ կային ստորերկրեայ մառաններ, որոնց գաղտնի մուտքը, միայն տան տիրոջն էր յայտնի:

Ասացի, Հայոց Թաղի բոլորովին սպառուած ծայրում էր քեռուս տունը, ուր մենք պատսպարան գտանք մեզ հասած դժբախտութիւնից յետոյ, այսինքն այն օրից յետոյ, երբ հօրս պարտատէրները մեզ արտաքսեցին հայրենական տնակից: Ամենօրեայ երկիւղը, գողերի եւ աւազակների յարձակումների յաճախ կրկնութիւնը ստիպել էին կանգնել տան շրջապարիսպը, որքան կարելի է, բարձր եւ հաստ պատերով, որոնք անձրեւից եւ խոնաւութիւնից ստացել էին մոյգկանաչ գոյն: Ժամանակի աւերող ձեռքը կիսով չափ մաշել էր շրջապարսպի վերին մասը, բայց նա տակաւին այնքան բարձրութիւն ունէր, որ կարող էր ընդդիմադրել ամենայանդուգն յարձակման:



Այսպէս ամէն օր, վաղ-առաւօտեան գնում էինք դաշտը հասկաքաղ անելու եւ երեկոյեան վերադառնում էինք։ Մեր խրճիթի դռան առջեւ կազմուեցաւ մի փոքրիկ դէզ հաւաքած հասկերից։ Այնուհետեւ սկսեցինք մեր կալը կասել։ Բայց նա այնքան մեծ չէր, որ հարկաւոր լինէր կասել ջարջարով։ Մայրս սկսեց իր ձեռքով մանրել հասկերը մի հաստ փայտով, որը այնքան ծանր էր, որ ես դժուարութեամբ կարողանում էի բարձրացնել։ Երբ յարդը քամուն տուեցինք, մաքուր ցորեանը հաւաքեցինք թաղարների մէջ։ Ձմեռուայ մեր հացի պաշարը արդէն պատրաստ էր։

Դեռ մնում էր ամենահարկաւորը — վառելիքը։ Մեր խարխուլ բնակարանի համար պէտք էր բաւական տաքութիւն, մանաւանդ, որ ձմեռը այս կողմերում խիստ սաստիկ է լինում։ Մայրս այնքան զբաղուած էր, որ ամենեւին ժամանակ չունէր հոգ տանելու վառելիքի մասին. այդ պատճառով, այդ հոգսը մնաց իմ եւ քոյրերիս վրայ։ Մայրս իր

թէ վերջին սպառնալիքը իմ վրայ
էին գործում. ես Փէրրաշից նոյնքան
գայլից: Բայց երբ փոքր ինչ մեծացայ
եւս չէի վախենում, որովհետեւ հասկ
գայլ չի դառնայ, բայց Փէրրաշի երկիւ
իմ սրտից . . . Ինձ թուում է, որ այս
նրա մտրակի ձայնը, ինձ թուում է, թ
են գիւղացու ցաւալի հառաչանքնե
նրան թուլացած, ուշաթափ եղած
գանահարութիւնից . . .

Քեռուս տունը, ուր տեղափոխուեցանք մենք, մեզ
հասած դժբախտութիւնից յետոյ, գտնւում էր Քօհնայ-
Շահարում: Քօհնայ-Շահար նշանակում է հին քաղաք.
այսպէս կոչում էին նրան Սալմաստայ նոր քաղաքից որոշելու
համար, որի անունը Դիլման էր: Հին քաղաքը կորցրել
էր իր անունը: Շատ հաւանական է, որ դա լինէր մեր
Զարեհաւանը կամ Զարեւանդը, որի անունով մի ժա-
մանակ կոչւում էր ամբողջ գաւառը:

Այս քաղաքներում բնակւում էին չորս ազգու-
թիւններ, հայ, թուրք, ասորի եւ հրեայ. իւրաքանչիւր
ազգութիւն զետեղուած էր առանձին թաղերում: Հայերը
ունէին երկու եկեղեցի, իսկ ասորիները՝ մէկ: Հին-քաղաքն
անը, այստեղ, կարծես, մի քանի քա-
մինը միւսի վրայ: Նոր շէնք կառու-
պէտք չէին. քանդում էին գետինը
էին բերում ահագին քանակու-
քարեր, եւ շատ անգամ բացւում
բերկրեայ բնակարան: Որքան փոր-
փոխութիւններ պէտք է կրած լինէր
գգեր այնտեղ բնակուել եւ անհե-

Երբ ջերմ, ամառնայ նայում է Սալմաստայ պայծառ լուսաւորուած հովտին, տեսնում աշխատասէր ձեռքով, խոստանո տեսնում է՝ ցորեանը, գարին, ղէնների ամեն տեսակները, ի ներկայացնում են խիստ գոհա տեսնում է՝ մրգաբեր այգիները նաագնիւ տեսակներով. — տե մարգերի վրայ արածում են ո խարների հօտեր, — մի խօսքով

թիւնը անխնայ առատութեամբ թափել է այստեղ իր հարստութիւնները: Նա սկսում է մտածել. “որքա՜ն բախտաւոր են ապրում այստեղ մարդիկ”... Իսկ այդ ճոխութիւնները, բնութեան այդ պարգեւները չեն պատկանում այն բիւրաւոր աշխատող ձեռքերին, որոնք դաշտերի վրայ, արեւի կրակոտ բոցերի մէջ քրտինք են թափում:

Ահա գիւղերում այստեղ եւ այնտեղ բարձրանում են ամրոցներ, որոնք իրանց հպարտ աշտարակներով եւ ատամնաւոր պարիսպներով իշխում են շրջակայքի վրայ, նրանց մէջ բնակվում են “աղաները” իրանց ախտերով եւ մոլութիւններով, — ահա նրանցն է պատկանում երկրի բոլոր բեղմնաւորութիւնը, նրանք են շռայլում մշակ մարդու աշխատաւոր ձեռքի վաստակը:

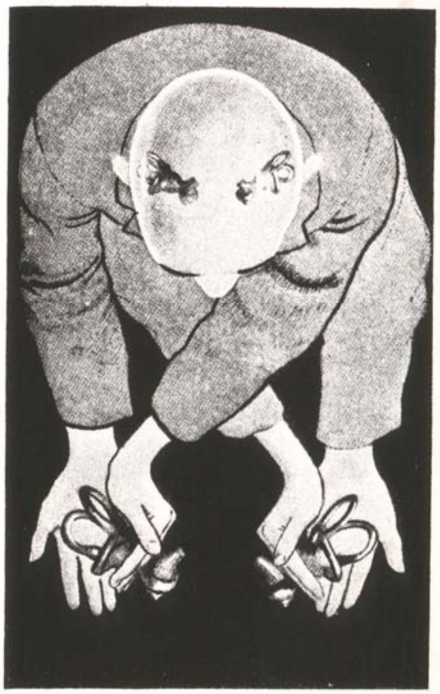
Երեխայութեանս ժամանակ, երբ ես որ եւ իցէ անկարգութիւն էի անում, տատս եւ մայրս ամեն մէկը իր առանձին եղանակն ունէր ինձ սաստելու, որ վախենամ եւ հանգիստ կենամ: Տատս ասում էր. “Սո՜ւս, սո՜ւս, մարդագէլը եկաւ, քեզ կտրամ, կուտի”: — Մայրս ասում էր. “Չէնդ կորի, թէ չէ, Փէրրաշին կը կանչեմ”... Թէ առաջին եւ

նալ քո միշտ տխուր եւ գունաթափ դէմքը։ Ի՞նչու դու ուրախ լինել կարող չէիր... Ի՞նչու այնպէս սպաննուած էին քո գեղեցիկ աչքերը, որոնցից արտասուքը շատ քիչ էր պակասում...

Մայրս մի բարձրահասակ կին էր, նիհար եւ թոյլ կազմուածքով։ Ոտքի վրայ նա միշտ հիւանդ էր, բայց երբէք չէր պառկում։ "Ո՞վ պիտի պահէ իմ երեխաներին„, պատասխանում էր նա, երբ նրան ասում էին, թէ պէտք է փոքր ինչ հանգստանալ, թէ պէտք է փոքր ինչ կազդուրել սպառուած ուժերը։ Ամբողջ օրը դադարում չունէր։ Նա էր թխում մեր տան հացը, նա էր եփում կերակուրները, նա էր լուանում մեր շորերը, նա էր կարում եւ կարկատում մեր հագուստը։ Բայց տնային հոգսերը չէին, որ մաշում էին նրան, — նրա ցաւը սրտիցն էր... Ես այն ժամանակ չէի հասկանում, բայց հիմայ հասկանում եմ...

Մեր գիւղում գովասանուած էր մօրս վարպետութիւնը կարելու եւ ձեւելու մէջ, բայց շատ քիչ էին վճարում նրա աշխատութիւնների համար։ Շաբաթական մի քանի շահի հազիւ էր վաստակում եւ նրանցով ապրում էինք։ Տատիս մեռնելէն յետոյ տան հոգսը բոլորովին ծնաց մօրս վրայ։ Քոյրերս՝ Մարիամը եւ Մագթաղը դեռ փոքրիկներ էին. դրանք աւելի խանգարում էին մօրս, քան թէ օգնում էին։

ման մէջ է։ Նրա ամենատես աչքերը ամեն բանի վրայ կը նայէին եւ ամեն բան կը գիտէին, նրա անհանգիստ լեզուն ամեն բանի մասին հարցմունքներ կ՚անէր եւ անվերջ հաշիւ ու համարներ կը պահանջէր։ Մինչեւ մահ նա չը թողեց ձեռքից իր կառավարութեան գաւազանը՝ — ահագին փայտեայ շերեփը, որով նա ընթրիքի եւ ճաշի ժամանակ կերակուր էր բաժանում։ Մինչեւ նրա մահը մեր տան թէ մեծը եւ թէ փոքրը ամենայն խոնարհութեամբ հպատակում էին նրա հեղինակութեանը։



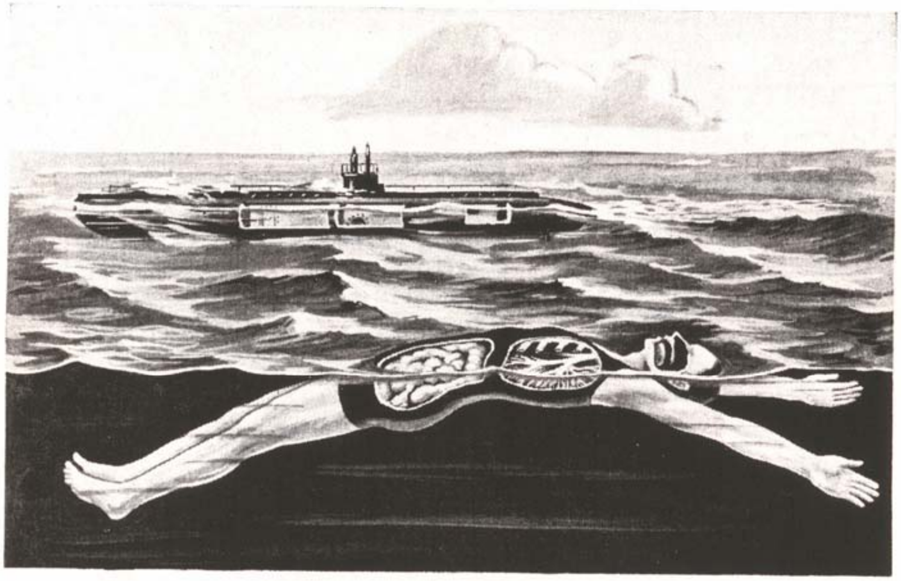
Տատս շատ աշխա թէ որպէս գիշերի մեծ գնում էր իր աջեւ ձեռքով, պտոյտ տալ թել էր պատրաստու կում է իմ ականջնե տխուր, մելամաղձակա թէ դեռ լսում եմ նր ճռճռոցը։

Մեր գիւղում տա ներից մէկը, իսկ իր տան էր անսխալականութեան մանակս հիացած էի նր գիտէր։ Նա գիտէր, թէ այն երազները։ Նա գիտ մարդու մարմնի այս եւ հասկանում էր կաչաղակի լեզուն, եւ բացատրում էր, թէ ի՞նչ լաւ խաբարներ է բերում նա, երբ մեր պատի վրայ նստած, կըչկըչում է։ Նա լսել չէր կարող բուի չարագուշակ ձայնը, եւ պատուիրում էր ինձ՝ քարով սպաննել նրան, երբ կը նստէր մեր պատի վրայ։ Նա գիտէր, թէ ինչու Սողոմոն

Բ.

ՀԱՅՐԵՆԻՔ

Պարսկաստանի Ատրպատական կոչուած նահանգի ամենահարուստ գաւառներից մէկն է Սալմաստը։ Նա բռնում է Ուրմիոյ ծովակի արեւմտեան ափերը, եւ շրջապատած լեռների ալիքաւոր բարձրութեամբ, կազմում է մի գեղեցիկ, բոլորակ հովիտ, որ ոռոգվում է Սօլայ գետով ։



Սալմաստը որպէս հին ժամանակներում եղել է Հայաստանի բազմամարդ գաւառներից մէկը, եւ այժմ նրա բնակիչներուն մեծ մասն բաղկացած էին հայերից։ Մնացեալ ազգաբնակութիւններին պատկանում էին Թուրքերը, հրէաները, ասորիները եւ քրդերը, — այդ բոլորը միասին վեր առած, հազիւ թէ հայերի կէս մասին էին հաւասարվում։

Ամէն դար, սկսեալ խորին հեթանոսական ժամանակներից, թողել էր այդ գաւառում իր տիրապետութեան հետքերը։ Այստեղ դեռ տեսնվում էին հին Զարեհաւանի հետքերը։ Այստեղ ահագին մոխրաբլուրներ դեռ յիշեցնում էին մոգական ատրուշանները եւ [illegible] կրակի հազարաւոր տարիներով լափած նիւթերը։

քաղցած քնեցին: Ես նստած էի վառարանի մօտ եւ շուտ-շուտ դնում էի նրա մէջ ցամաք տերեւներ եւ չոր մացառներ, որ քոյրերիս հետ հաւաքել էինք այգիներից: Նրանք յանկարծ բռնկւում էին, բոցավառւում էին եւ քանի րոպէից յետոյ կրկին հանգչում, մոխիր էին դառնում: Այդ խաղը պատճառում էր ինձ աւելի զուարճութիւն, քան խրճթի մէջ որ եւ իցէ տաքութիւն:

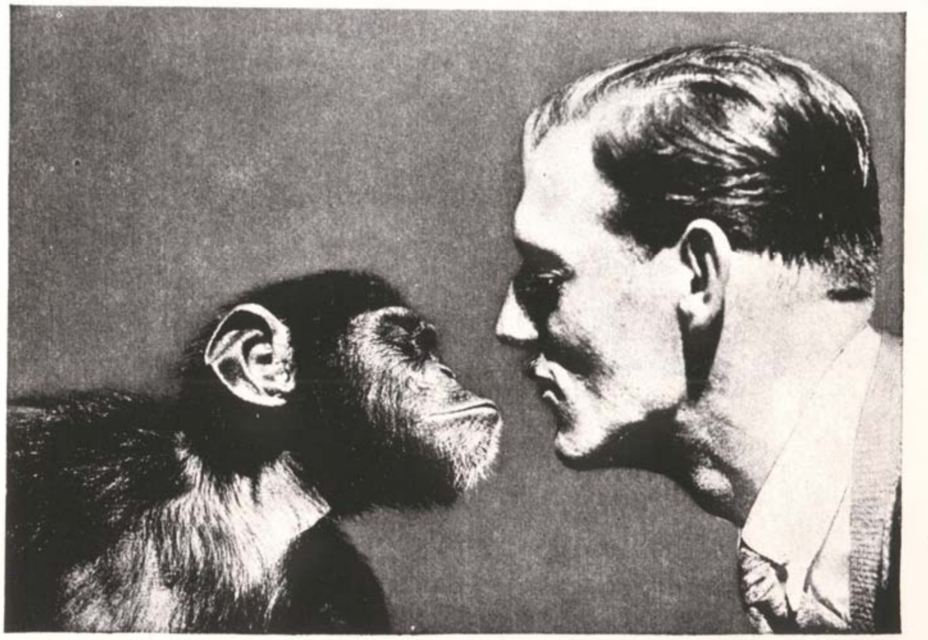
Դուռը սաստիկ զարկեցին: Մայրս չը լսեց ես գնացի բաց արի: Ներս վազեց սպիտակ գնտակի նման մի բան. երբ անցաւ շէմքից, կատուի պէս թափ տուեց մարմինը եւ ձիւնը բամբակի գլուջների նման թափուեց ցած:

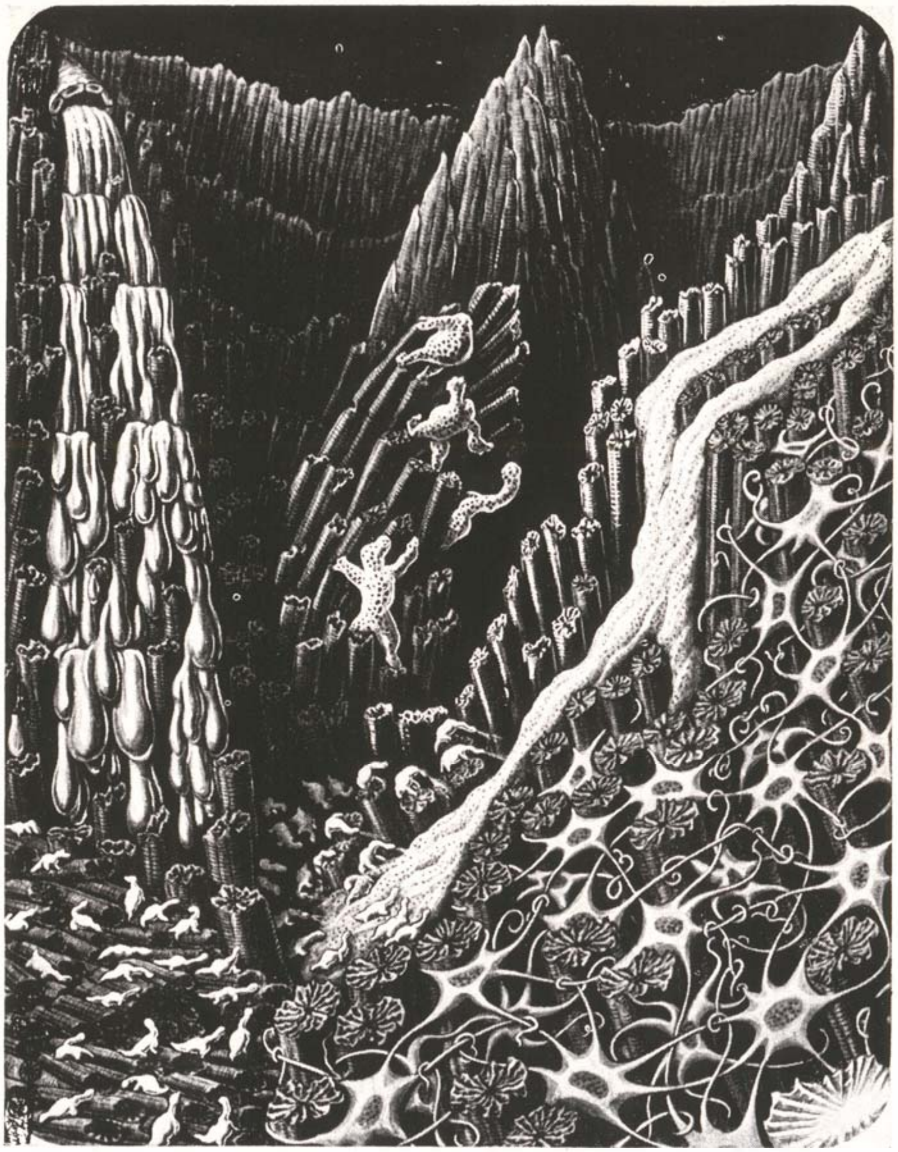
— Տօ, Մարօ՛, գետի՛նը մտնես, ո՞րտեղից եկար, հարցրի ես:

Փոքրիկ աղջիկը ոչինչ չը պատասխանեց եւ իմ վրայ ուշադրութիւն անգամ չը դարձրեց, միայն գցելով մօրս մօտ թաշկինակի մէջ կապած մի բան, վազեց դէպի վառարանը եւ սկսեց իր ըլջացած ձեռքերը տաքացնել արդէն մարած կրակով: Երբ նկատեց, որ ջերմութիւն չը կայ, գնաց մօրս մօտ, եւ գրկելով նրա պարանոցը, կպաւ կուրծքին:

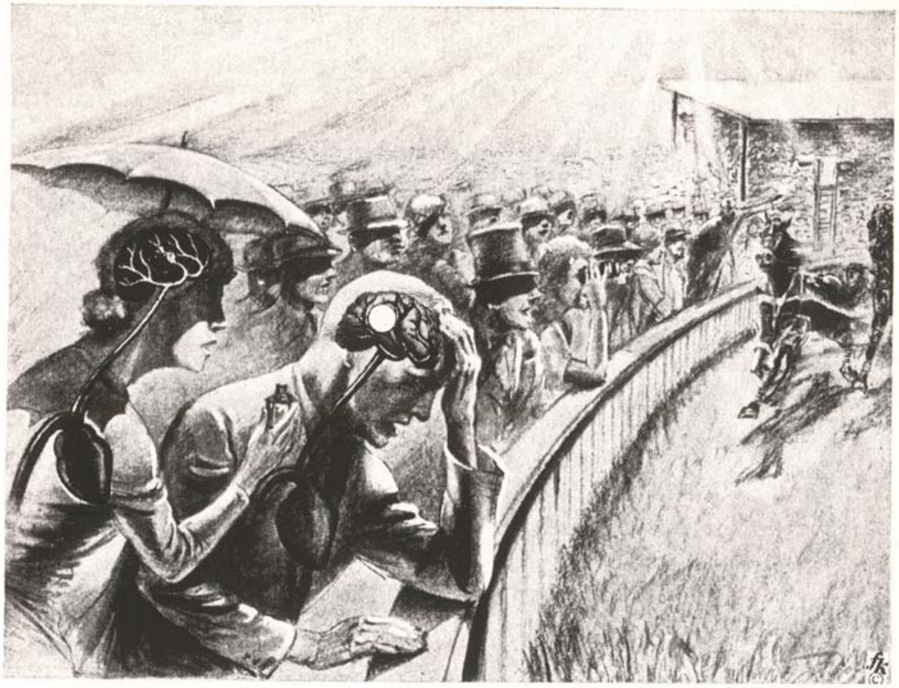
— Հայրս ուղարկեց, ասաց նա, ցոյց տալով կապոցը:

Յետոյ դարձաւ դէպի ինձ, կարծես, նա չէր կարող համբերել, որ իմ կոշտ հարցմունքը թողեց առանց պատասխանի.





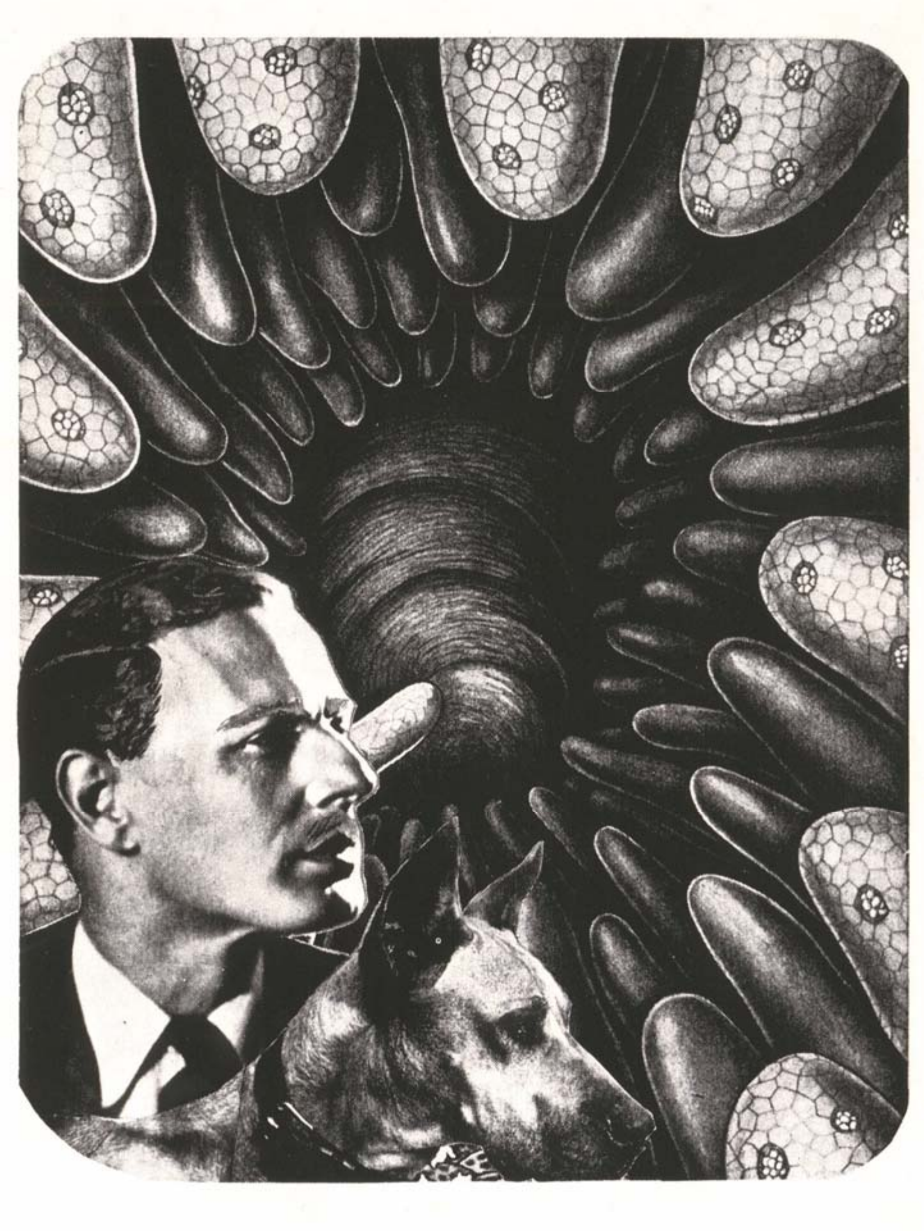
ՎԱՃԱՌԵԼԻ ԳՐՔԵՐՆ ԵՆ

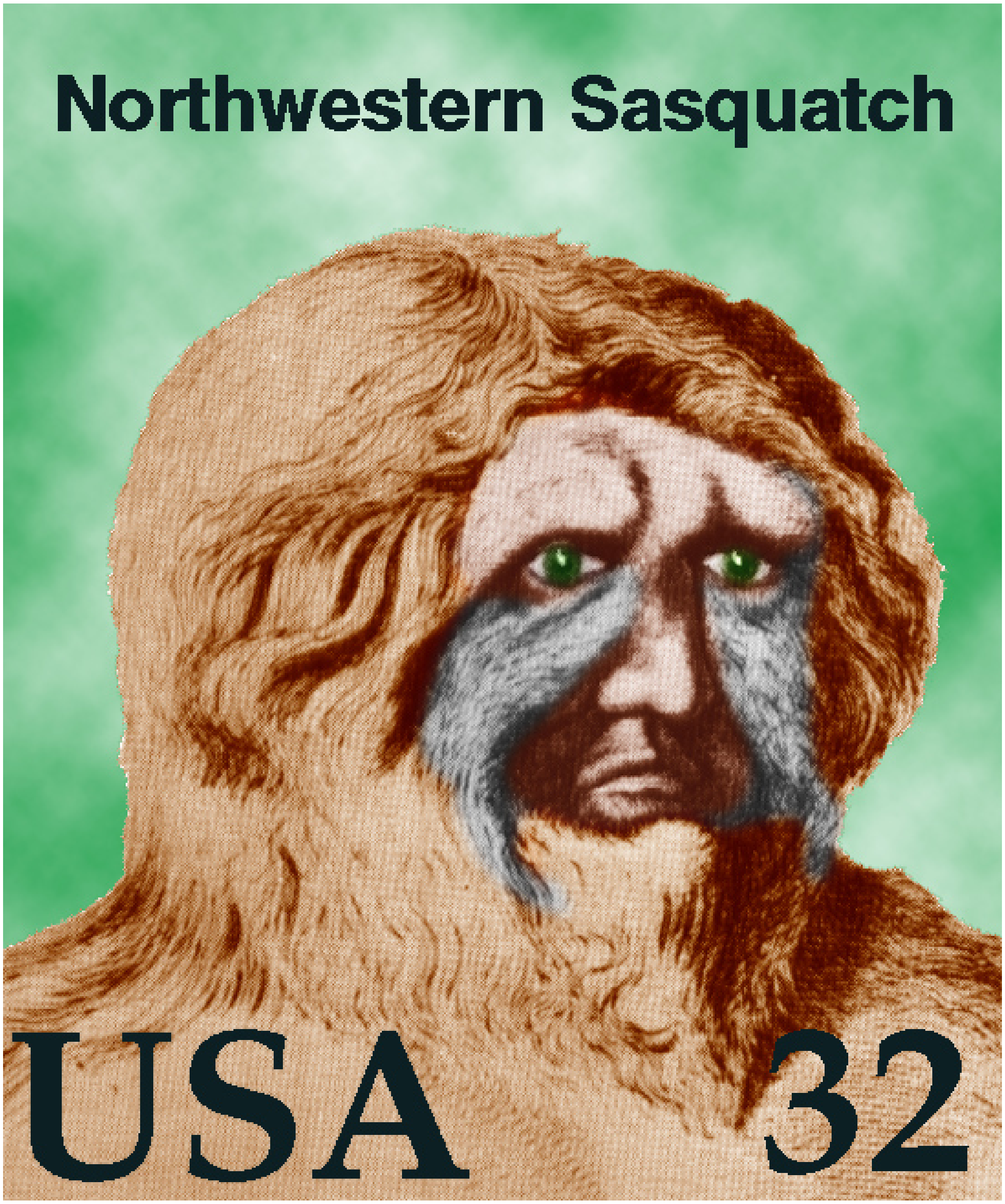


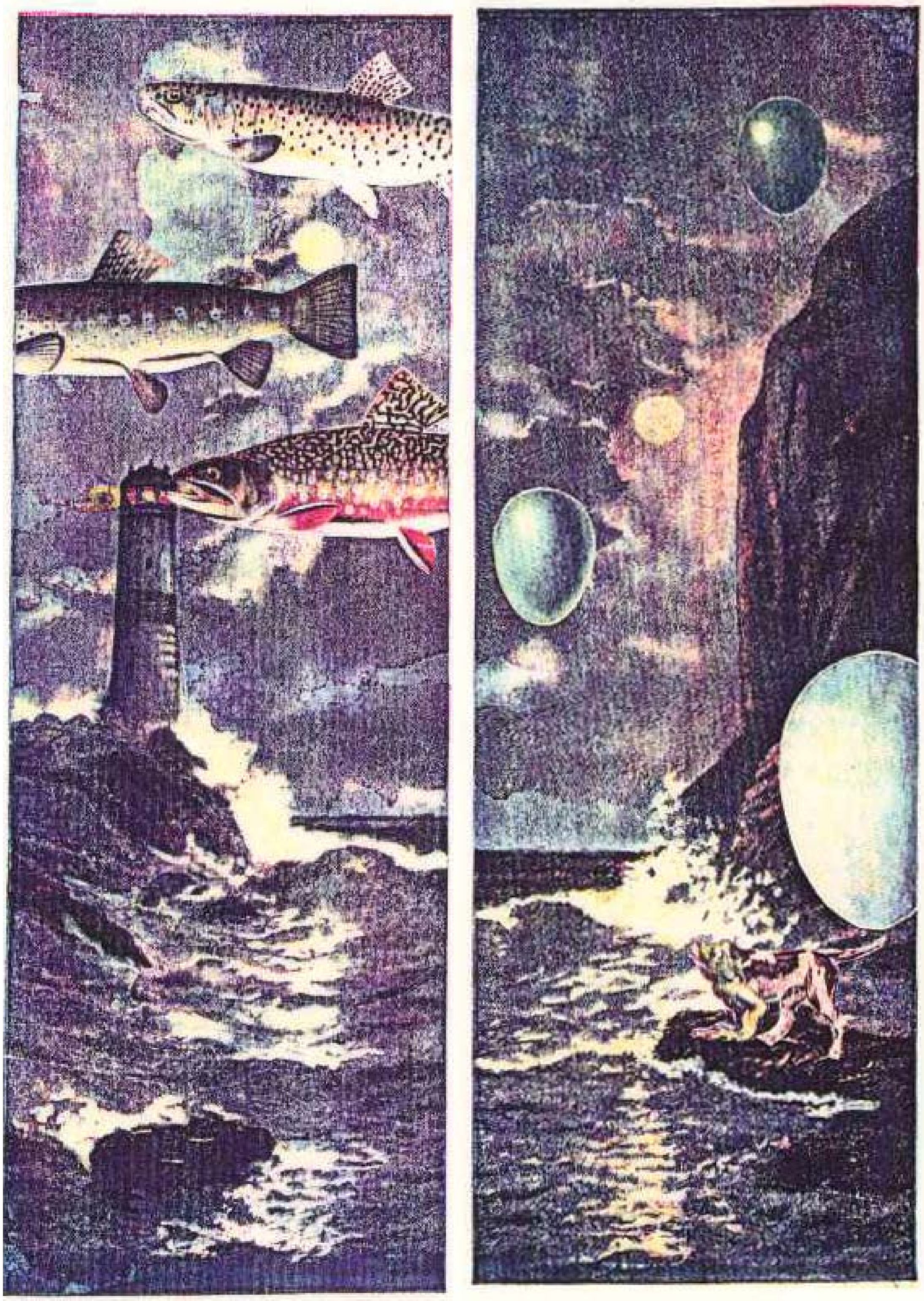
— Կարօն ի՞նչու է հարցնում իր աղախնի անունը։ Կարօն գիտէ, որ մարդիկ Սուսան են կոչում նրան։ Կարօն բոլորը գիտէ... — Երբ Դինբուլի խանը կողոպտեց, կոտորեց մեր ցեղը, Սուսանը կապեց իր քամակին Կարօի երեխան եւ մենակ անցաւ Հերաթի անապատներից... — Ա՜խ, Սուսանի աչքերի լոյսը... Այն անցքից յետոյ Սուսանը վատ է տեսնում...։

Այդ անկապ խօսքերը այն աստիճան մթին երեւացին ինձ, որ ես ոչինչ չը հասկացայ, մանաւանդ որ, բօշան խօսում էր երրորդ դէմքով։ — “Կարօի երեխա՞ն„... Մի՞թէ Կարօն երեխայ ունի. ո՞րտեղ է նա։ — Հերաթի անապատներից ազատել է նրան բօշան...

Այս բոլորը ինձ համար հանելուկներ էին։ Միայն այսքանը հասկացայ, որ Կարօն եւ խորհրդաւոր պառաւը նախածանօթներ են եղել։ Միջին Ասիայի խորքերում, Աւղանիստանում, նրանք ունեցել են յարաբերութիւններ։ Բայց ի՞նչ դէպքով, ի՞նչ առիթով։ — Այդ մասին չը հարցրի պառաւից, զգուշանալով, բոլորովին չը մերկացնել ինձ, թէ ես Կարօն չեմ։

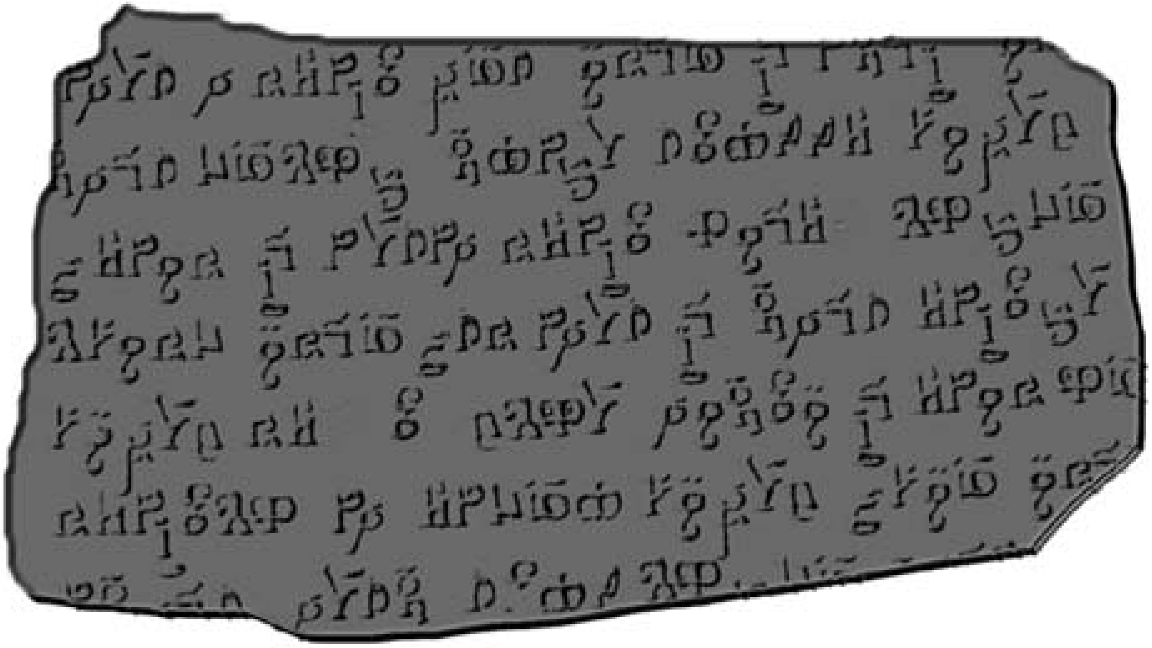


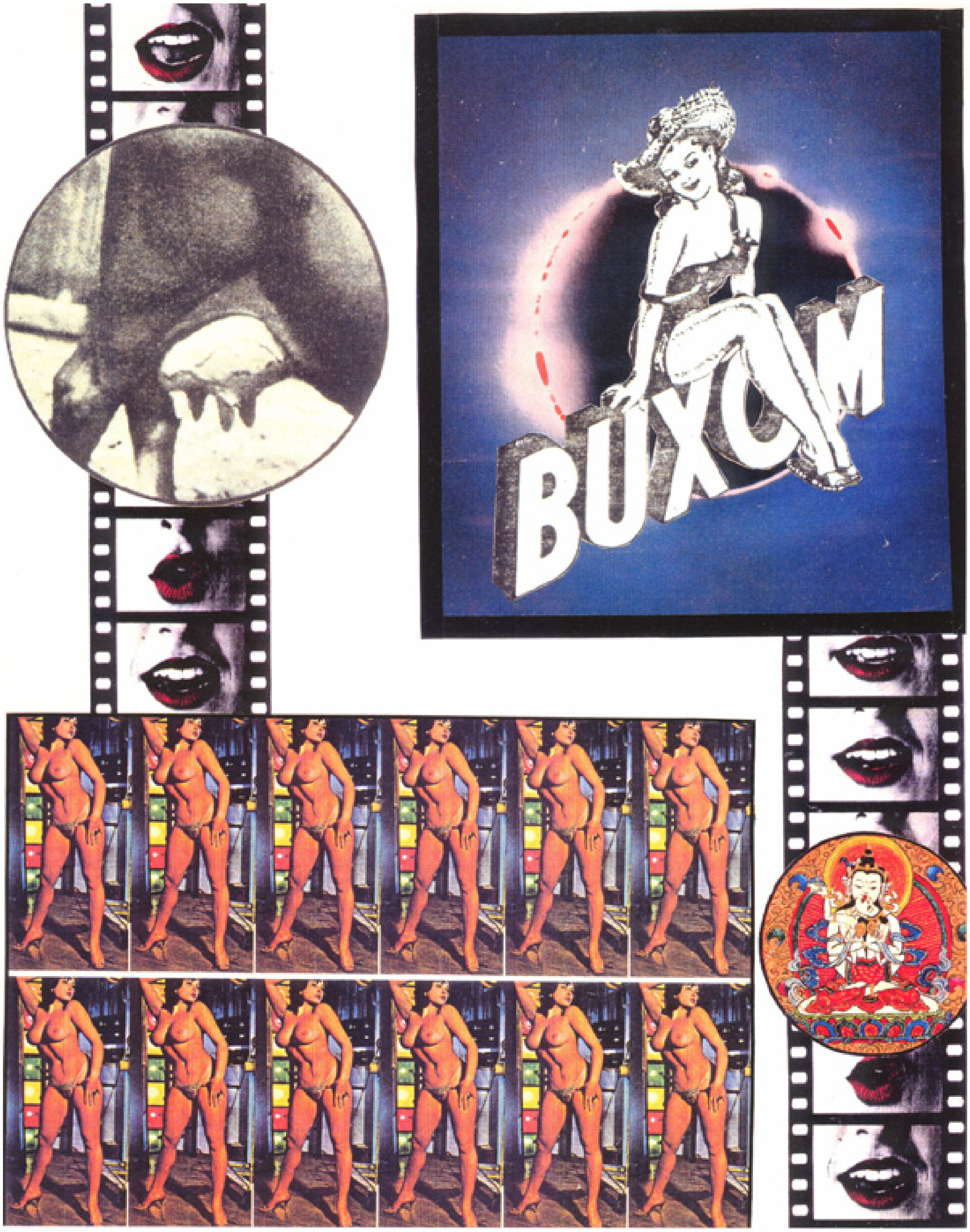

Northwestern Sasquatch
USA
32



AIRMAIL
2 ct
CALIFORNIA

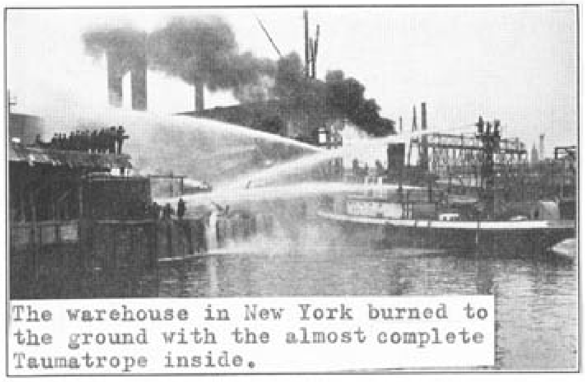
Atlantean Mystery Stone
USA
32




BUXOM

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "LOSS OF THE TAUMATROPE"

Ahmed Fishmonger



The warehouse in New York burned to the ground with the almost complete Taumatrope inside.

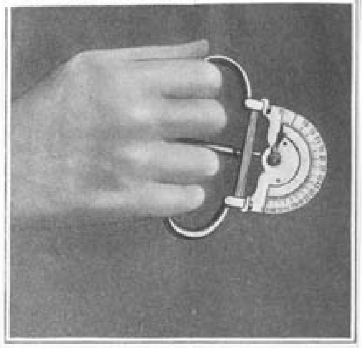
At that moment, the Professor arived outside the consulate in Donumbangi!

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "DOOM FOR MILWAUKEE"

Ahmed Fishmonger

A strange aeroplane appears over Milwaukee.

Using a portable KLYSTROPHORE, it's hostile intent is discovered.

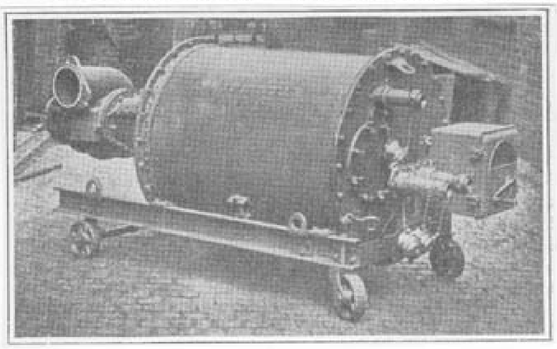


The local autl ies are not unprepared.

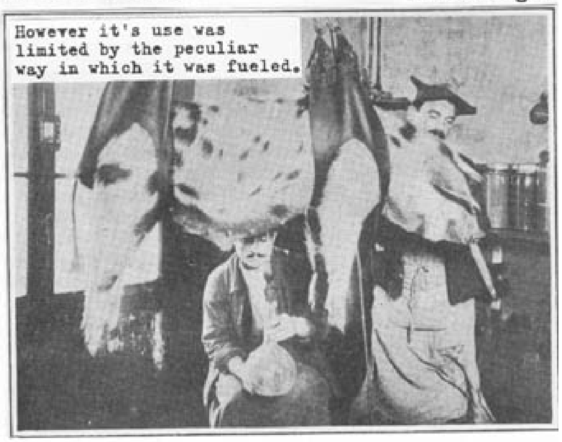
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "THE NEW MOTOR"

d Fishmonger

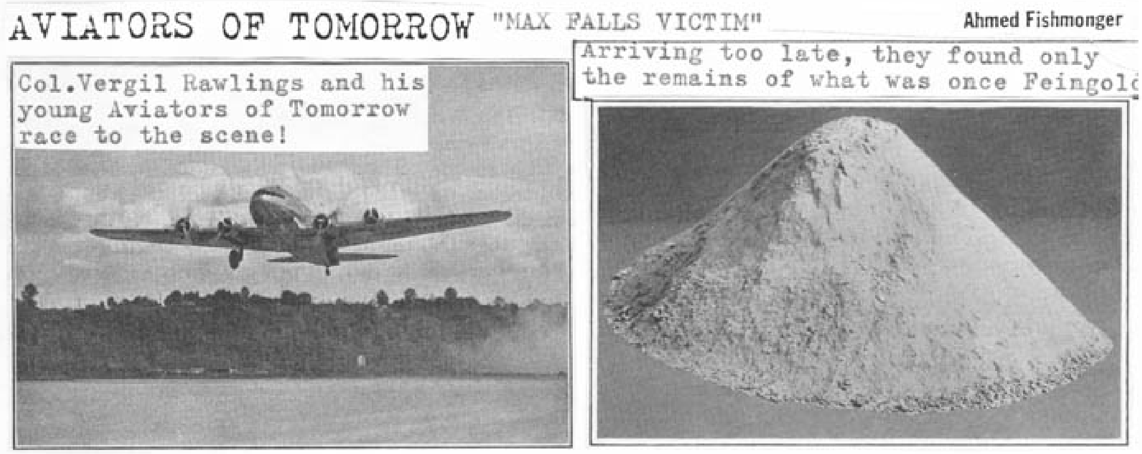
The propeller testing laboratory at McCook field had produced a new and faster aeroplane motor.

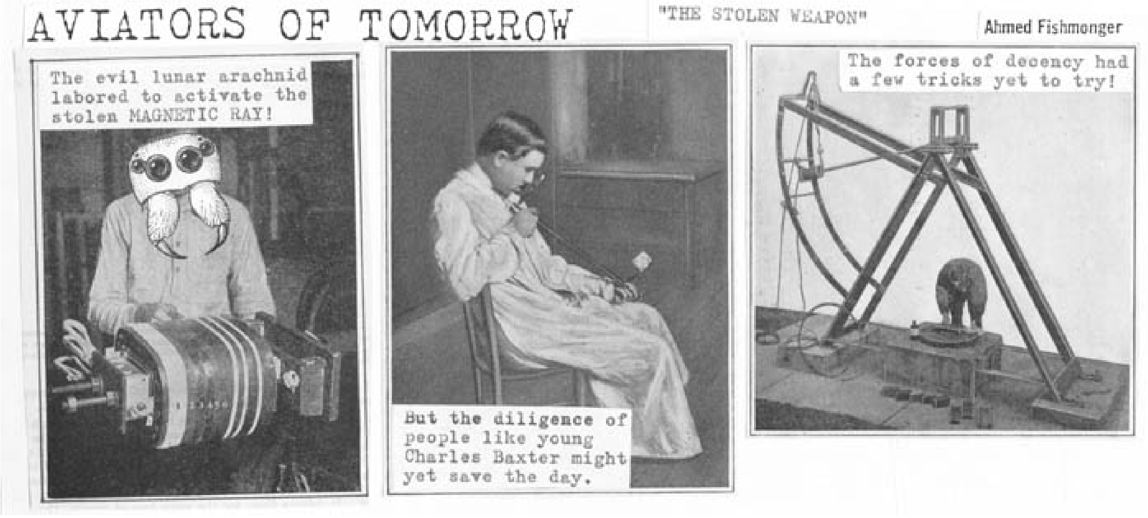


However it's use was limited by the peculiar way in which it was fueled.

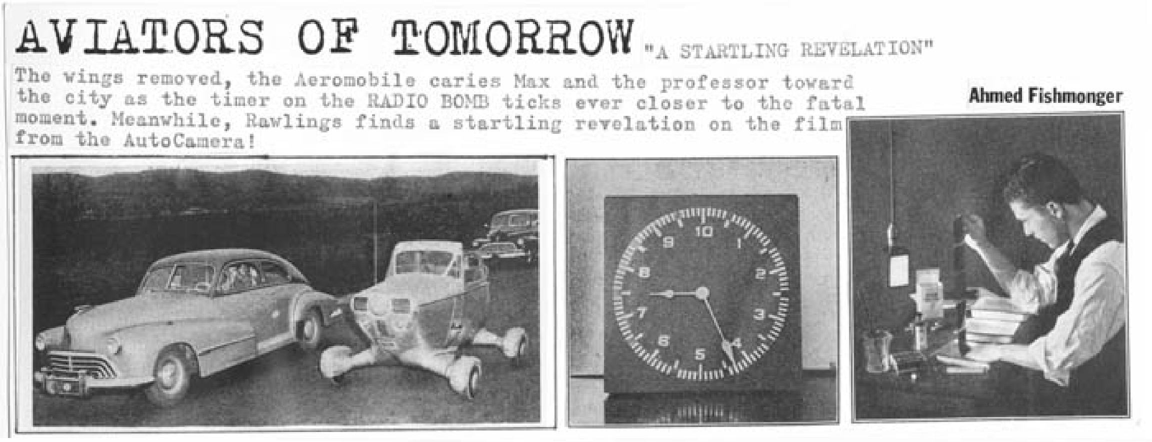


AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "INTERIGATION OF RAWLINGS"
Ahmed Fishmong
A brand new 1973 "Kolyesoptitsa" aeromobile races toward Berlin.
Col. Rawlings, now awake, cannot explain his former ridgidity.
The aeromobile, now at the airport discharges professor Andrade and a mysterious companion


AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "MAX FALLS VICTIM"
Ahmed Fishmonger
Col.Vergil Rawlings and his young Aviators of Tomorrow race to the scene!
Arriving too late, they found only the remains of what was once Feingol


AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"THE STOLEN WEAPON"
Ahmed Fishmonger
The evil lunar arachnid labored to activate the stolen MAGNETIC RAY!
But the diligence of people like young Charles Baxter might yet save the day.
The forces of decency had a few tricks yet to try!

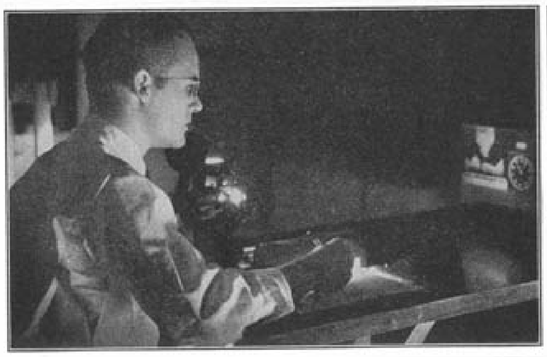
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "A HASTY DEPARTURE"
Ahmed Fishmonger
The aeroplane departed Buenos Aires within twenty minutes.
With Col. Rawlings on board in an unaccountable condition!

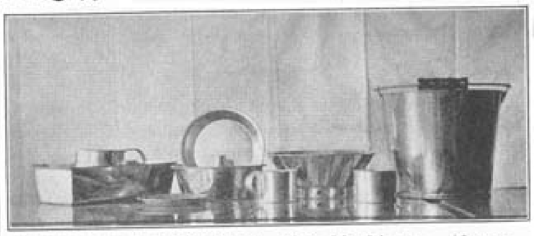

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "A STARTLING REVELATION"
The wings removed, the Aeromobile caries Max and the professor toward the city as the timer on the RADIO BOMB ticks ever closer to the fatal moment. Meanwhile, Rawlings finds a startling revelation on the film from the AutoCamera!
Ahmed Fishmonger

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "THE TAUMATROPE"
Ahmed Fishmonger
The full size TAUMATROPE was finally ready,the war with the Spider Men now half won!
The brave young Aviators of Tomorrow would ensure its use was effective.

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

"BAXTER'S DEMAND" Ahmed Fishmonger

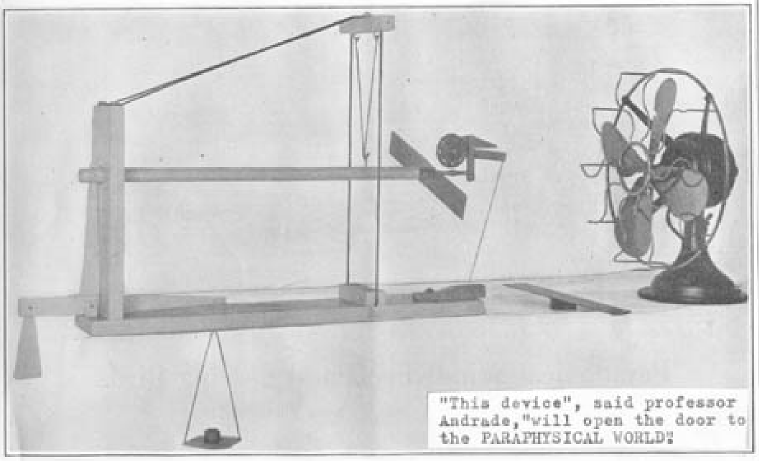


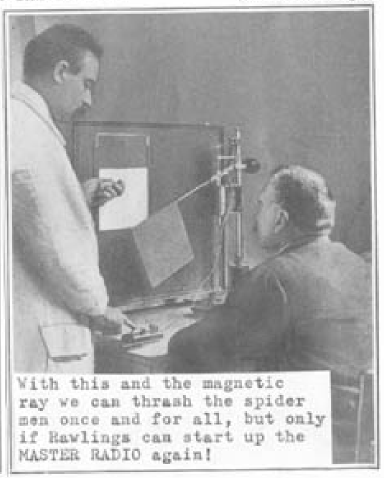


Baxter had rechecked his findings, there could be no doubt. "I need evreything you have that is made of Tin!" he exclaimed, "There is no time to explain!"

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

"LAST HOPE FOR THE FUTURE" Ahmed Fishmonger

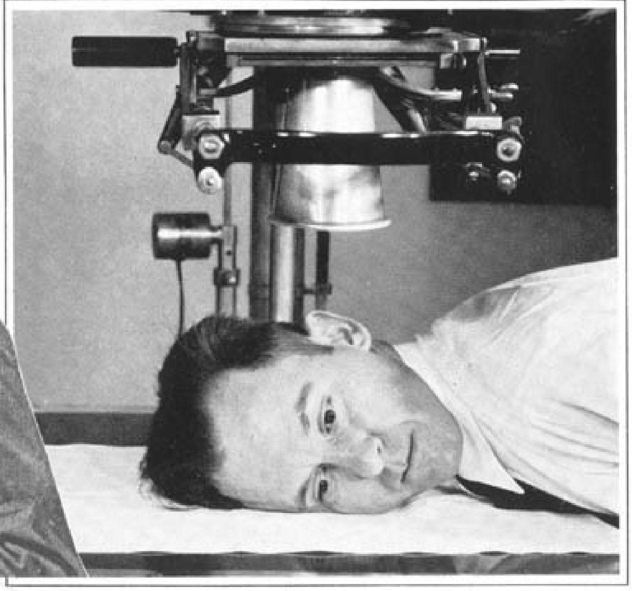


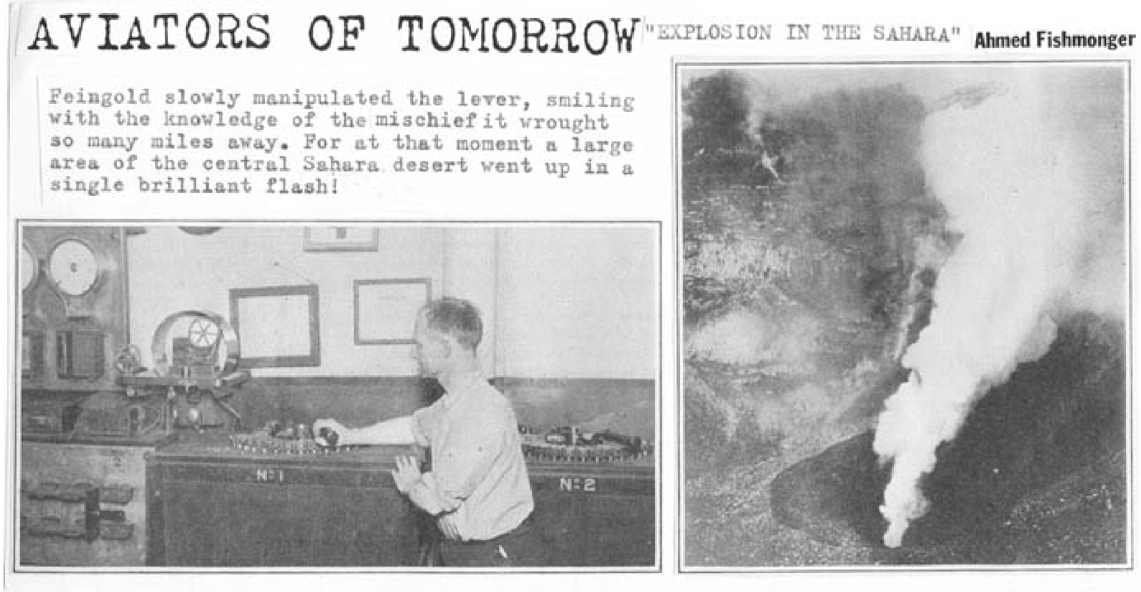


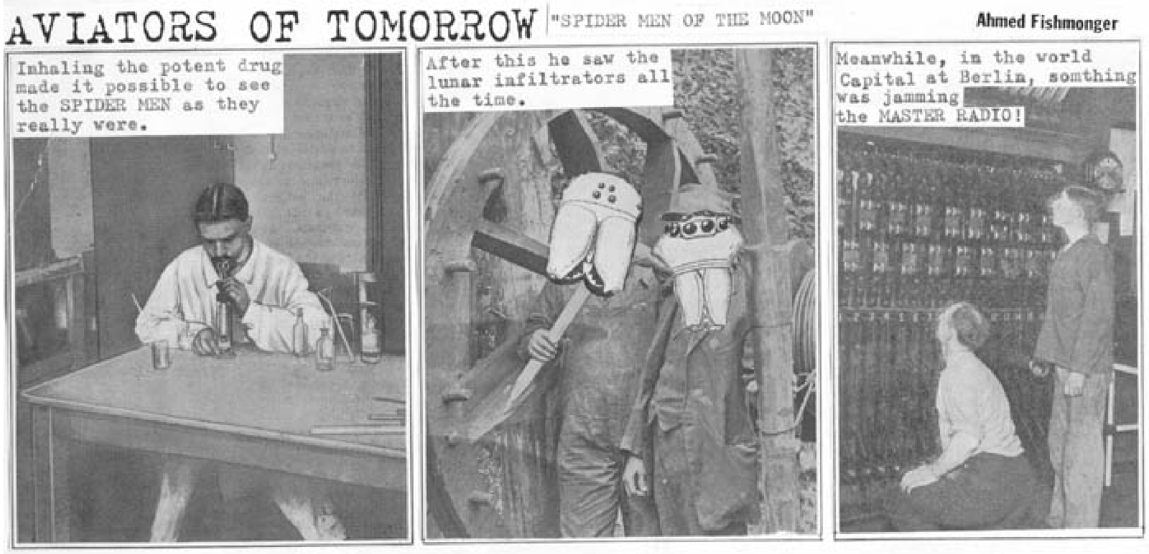
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

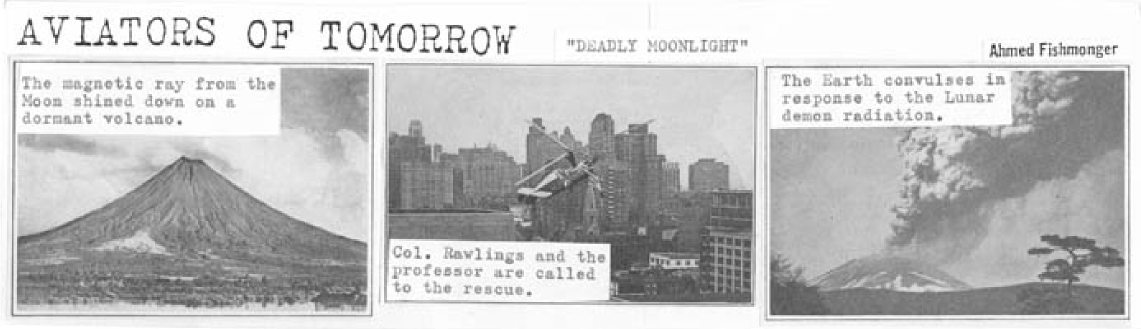
"WEB OF DOOM" Ahmed Fishmonger

Had he a face of flesh rather than horrid spiny chitin, the SPIDER MAN would have worn a demonic grin as he prepaired the the professor's final undoing!



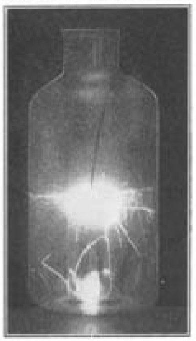

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"EXPLOSION IN THE SAHARA"
Ahmed Fishmonger
Feingold slowly manipulated the lever, smiling with the knowledge of the mischief it wrought so many miles away. For at that moment a large area of the central Sahara desert went up in a single brilliant flash!
N°1
N°2

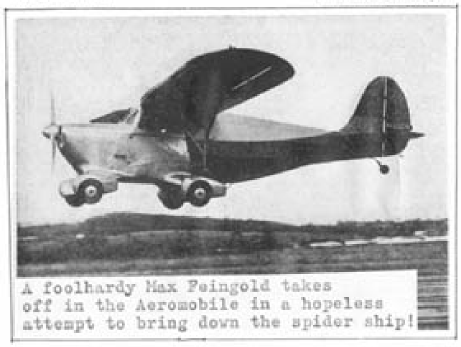

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"SPIDER MEN OF THE MOON"
Ahmed Fishmonger
Inhaling the potent drug made it possible to see the SPIDER MEN as they really were.
After this he saw the lunar infiltrators all the time.
Meanwhile, in the world Capital at Berlin, somthing was jamming the MASTER RADIO!


AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"DEADLY MOONLIGHT"
Ahmed Fishmonger
The magnetic ray from the Moon shined down on a dormant volcano.
Col. Rawlings and the professor are called to the rescue.
The Earth convulses in response to the Lunar demon radiation.

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "FLIGHT INTO PERIL"

Ahmed Fishmonger





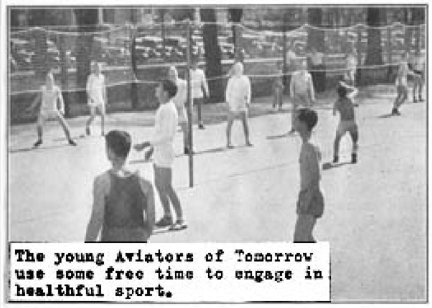
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "AN ODD PICTURE"

Ahmed Fishmonger

The professor handed a picture to Max Feingold.

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "DISRUPTED SPORT"

Ahmed Fishmonger

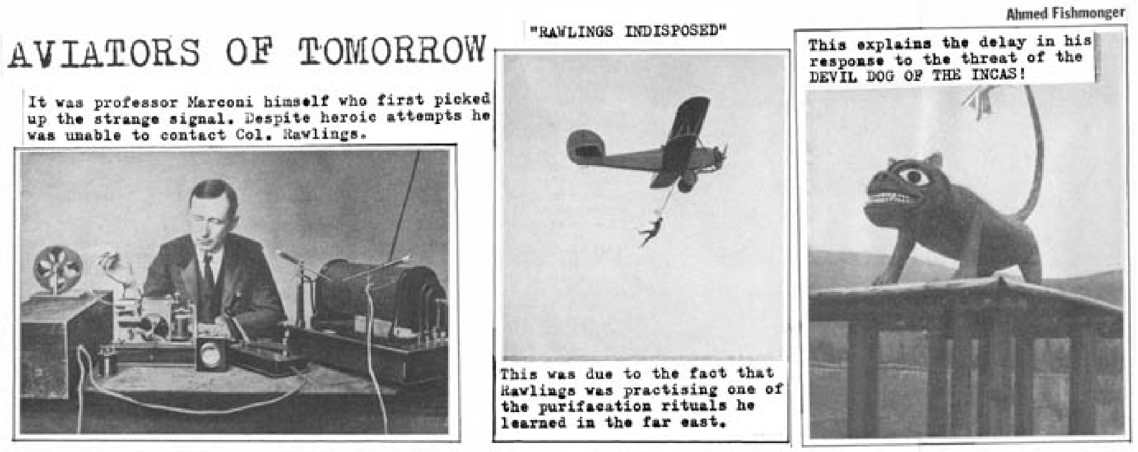


Across town, a mysterious figure labors toward an unknown end.

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW "AN ALIEN DEALT WITH"

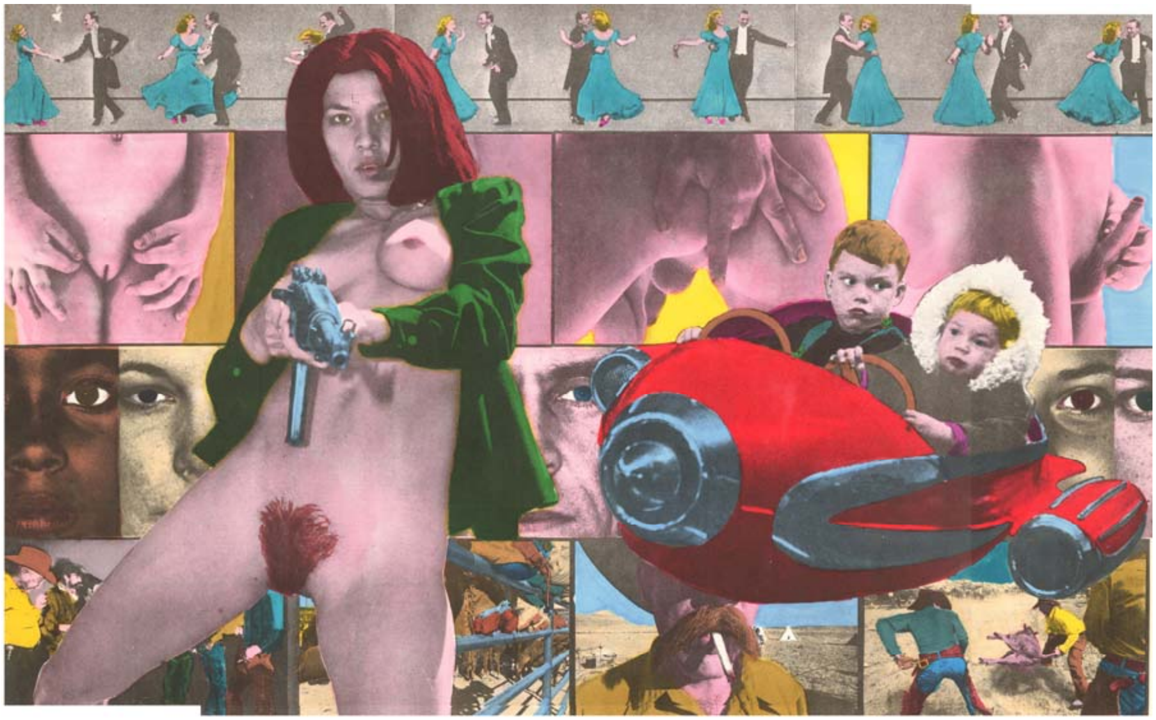
Ahmed Fishmonger

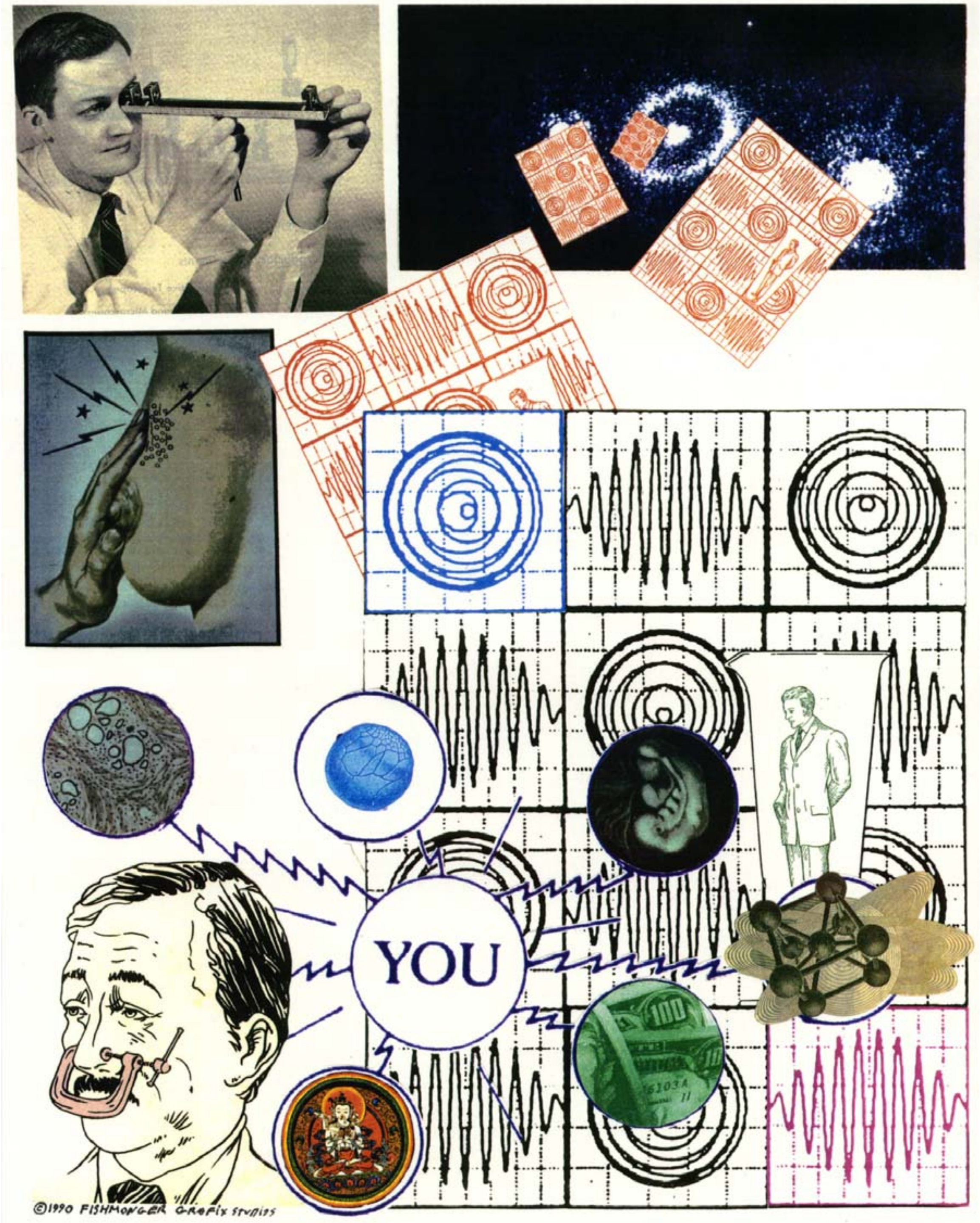
And with utmost speed,they made for the port of San Francisco.

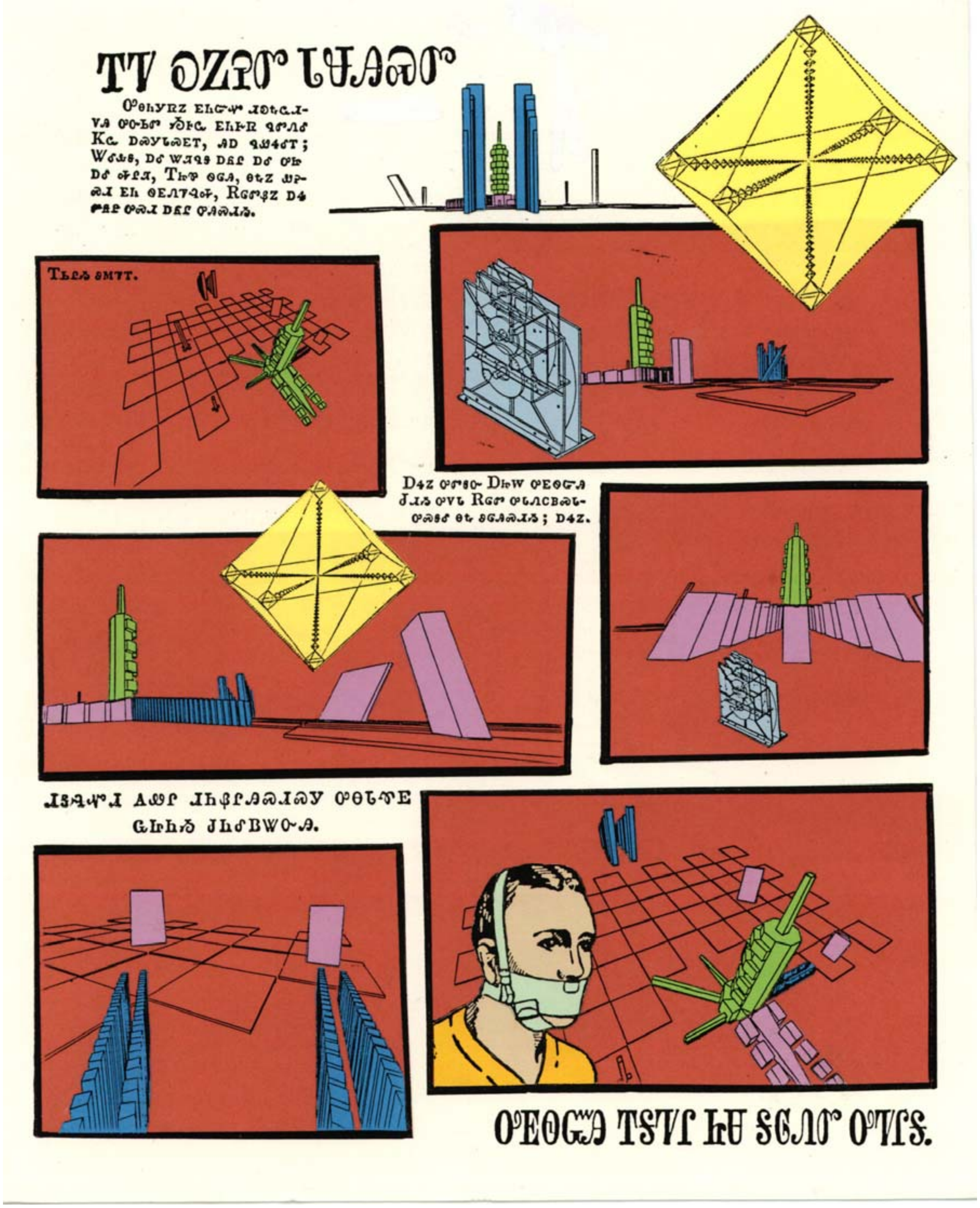

AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"RAWLINGS INDISPOSED"
Ahmed Fishmonger
It was professor Marconi himself who first picked up the strange signal. Despite heroic attempts he was unable to contact Col. Rawlings.
This was due to the fact that Rawlings was practising one of the purifacation rituals he learned in the far east.
This explains the delay in his response to the threat of the DEVIL DOG OF THE INCAS!

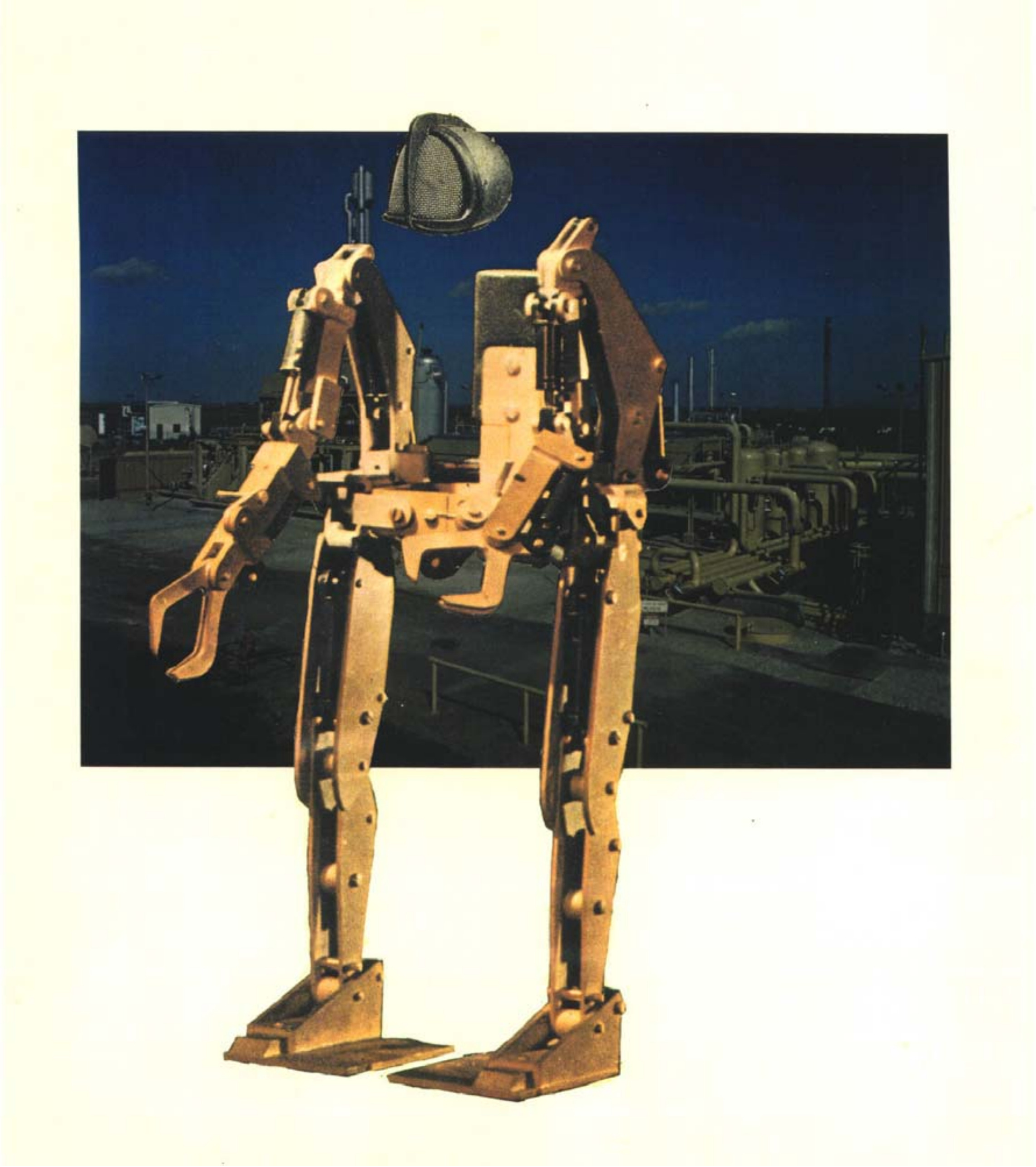
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW
"AN ALIEN DEALT WITH"
Ahmed Fishmonger
In a last desperate shove Rawlings pushed the Lunar agent from the plane!
And with utmost speed,they made for the port of San Francisco.
For at that very moment "customs agents" boarded the professor's yacht.

FISHMONGER '89

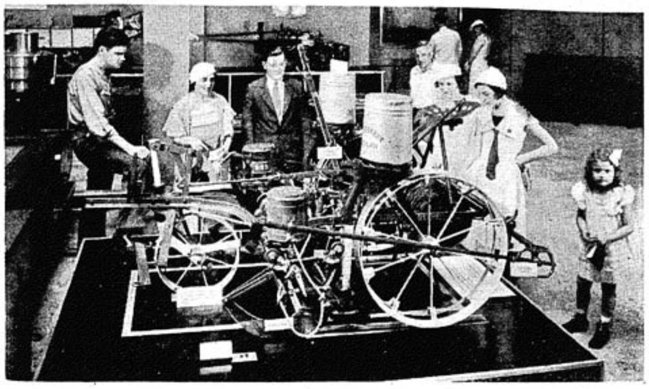



YOU
©1990 FISHMONGER GRAFIX STUDIOS


ᎢᏤ ᎤᏃᏢᏛ ᏓᏌᎯᏍᏛ
ᎤᎾᏂᎩᏒᏃ ᎬᏂᏳᏉ ᏗᎾᏖᏩᏗ- ᏙᎯ ᎤᏅᏏᏛ ᏲᎢᏟᏩ ᎡᏂᎨᏒ ᏊᏛᏁᏍ ᏦᏩ ᎠᏍᎩᏓᏍᎬᎢ, ᎯᎠ ᏄᏜᏎᏍᎢ; ᏔᏍᏕᏈ, ᎠᏍ ᏔᏗᏊᏈ ᎠᏆᏝ ᎠᏍ ᎤᏥ ᎠᏍ ᏒᏝᏗ, ᎢᏥᏈ ᎾᏣᎯ, ᎾᏍᏃ ᏜᏢ- ᏍᏗ ᎬᏂ ᎾᎬᏁᎸᏆᏒ, ᎡᏣᏛᏈᏃ ᎠᏎ ᏩᏉᏢ ᎤᏍᏗ ᎠᏆᏝ ᏧᎯᏍᏗᏍ.
ᎢᏢᏍ ᏎᎷᎢᎢ.
ᎠᏎᏃ ᎤᏚᏎ- ᎠᏥᏔ ᎤᎬᎾᏣᎯ ᏧᏗᏍ ᎤᏙᏓ ᎡᏣᏛ ᎤᏓᏁᏟᏴᏍᏓ- ᎤᏍᏈᏍ ᎾᏍ ᏈᏣᎯᏍᏗᏍ; ᎠᏎᏃ.
ᏗᏎᏊᏬᏗ ᎪᏪᎵ ᏗᏂᏰᎵᎯᏍᏗᏍᎩ ᎤᎾᏓᏤᎬ ᏣᏘᏂᏍ ᏧᏂᏍᏆᏘᏅᎯ.
ᎤᎬᎾᏣᏅ ᎢᏕᏤᏝ ᏥᏌ ᏕᏣᏁᏛ ᎤᏤᏝᏕ.



HOW AND WHEN TO SLEEP



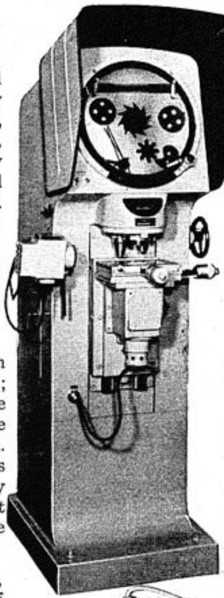
WE are somewhat in danger of forgetting how to sleep nowadays.

The distinction between what we call sleep and what we call waking is only relative. There is a continuous gradation, in reality, from abnormal and, so to speak, morbid sleep at one end, through many stages that are normal, up to abnormal and morbid excitement at the other end.

What happens in the brain to produce sleep we cannot say. Physical or chemical changes, or both, must occur; and the problem is not entirely unpractical, for the solution of it should help us to control sleep and produce it safely.

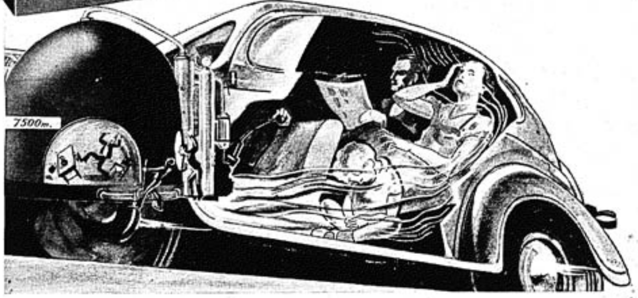
No one's health, sanity or efficiency can do without a certain minimum of sleep; and it is a mistake to assume that, if one man gets five hours and another ten, the first needs only half as much as the second. If his sleep be twice as deep, he gets as much, but he gets it quickly. This is a very precious faculty for the worker; and if it can be learned, which may in some degree be possible, the learning is worth while.

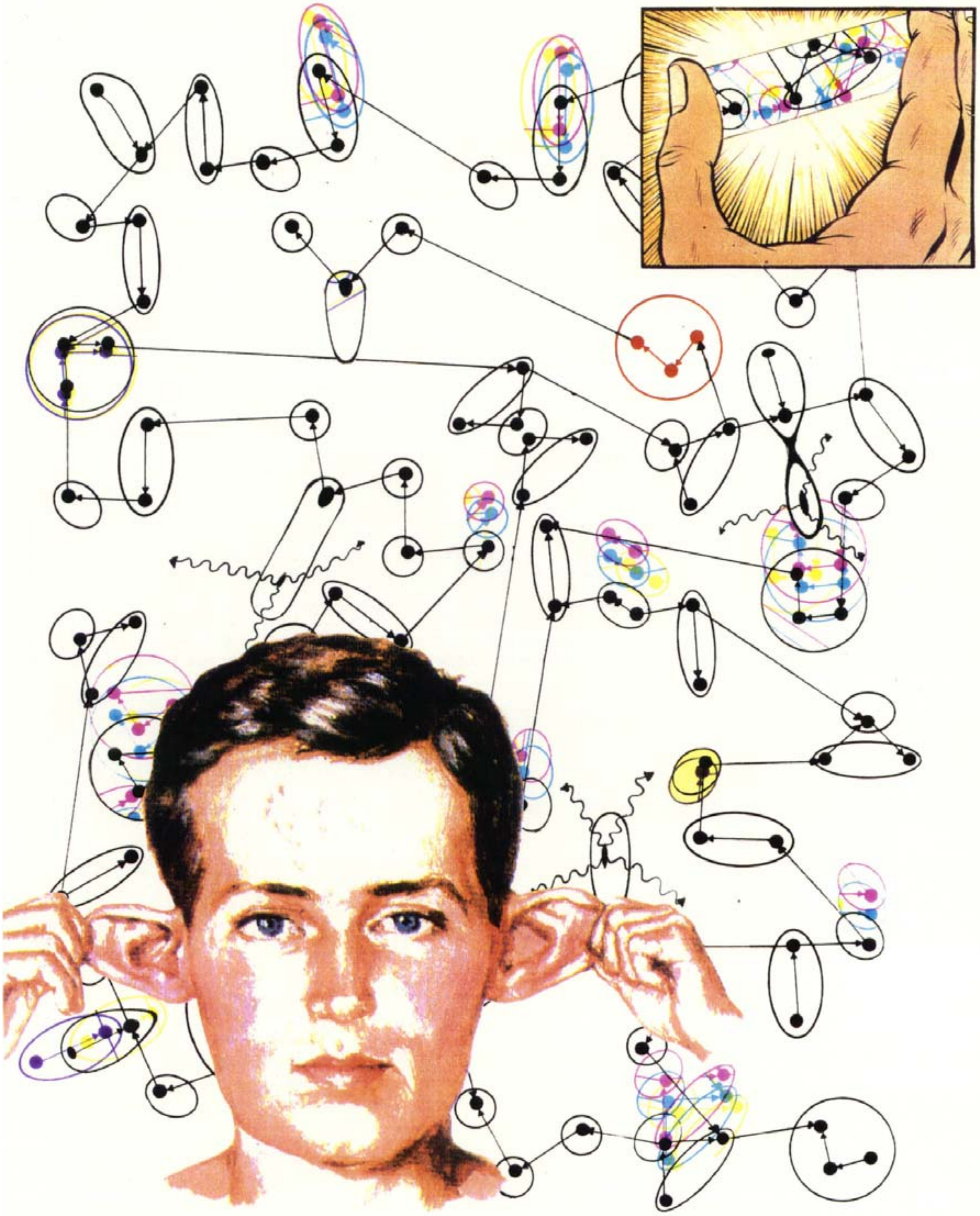
Such observations, and many others, lead us to suppose that the quantity of blood in the sleeping brain must be diminished. They help us to understand why one should be warm enough in bed, meaning that we have plenty of blood in the skin; they partly explain the serious objection to cold feet in bed, and the fact that toasting the toes at the fire after a hearty lunch, and thus liberally supplying the feet and the digestive system with blood, may markedly promote sleep, notwithstanding what we have said about the natural rhythm of sleep and waking. Even so, we must not overstate the facts. The evidence suggests that a *too* bloodless or anemic brain cannot sleep.



Beyond this there are many stages of excited and tense attention, as of the soldier who is so awake to the fight that he is unconscious of the bullet in his leg, leading up to the intense and passionate and dangerous absorption of ecstasy, usually religious in form, or of agonized and sleepless grief.

This, indeed, is where the study of dreams finds its value today, and this is where they may indeed be held capable of predicting the future — for the man who habitually has coherent and well-remembered dreams, especially if they be repeated, may look upon them as rather ominous, whatever they may be about. He is probably not getting a good quality of sleep, and should see to it. Best of all is to have no dreams; or, if we all must dream, to have no remembered dreams. Next best is to have one's dreams few, undistressing, and so incoherent that they can scarcely be pieced together afterwards. Definite, clearly articulated dreams, which we can recall in detail, are less satisfactory, for it seems probable that they involve the action of more areas of the brain, and thus mean that more of it was awake at the time. Worst of all are nightmares, which are a real evil, definitely condemnatory of the quality of sleep, and demanding serious attention. Nightmares are frequent in one particular form of heart disease, which is not common, and is becoming even less so. As a rule, the disturbance which so uncomfortably excites and half awakens the brain in these cases is to be found in the stomach or some other part of the digestive tract. But sooner or later, even in these cases, nature asserts her demands and prolonged sleep is necessary to maintain health and vigor. The account with sleep cannot be indefinitely overdrawn without physical bankruptcy.



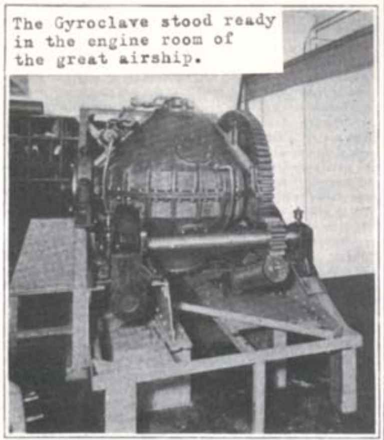


AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

Devil Dog of the Incas
Chapter 12
"Testing the Gyroclave"

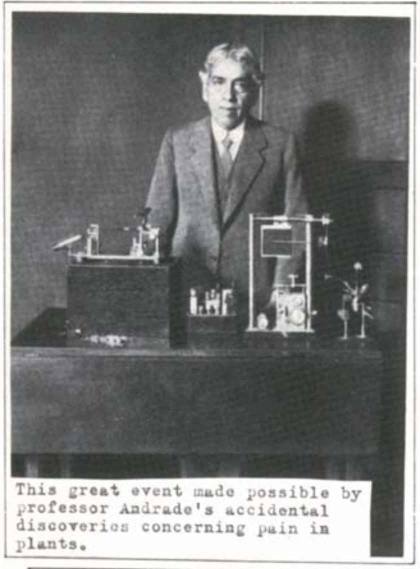
by

Ahmed Fishmonger



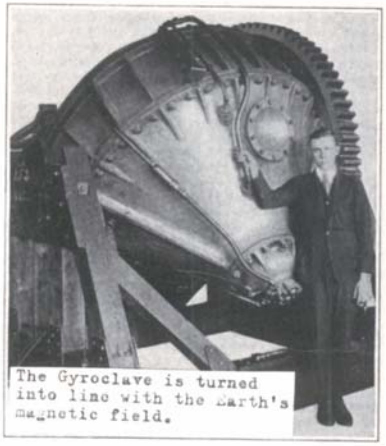
The Gyroclave stood ready in the engine room of the great airship.

High in the dark, lonely sky this awesome new source of power would find it's ultimate test.



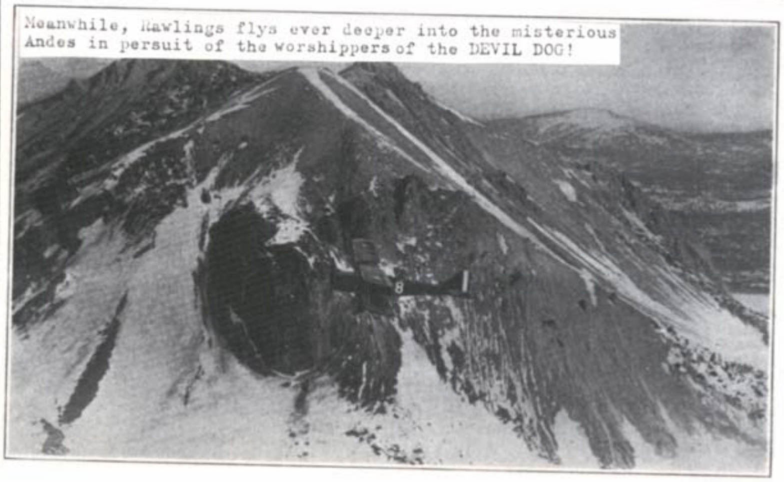
This great event made possible by professor Andrade's accidental discoveries concerning pain in plants.

As well as the contributions of Dr. Cheng of which you are all well aware.

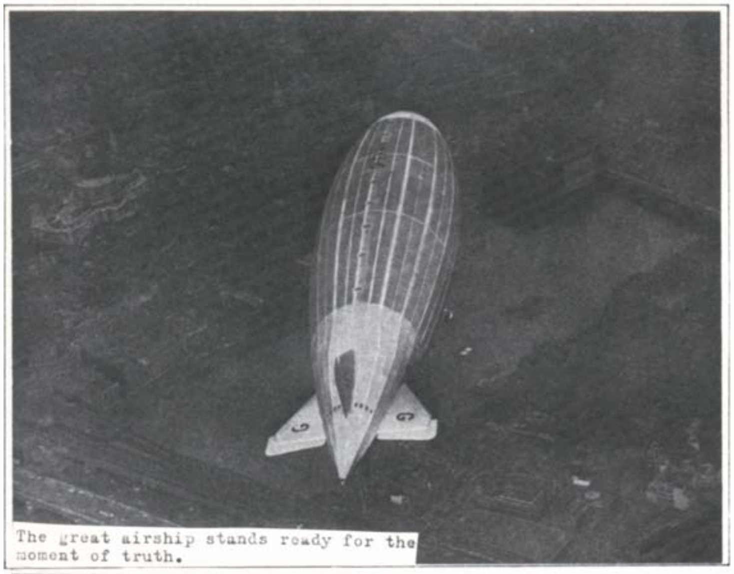


The Gyroclave is turned into line with the Earth's magnetic field.

And the pilot dons his special suit.

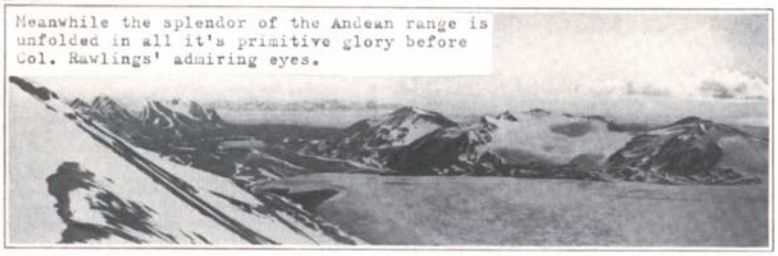


Meanwhile, Rawlings flys ever deeper into the misterious Andes in persuit of the worshippers of the DEVIL DOG!


The great airship stands ready for the moment of truth.

Just a tiny adjustment of the magneto.

And the proper spacing of the phase plates.

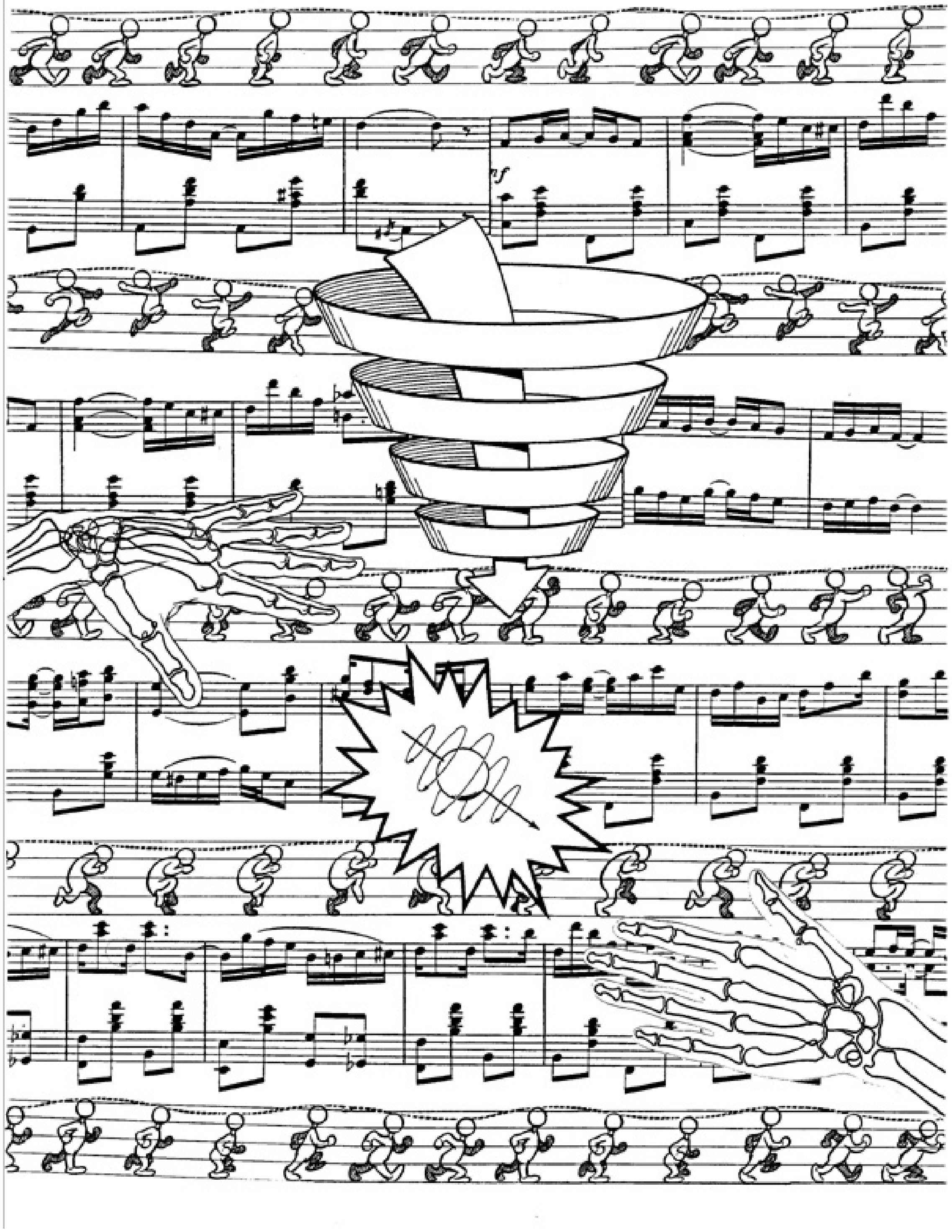

Meanwhile the splendor of the Andean range is unfolded in all it's primitive glory before Col. Rawlings' admiring eyes.

Rawlings is unaware of Baxter's discovery of the secret film!

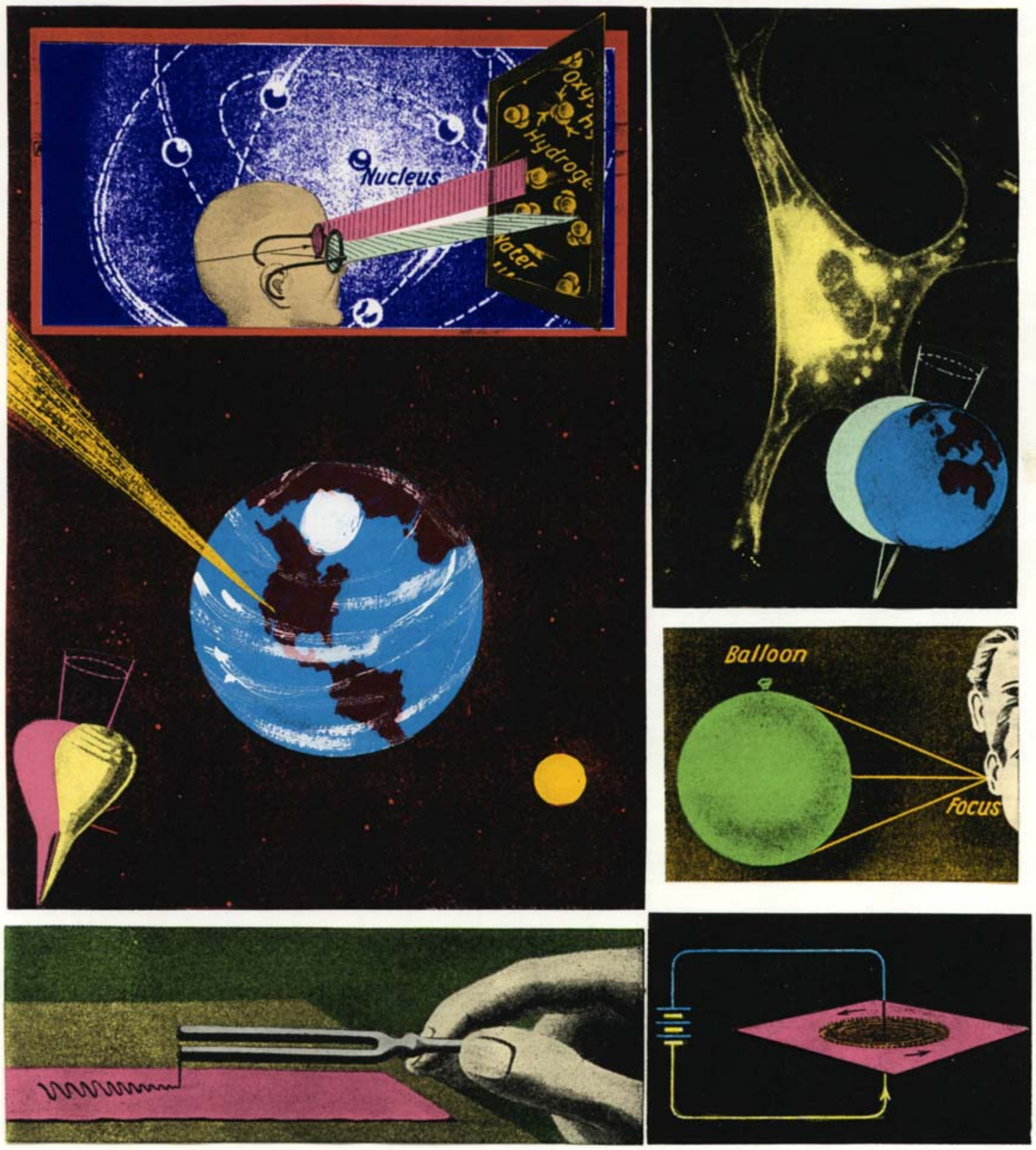
Nor of the unfriendly welcome that Feingold is to receive in Donumbangi!

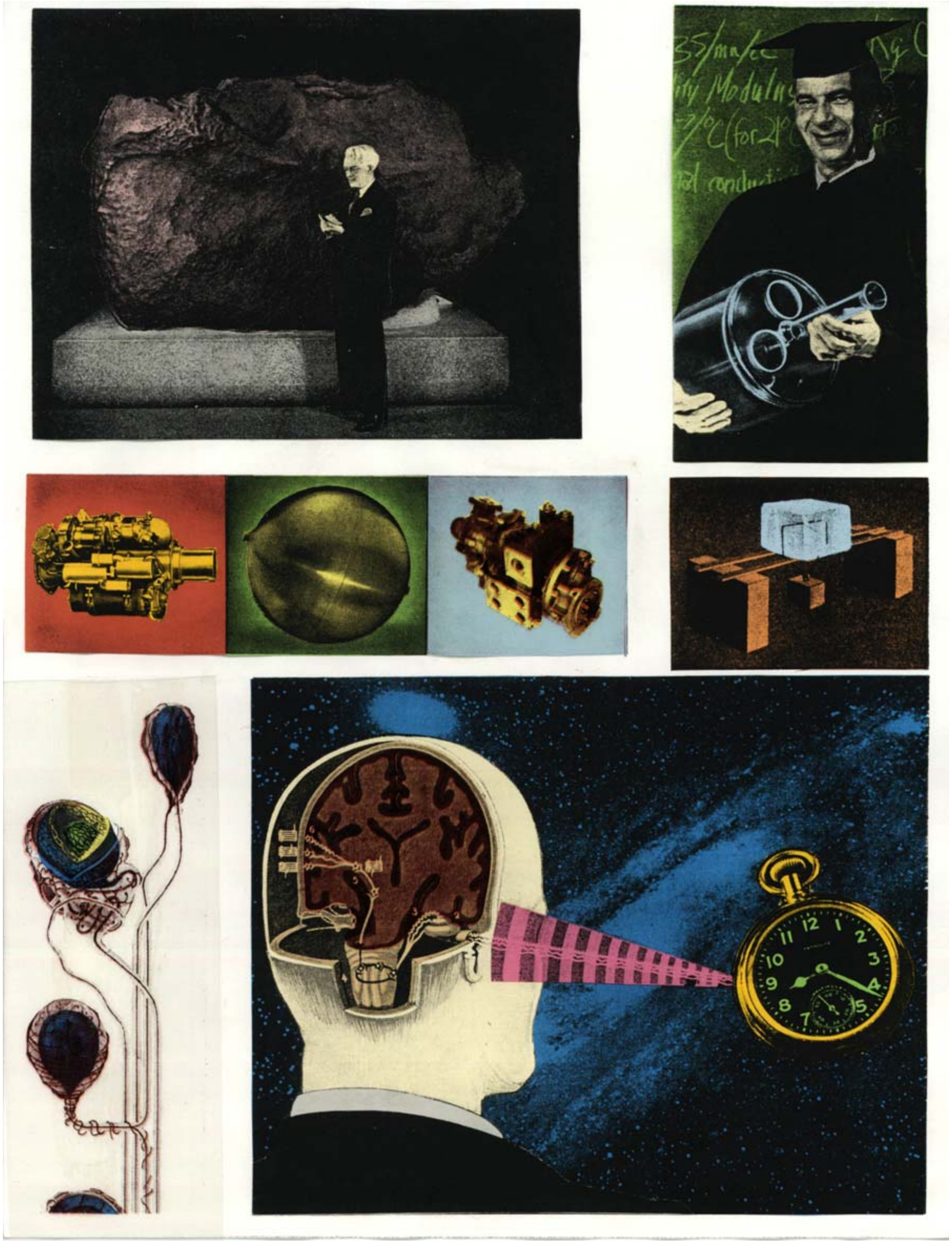
Patricia, hard at her studies, is interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

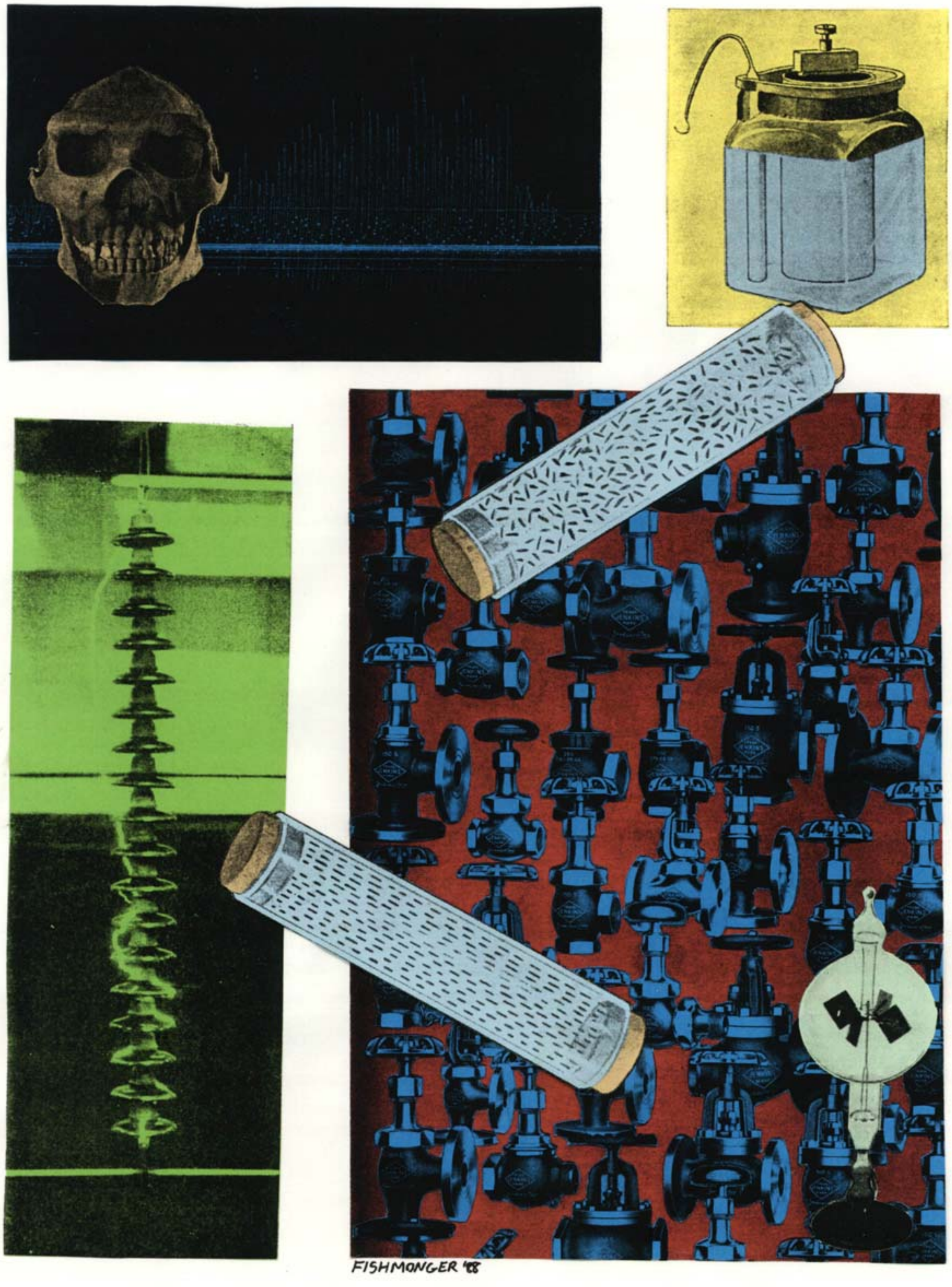
It is at this very moment that the Gyroclave is activated.

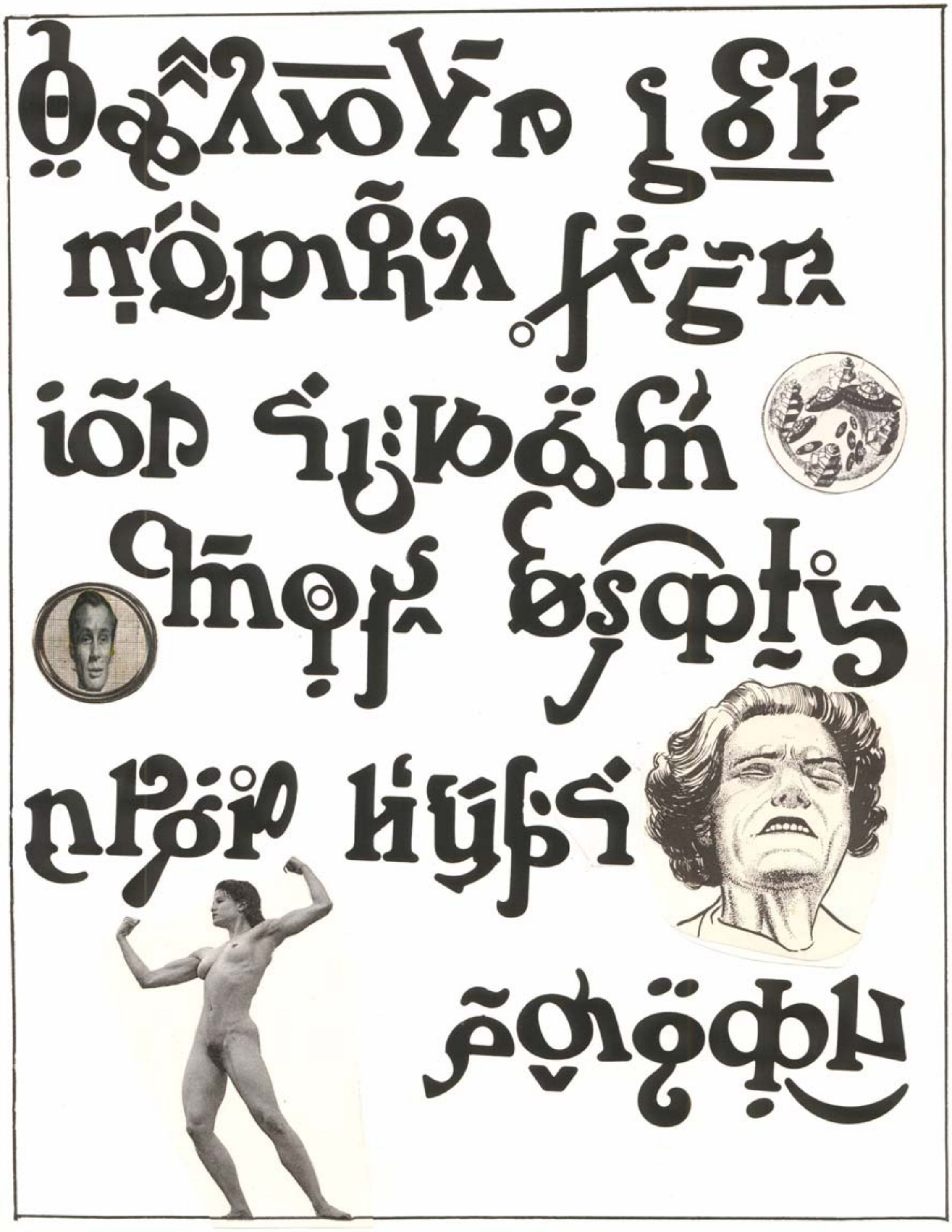


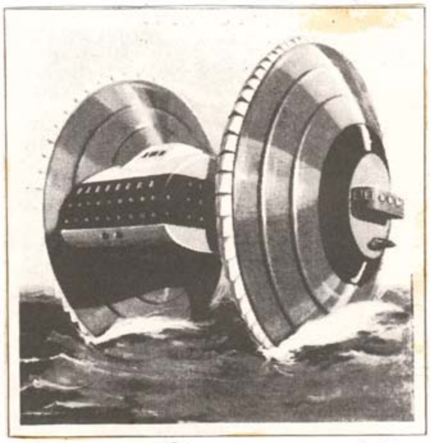
Thrills in SCIENCE

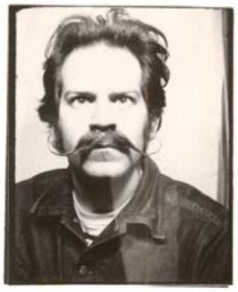





FISHMONGER '88







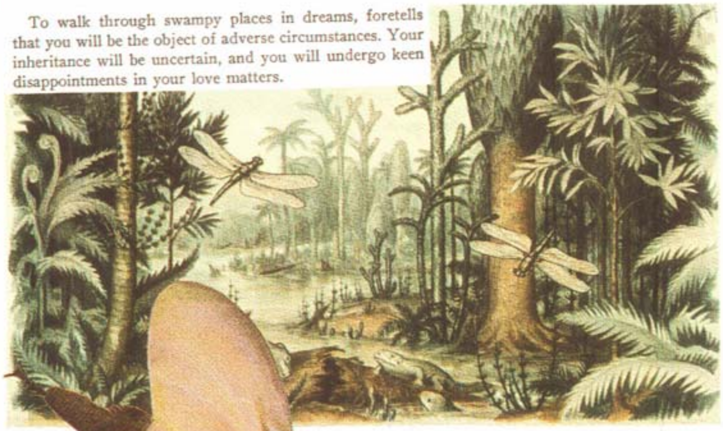
"Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger"

10,000 DREAMS INTERPRETED

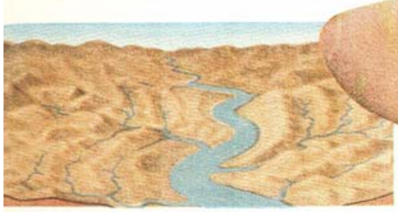
To see a volcano in your dreams, signifies that you will be in violent disputes, which threaten your reputation as a fair dealing and honest citizen.

If you see a clear, smooth, flowing river in your dream, ou will soon succeed to the enjoyment of delightful leasures, and prosperity will bear flattering promises.

To walk through swampy places in dreams, foretells that you will be the object of adverse circumstances. Your inheritance will be uncertain, and you will undergo keen disappointments in your love matters.

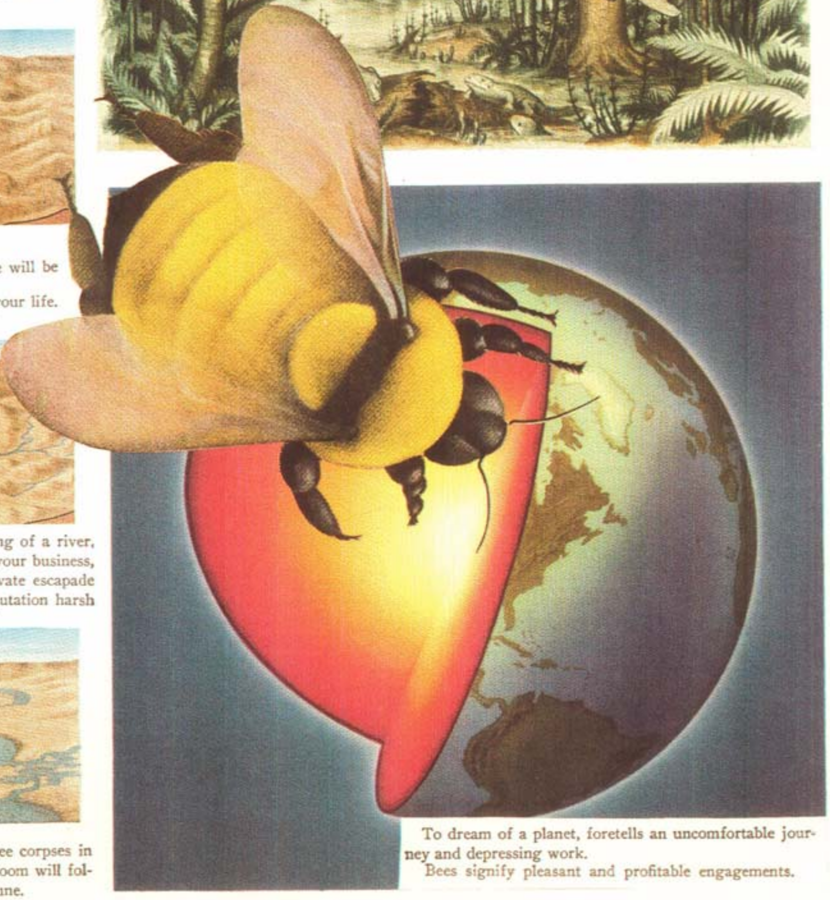


If the waters are muddy or tumultuous, there will be disagreeable and jealous contentions in your life.



If you are water-bound by the overflowing of a river, there will be temporary embarrassments in your business, or you will suffer uneasiness lest some private escapade will reach public notice and cause your reputation harsh criticisms.

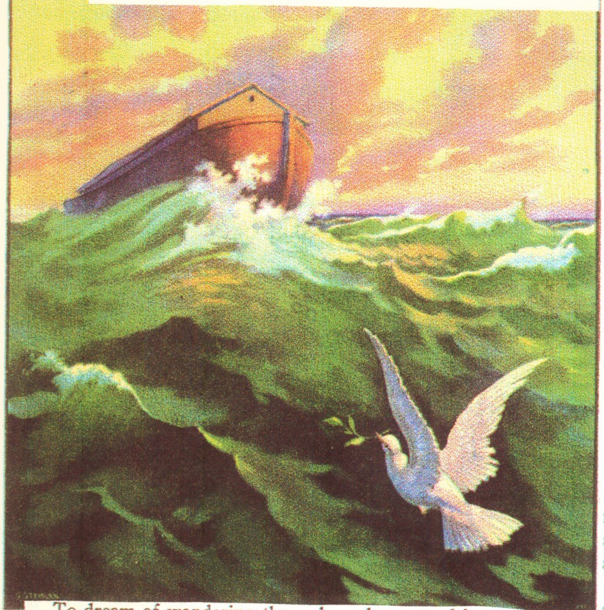
If while sailing upon a clear river you see corpses in the bottom, you will find that trouble and gloom will follow swiftly upon present pleasures and fortune.



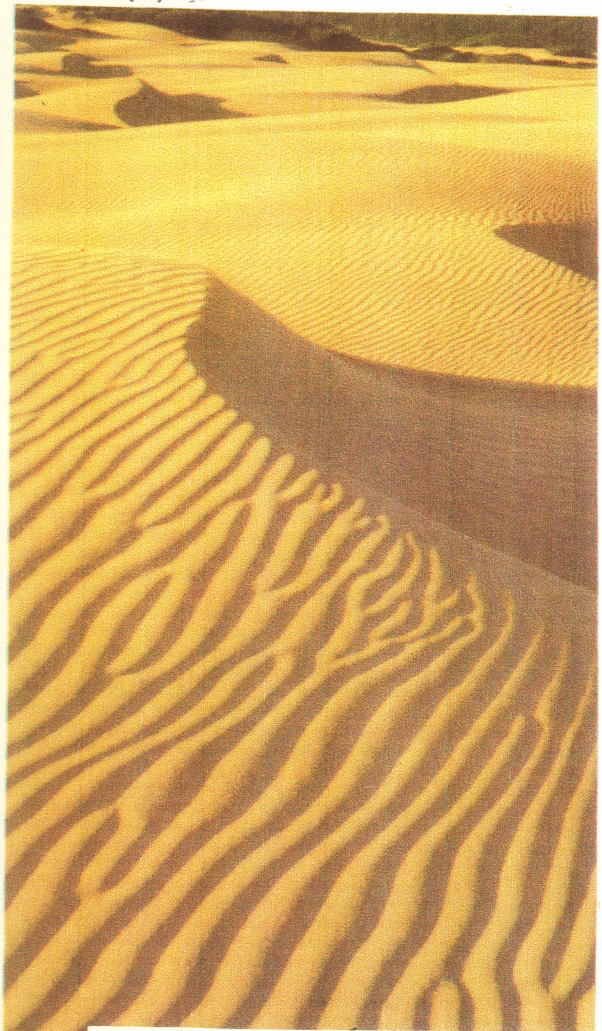
To dream of a planet, foretells an uncomfortable journey and depressing work.

Bees signify pleasant and profitable engagements.

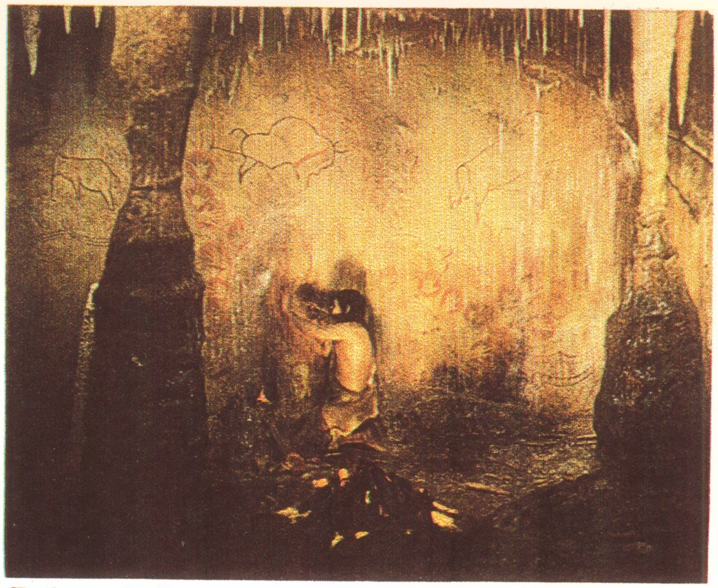
To dream of floods destroying vast areas of country and bearing you on with its muddy débris, denotes sickness, loss in business, and the most unhappy and unsettled situation in the marriage state.



To dream of wandering through a gloomy and barren desert, denotes famine and uprisal of races and great loss of life and property.



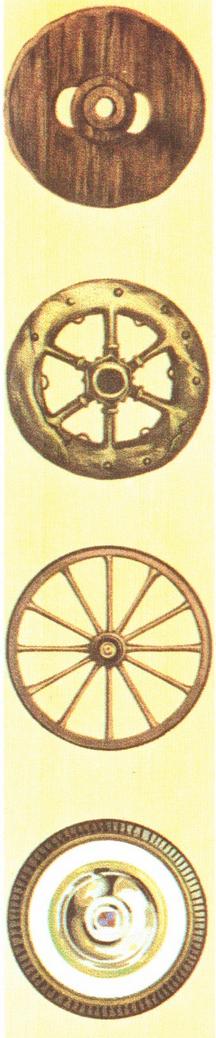
For a young woman to find herself alone in a desert, her health and reputation is being jeopardized by her indiscretion. She should be more cautious.



To dream of seeing a cavern yawning in the weird moonlight before you, many perplexities will assail you, and doubtful advancement because of adversaries. Work and health is threatened.

To be in a cave foreshadows change. You will probably be estranged from those who are very dear to you.

For a young woman to walk in a cave with her lover or friend, denotes she will fall in love with a villain and will suffer the loss of true friends.



To see swiftly rotating wheels in your dreams, foretells that you will be thrifty and energetic in your business and be successful in pursuits of domestic bliss.

To see idle or broken wheels, proclaims death or absence of some one in your household.

To dream of seeing a burly negro, denotes formidable rivals in affection and business.

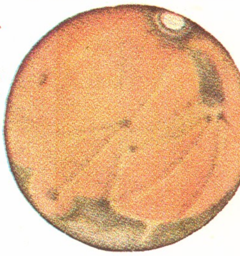
To see a mulatto, constant worries and friction with hirelings is foretold.

To dream of a difficulty with a negro, signifies your inability to overcome disagreeable surroundings. It also denotes disappointments and ill fortune.

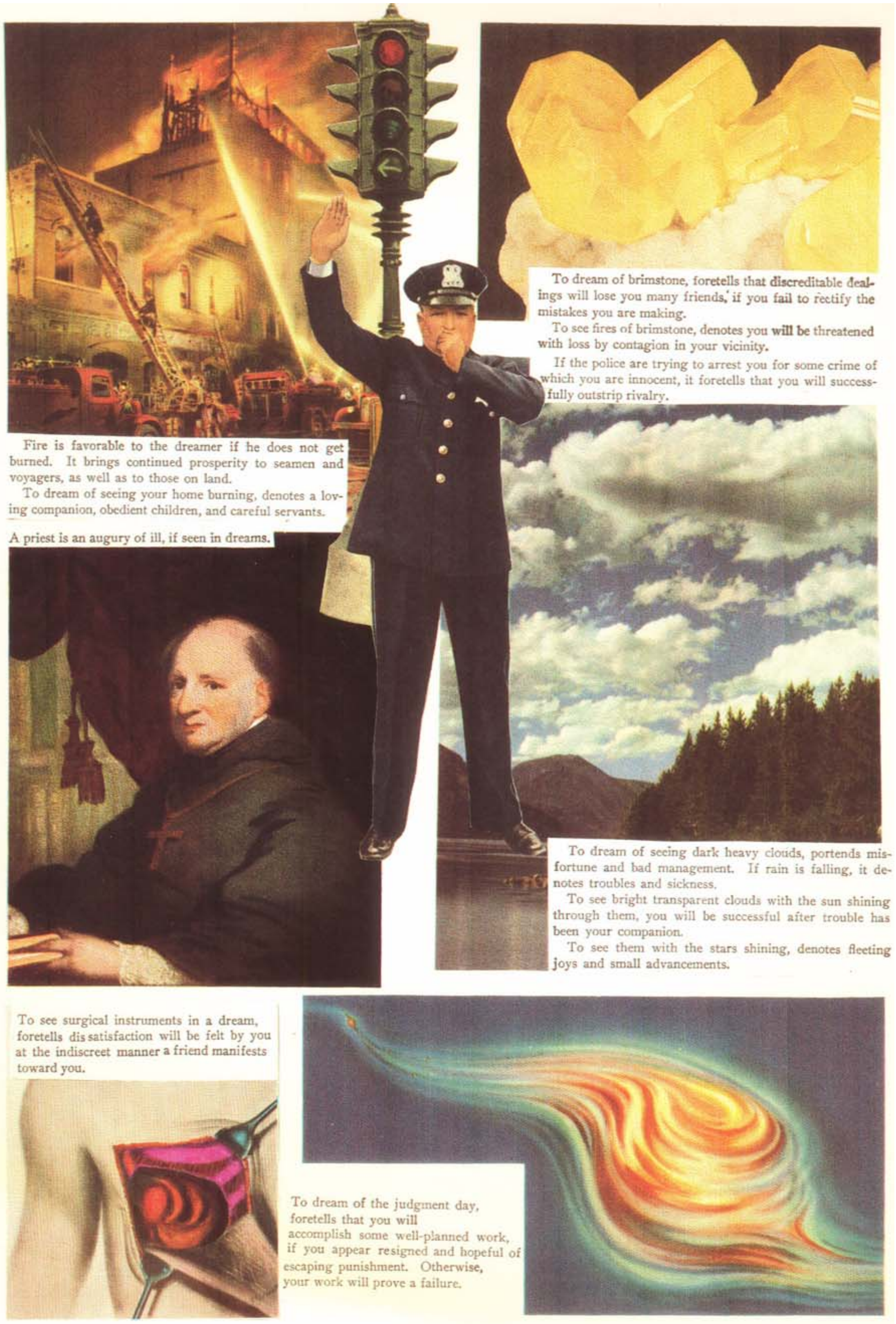
For a young woman to dream of a negro, she will be constrained to work for her own support, or be disappointed in her lover.

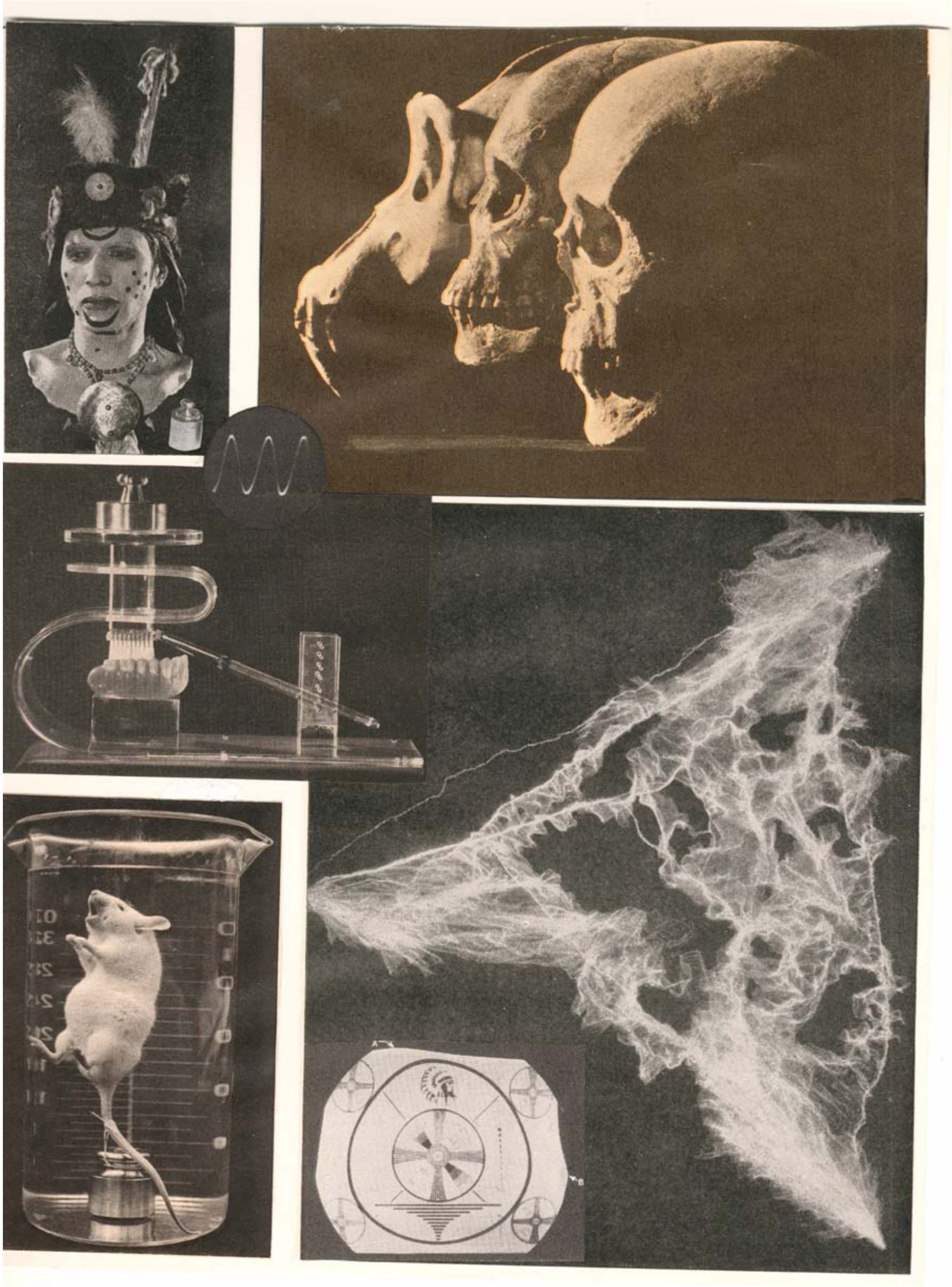
To dream of negro children, denotes many little anxieties and crosses.

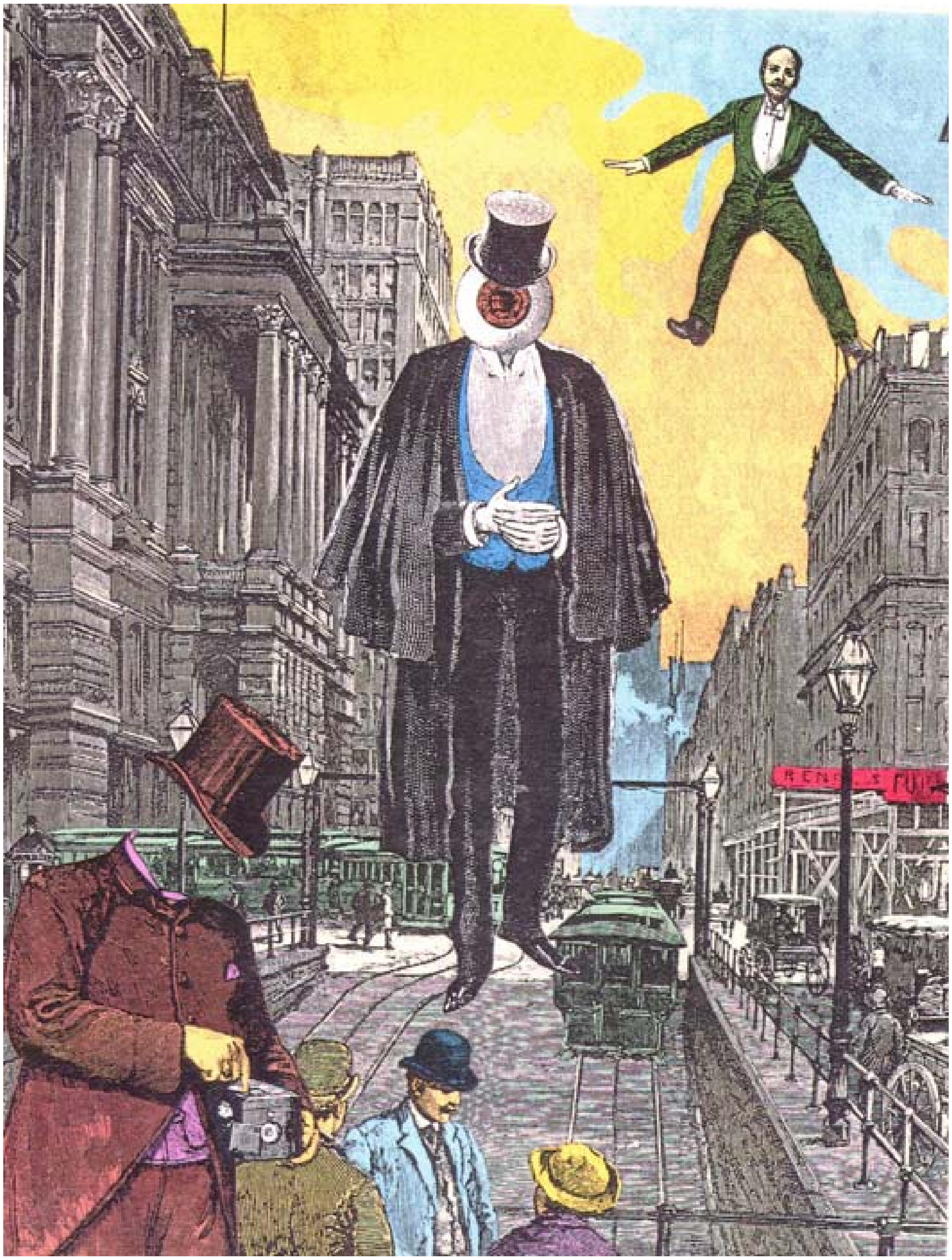
For a young woman to dream of being held by a negro, portends for her many disagreeable duties. She is likely to meet with and give displeasure. She will quarrel with her dearest friends.



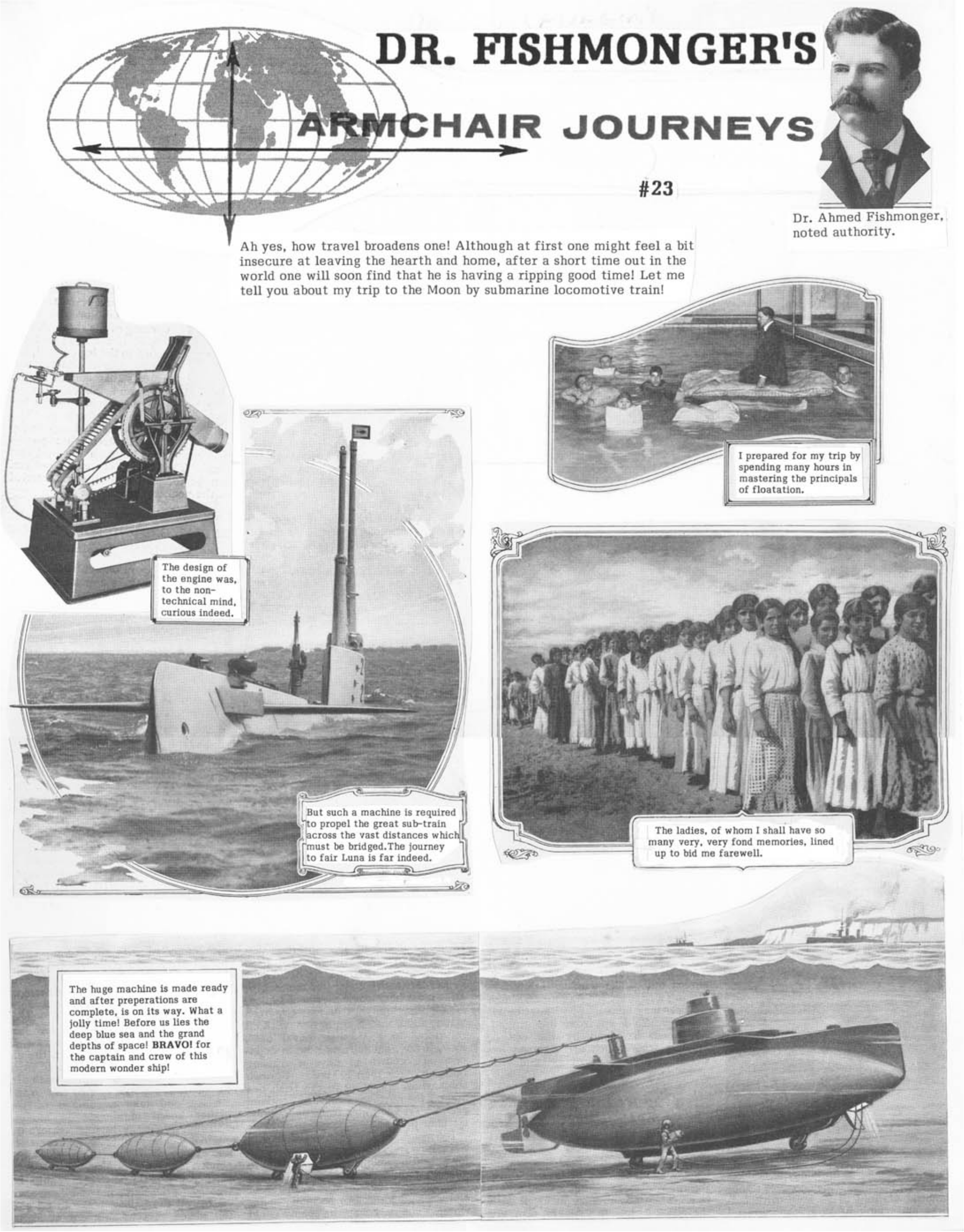
To dream of Mars, denotes that your life will be made miserable and hardly worth living by the cruel treatment of friends. Enemies will endeavor to ruin you.

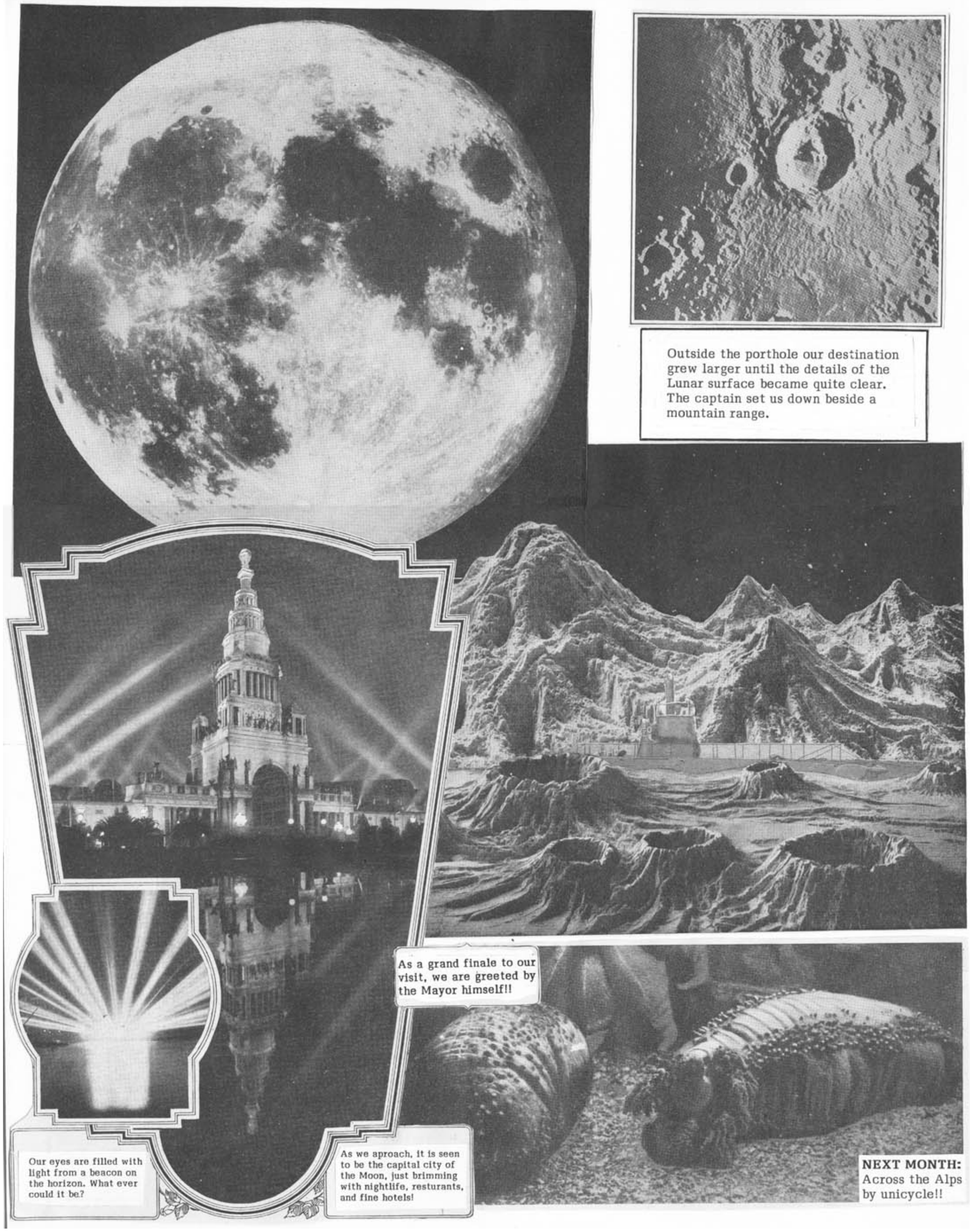

To dream of brimstone, foretells that discreditable dealings will lose you many friends,' if you fail to rectify the mistakes you are making.
To see fires of brimstone, denotes you will be threatened with loss by contagion in your vicinity.
If the police are trying to arrest you for some crime of which you are innocent, it foretells that you will successfully outstrip rivalry.
Fire is favorable to the dreamer if he does not get burned. It brings continued prosperity to seamen and voyagers, as well as to those on land.
To dream of seeing your home burning, denotes a loving companion, obedient children, and careful servants.
A priest is an augury of ill, if seen in dreams.
To dream of seeing dark heavy clouds, portends misfortune and bad management. If rain is falling, it denotes troubles and sickness.
To see bright transparent clouds with the sun shining through them, you will be successful after trouble has been your companion.
To see them with the stars shining, denotes fleeting joys and small advancements.
To see surgical instruments in a dream, foretells dis satisfaction will be felt by you at the indiscreet manner a friend manifests toward you.
To dream of the judgment day, foretells that you will accomplish some well-planned work, if you appear resigned and hopeful of escaping punishment. Otherwise, your work will prove a failure.



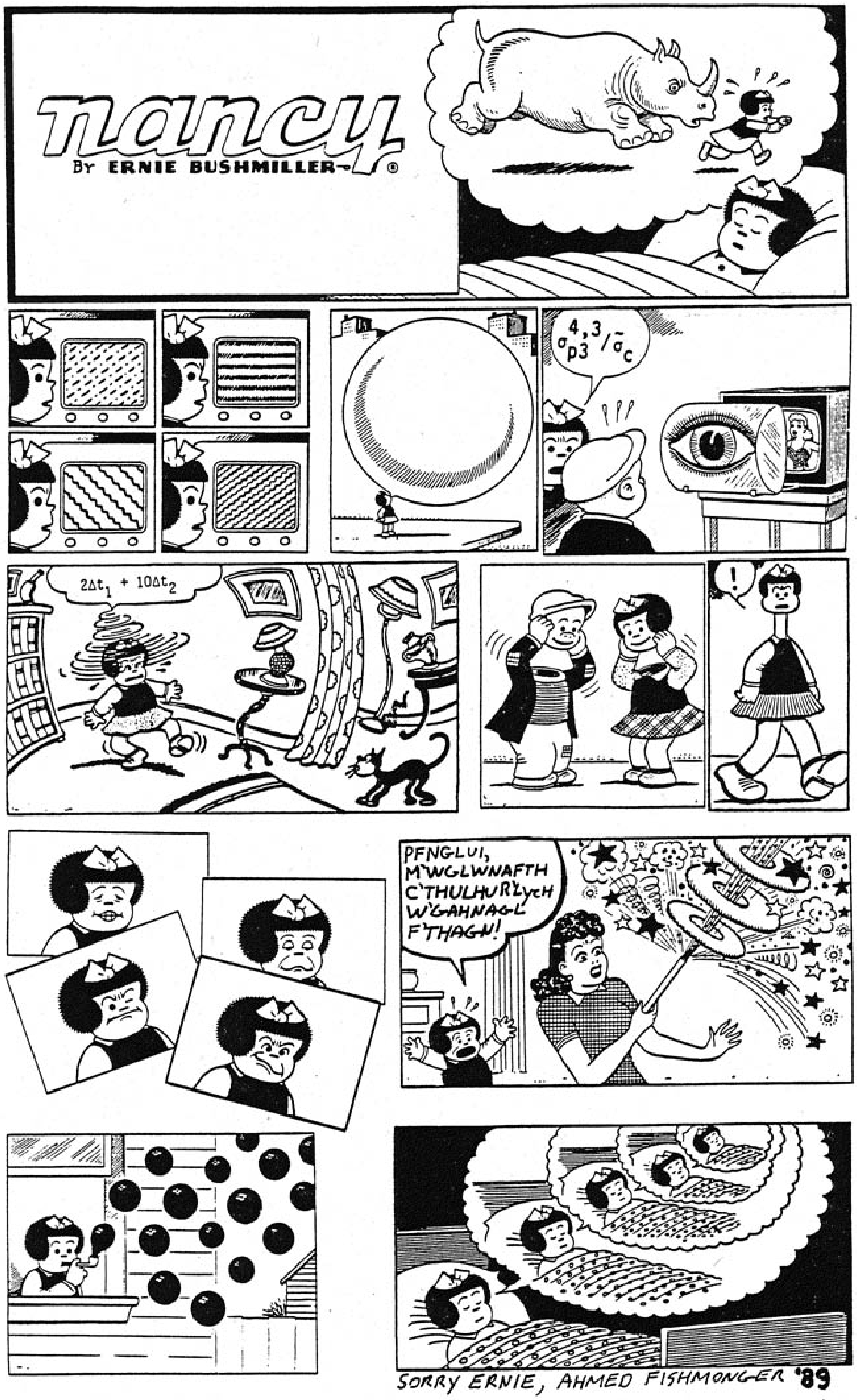


FISHMONGER'88


DR. FISHMONGER'S
ARMCHAIR JOURNEYS
#23
Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger, noted authority.
Ah yes, how travel broadens one! Although at first one might feel a bit insecure at leaving the hearth and home, after a short time out in the world one will soon find that he is having a ripping good time! Let me tell you about my trip to the Moon by submarine locomotive train!
I prepared for my trip by spending many hours in mastering the principals of floatation.
The design of the engine was, to the non-technical mind, curious indeed.
But such a machine is required to propel the great sub-train across the vast distances which must be bridged. The journey to fair Luna is far indeed.
The ladies, of whom I shall have so many very, very fond memories, lined up to bid me farewell.
The huge machine is made ready and after preperations are complete, is on its way. What a jolly time! Before us lies the deep blue sea and the grand depths of space! BRAVO! for the captain and crew of this modern wonder ship!


Outside the porthole our destination grew larger until the details of the Lunar surface became quite clear. The captain set us down beside a mountain range.
Our eyes are filled with light from a beacon on the horizon. What ever could it be?
As we aproach, it is seen to be the capital city of the Moon, just brimming with nightlife, resturants, and fine hotels!
As a grand finale to our visit, we are greeted by the Mayor himself!!
NEXT MONTH: Across the Alps by unicycle!!

©1987AhmedFishmonger


nancy
By ERNIE BUSHMILLER
$\sigma_{p3}^{4,3}/\bar{\sigma}_c$
$2\Delta t_1 + 10\Delta t_2$
!
PFNGLUI, M'WGLWNAFTH C'THULHUR'LYCH W'GAHNAGL F'THAGN!
SORRY ERNIE, AHMED FISHMONGER '89

60%

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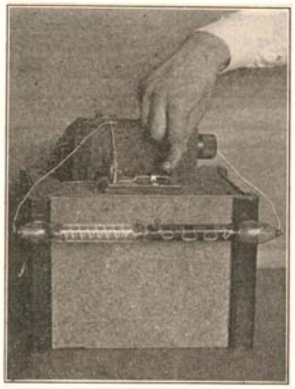

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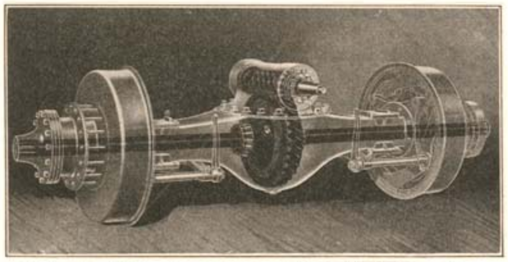

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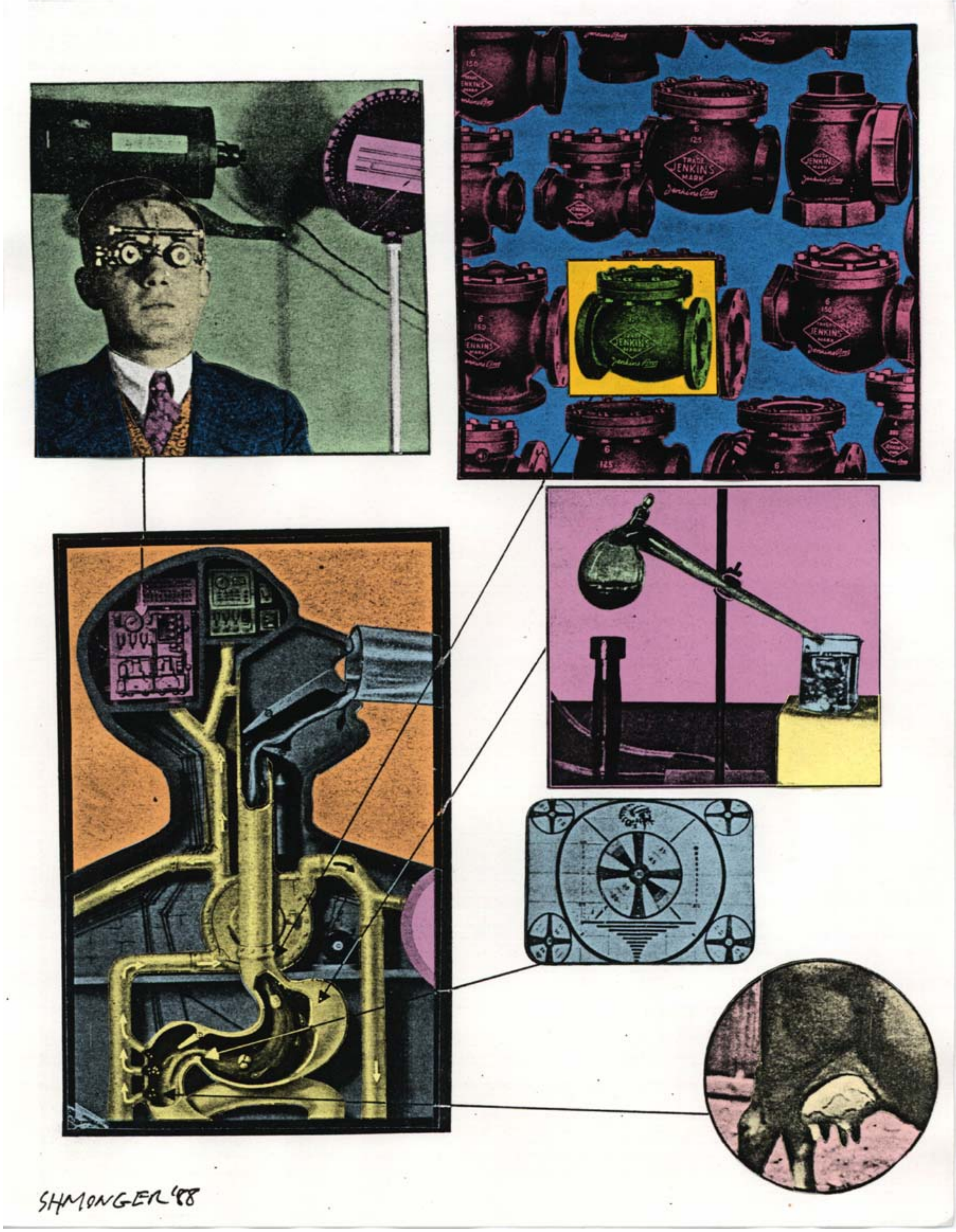
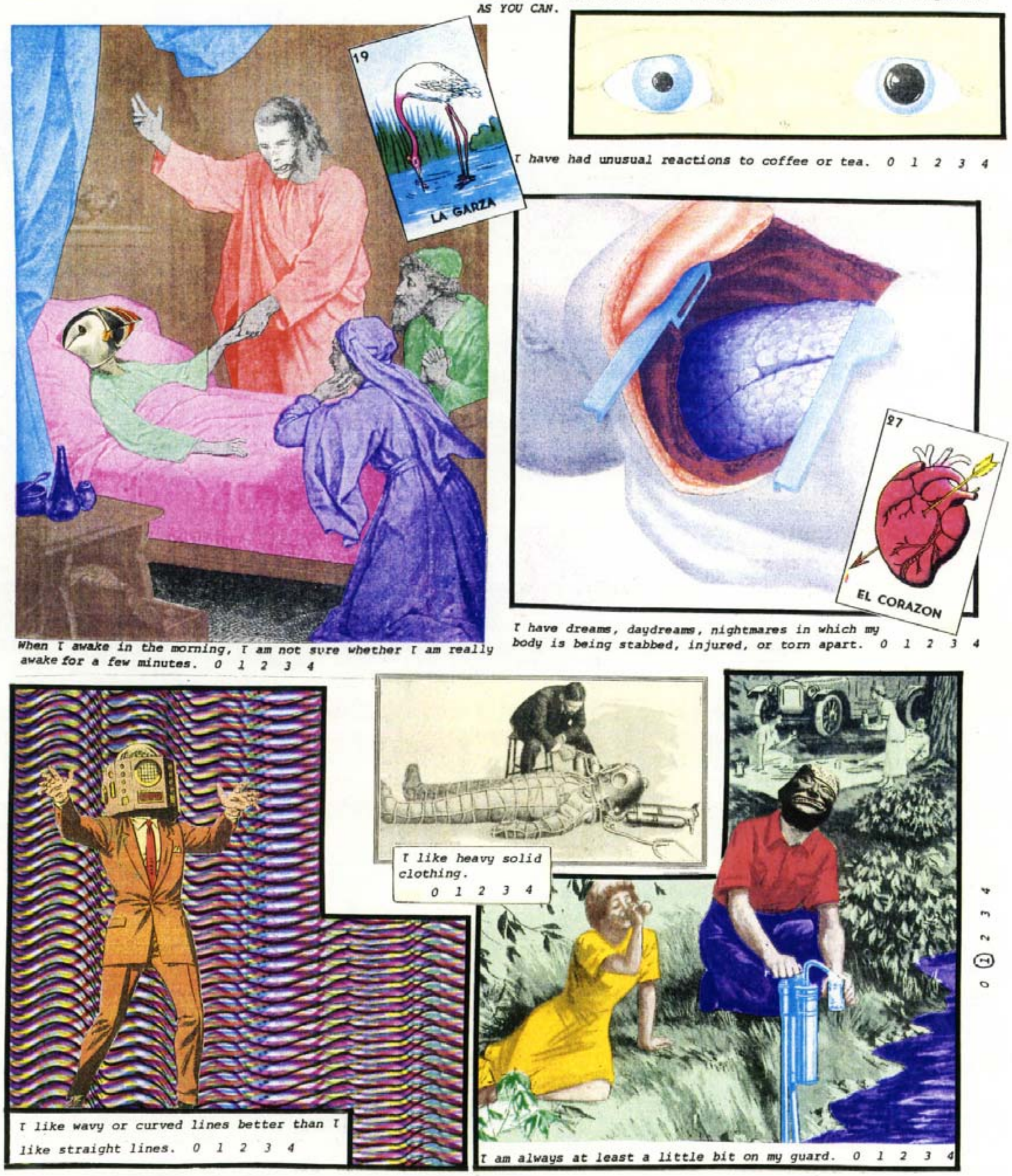

JENKINS
SHMONGER '88

BIG
ED

TESTING, 1...2...3...

PLEASE TRY TO RATE EACH OF THE STATEMENTS FROM 0 TO 4.
0 INDICATES EITHER NOT AT ALL OR NOT AT ALL TRUE OF ME.
4 INDICATES YES OR DEFINITELY, OR VERY TRUE OF ME.

PLEASE TRY TO ANSWER ALL OF THE QUESTIONS AND STATEMENTS AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN.



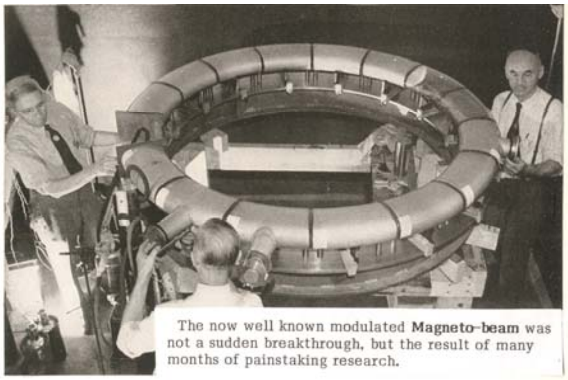
23
LA LUNA
I spend a lot of time daydreaming, fantasizing or in reverie. 0 1 2 3 4
I cannot imagine marrying or living with someone of another religion.
0 1 2 3 4
53
EL ARPA
12
EL VALIENTE
17
EL BANDOLON
28
LA SANDIA
My daydreams don't always stay in control. 0 1 2 3 4
0 1 2 3 4
I have dreams and daydreams or nightmares in which I see isolated body parts--arms, legs, heads, etc. 0 1 2 3 4

ORANG-UTAN
H. 212
CHIMPANZEE
H. 295
GORILLA (BER.)
CU-A.M.A.E.1
NEGRO
P.A.L. 24
I cannot imagine living with or marrying a person of another race. 0 1 2 3 4
I believe I am influenced by forces which no one can understand.
0 1 2 3 4
46
EL SOL
7
LA ESCALERA
EL NEGRITO
21
LA MANO
EL PARAGUAS
41
6
LA SIRENA
16
LA BANDERA
47
LA CORONA
10
EL ARBOL
I think I could be a good fortune teller or a medium.
0 1 2 3 4
I awake from one dream into another. 0 1 2 3 4
I think it might be fun to wear medieval armor.
0 1 2 3 4
0 1 2 3 4

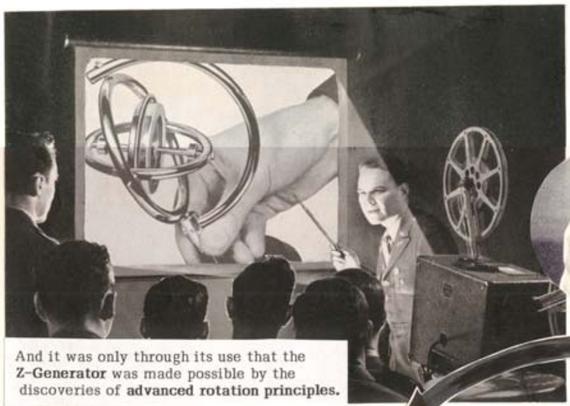
At times I have felt as if I were coming apart. 0 1 2 3 4
EL DIABLITO
EL MUNDO
I have often had the experience of different senses coming together. For example, I have felt that I could smell a color, or see a sound, or hear an odor. 0 1 2 3 4
In my dreams, I am always myself. 0 1 2 3 4
EL BORRACHO
LA CALAVERA
0 1 2 3 (4)
I like straight lines. 0 1 2 3 4
I have daymares. 0 1 2 3 4
AHMED FISHMONGER 1990 0 1 2 3 (4)
I am afraid I may fall apart completely. 0 1 2 3 4

What is Time?

Yes, that is the question which had haunted philosophers for centuries! It was that ancient problem that was solved by Dr. Albert Goldberg through vastly unexpected means.



The now well known modulated **Magneto-beam** was not a sudden breakthrough, but the result of many months of painstaking research.



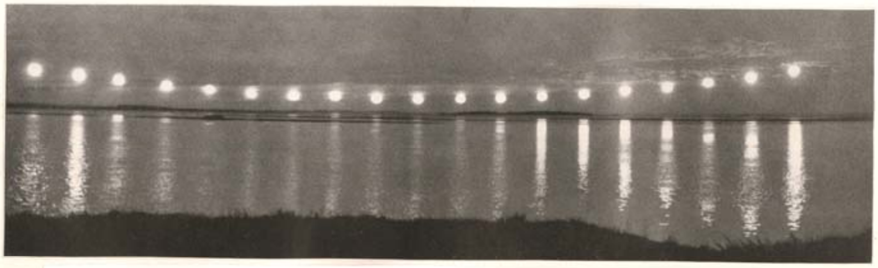
And it was only through its use that the **Z-Generator** was made possible by the discoveries of **advanced rotation principles.**

Dr. Goldberg first discovered these principles from the behavior of **MUTRONS** found in the upper atmosphere. These little known sub-atomic particles have the unique property of **time torsion!**

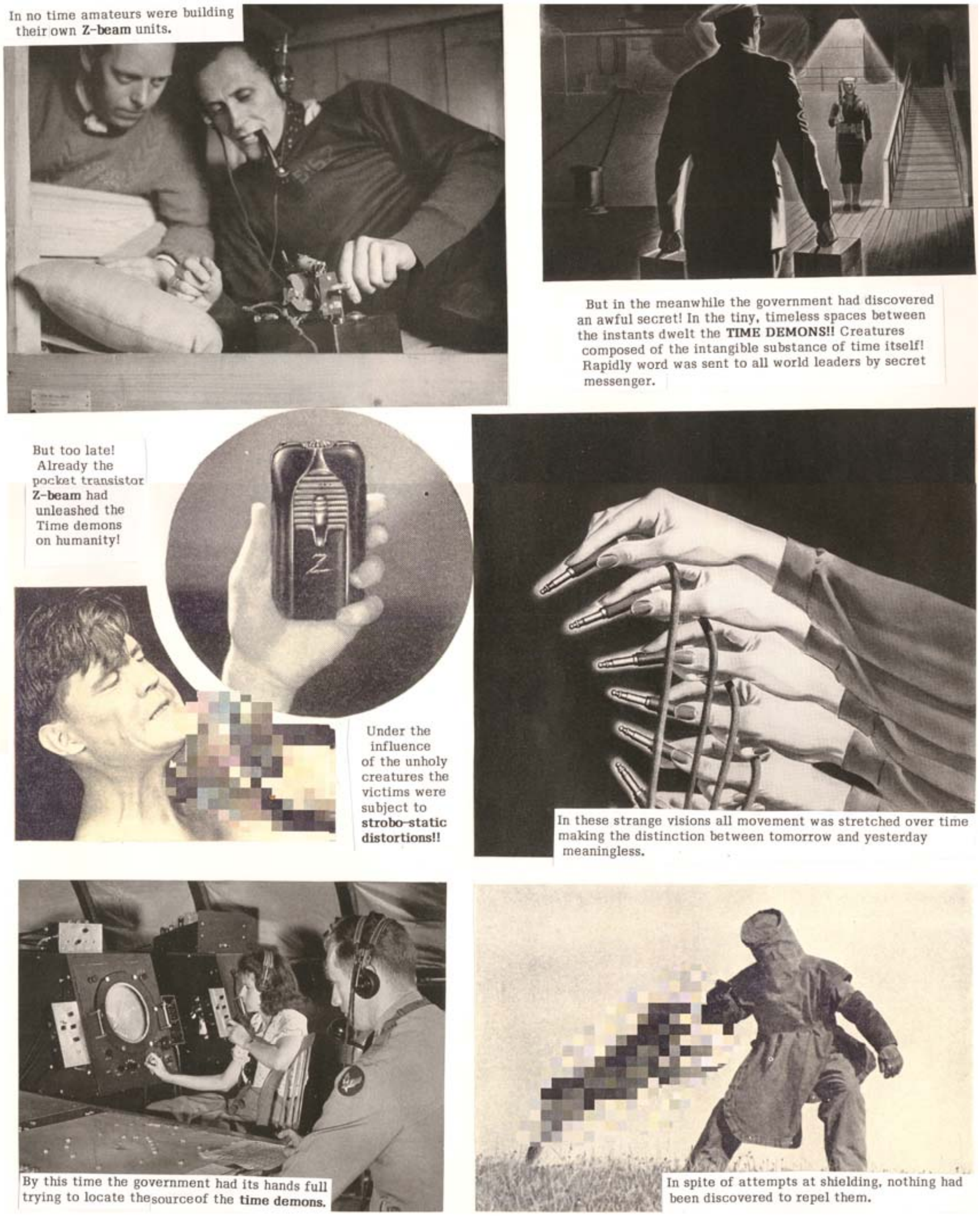
Finally it had become possible to delve the nature of time itself!

And this led directly to the design of the first primitive **Z-beam Generator!**

Its first demonstration by Dr. Goldberg was most dramatic.

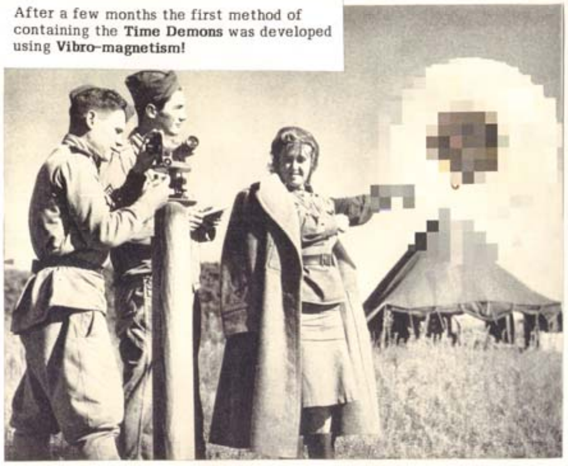


Under the influence of the **Z-beam** the assembled scientists saw the sun cross the sky in a matter of seconds! On this very short day **TIME CONTROL** was born, and the world would never be the same. Unknown new vistas opened before humanity and as yet unforseen dangers!

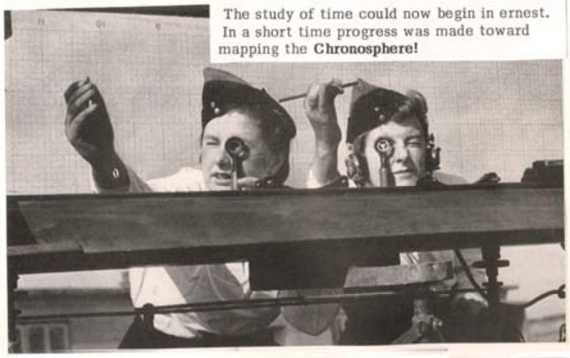

In no time amateurs were building their own **Z-beam** units.
But in the meanwhile the government had discovered an awful secret! In the tiny, timeless spaces between the instants dwelt the **TIME DEMONS!!** Creatures composed of the intangible substance of time itself! Rapidly word was sent to all world leaders by secret messenger.
But too late! Already the pocket transistor **Z-beam** had unleashed the Time demons on humanity!
Z
Under the influence of the unholy creatures the victims were subject to **strobo-static distortions!!**
In these strange visions all movement was stretched over time making the distinction between tomorrow and yesterday meaningless.
By this time the government had its hands full trying to locate the source of the **time demons.**
In spite of attempts at shielding, nothing had been discovered to repel them.

Without rest, the worlds best minds turned themselves to the problem.

After a few months the first method of containing the **Time Demons** was developed using **Vibro-magnetism!**



The study of time could now begin in ernest. In a short time progress was made toward mapping the **Chronosphere!**



Frozen in this state, some even made good pets. A few folks took to raising them for profit.

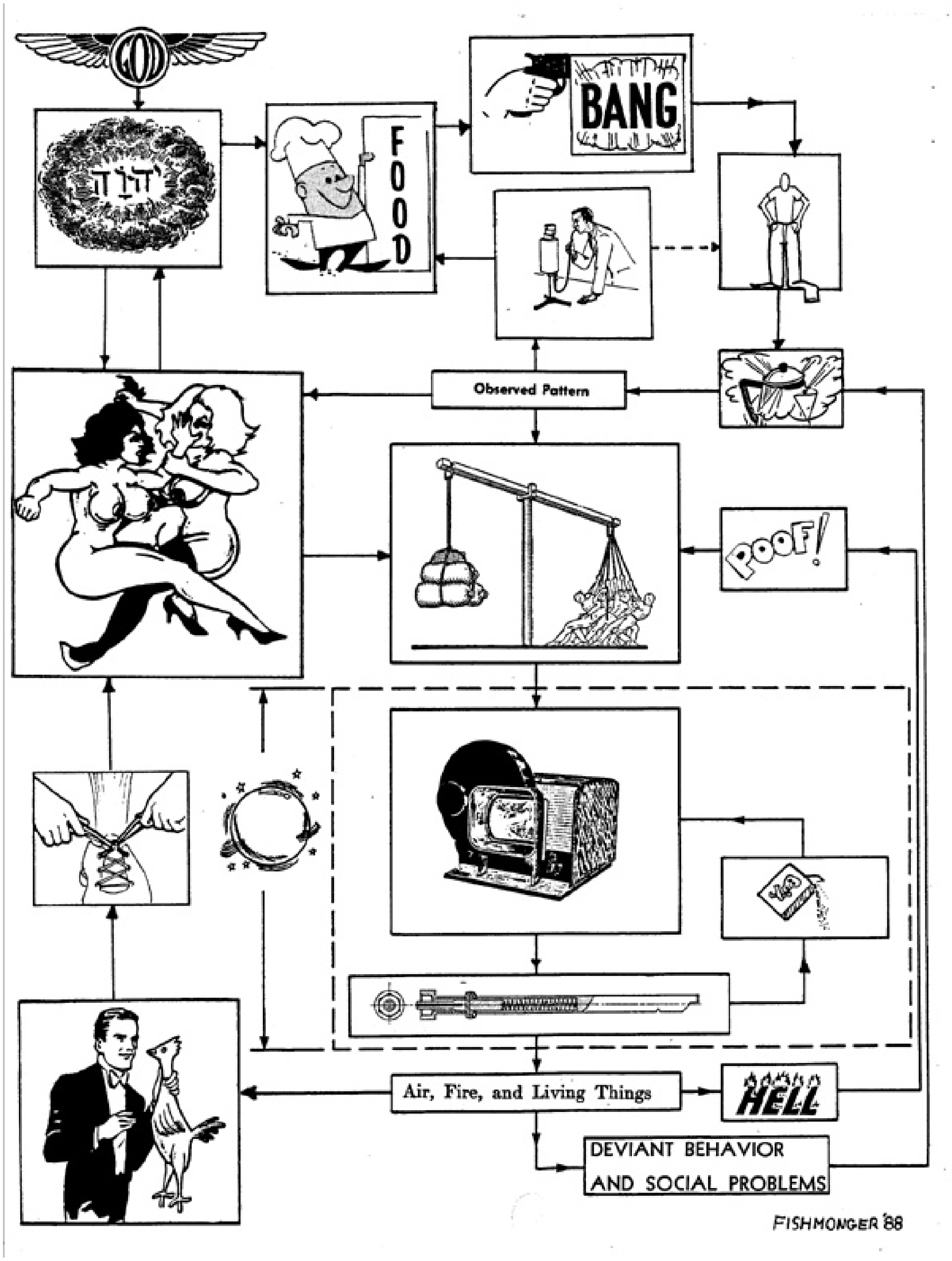
The world was now safe for the exploration of time. The young could now look toward a bright future, present and past!

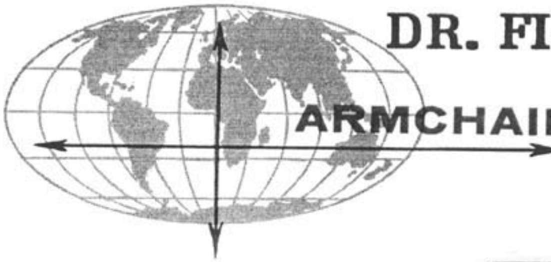
The know how of the dynamic man, The God fearing individual, had triumphed!

What had made America great would make **eternity** great! Yes, the values and standards of a free people had payed off once more! Mom, the family, fair play, the free market, the protestant ethic, apple pie, the fourth of July and honest Blood, Sweat and tears had once more done the job! We the people of this great, free land had once again shown what we are made of! We of the red, white and blue have risen to the nigh undoable task! For love of God and Jesus have forged yet

The last of the rogue **time demons** were destroyed in their **vibro-magnetic** prisons.

©1990 Fishmonger Grafix Studios


GOD
BANG
FOOD
Observed Pattern
POOF!
Air, Fire, and Living Things
HELL
DEVIANT BEHAVIOR AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS
FISHMONGER '88



DR. FISHMONGER'S ARMCHAIR JOURNEYS

#16

Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger
noted authority.

Ah yes, the legendary **Polar Kingdom.** What a place for the very finest of holidays! This recently embattled Nation of the North offers many opportunitys for creative lesure to the seasoned traveler. It goes without saying that the Polar lands, though pleasant, can be frigid in the extreme at times. The fellowship of good companions provides all the warmth one needs in these harsh lands.

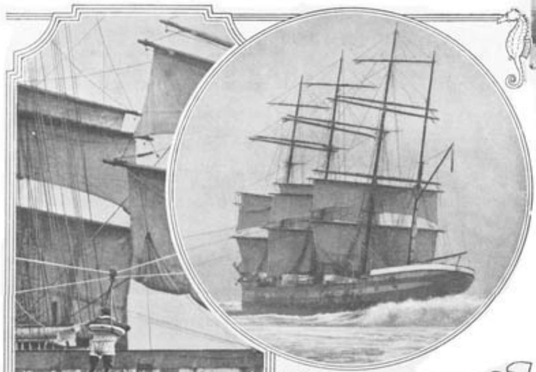
With me was the lovely Miss Andrea Faversham.

As was the noted Argentinian singer Miss Sonia Suarez.

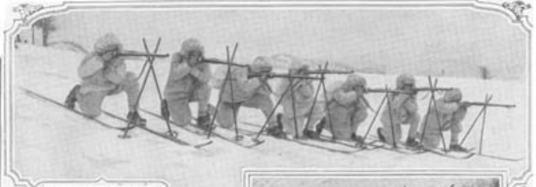
Also along were Miss Gi-gi and Miss Szu -szu who can be seen at New York's Melody theater.

And, of course, thier chaperone, the very **severe** Miss Susanna Johnson who maintained **strict** discipline.

Yes, it is good companions who make a holliday such as this so very much fun. For one cannot truly enjoy the awesome splendors of aforeign land without a dear friend to share it with. The landscape the people, the food all seem a little less interesting without a friedd near at hand.

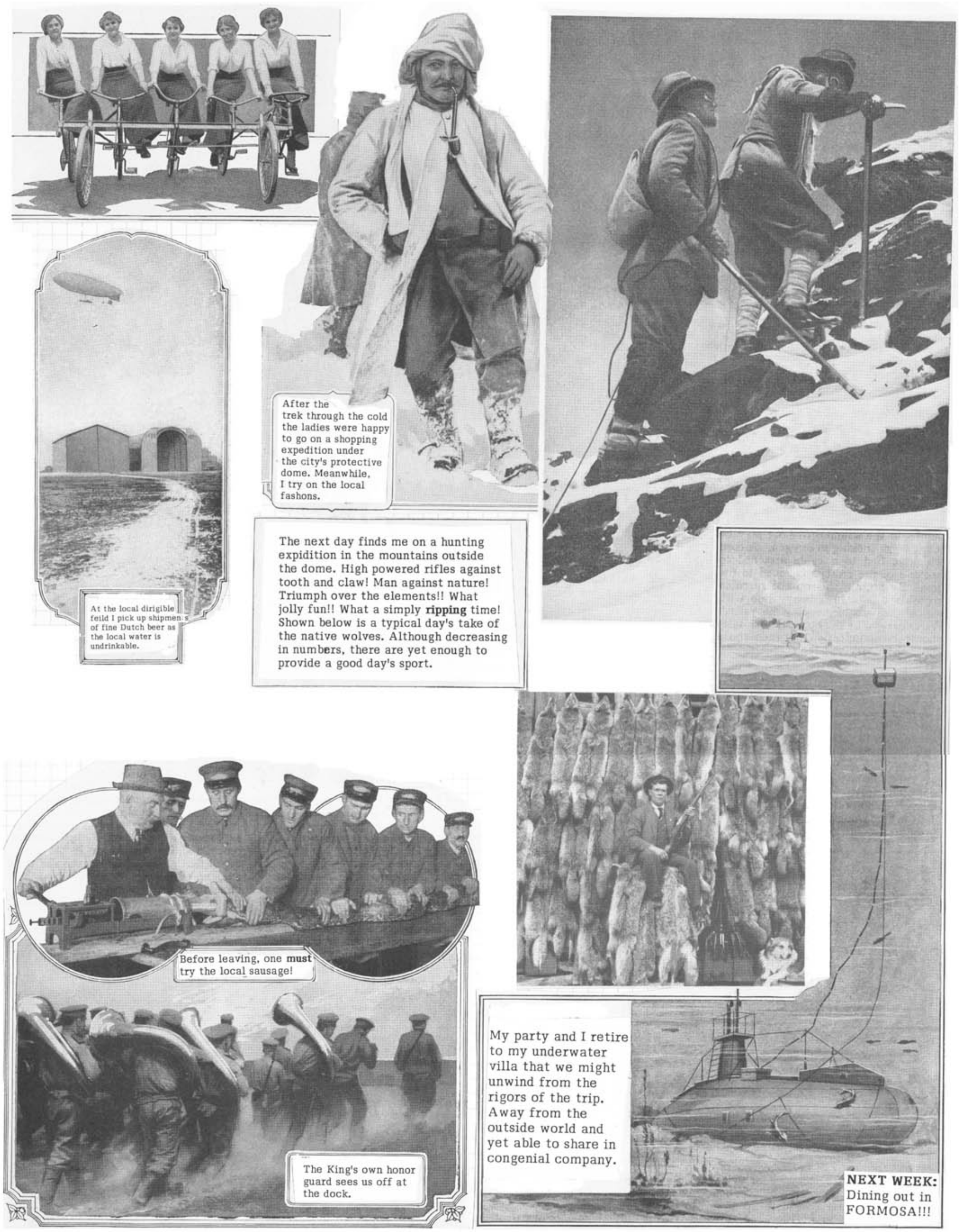


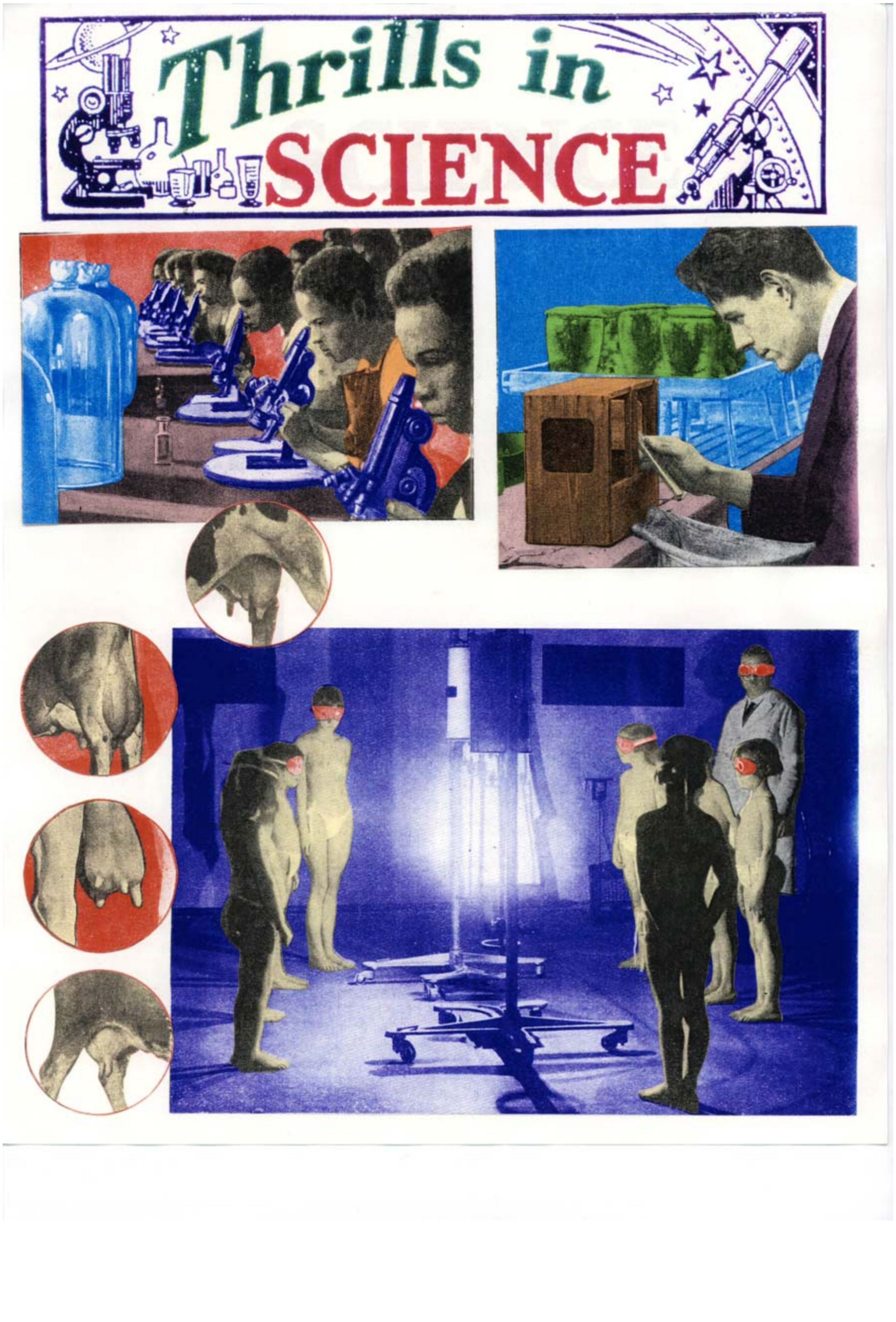
Our ship arived at the coast and, through a less than dignifyed method, put our party ashore.



Due to its recent unpleasantness, the Polar border remains heavily guarded. In spite of thier diminutive stature, these men are fierce fighters.

Having passed customs, we are guided into the city.

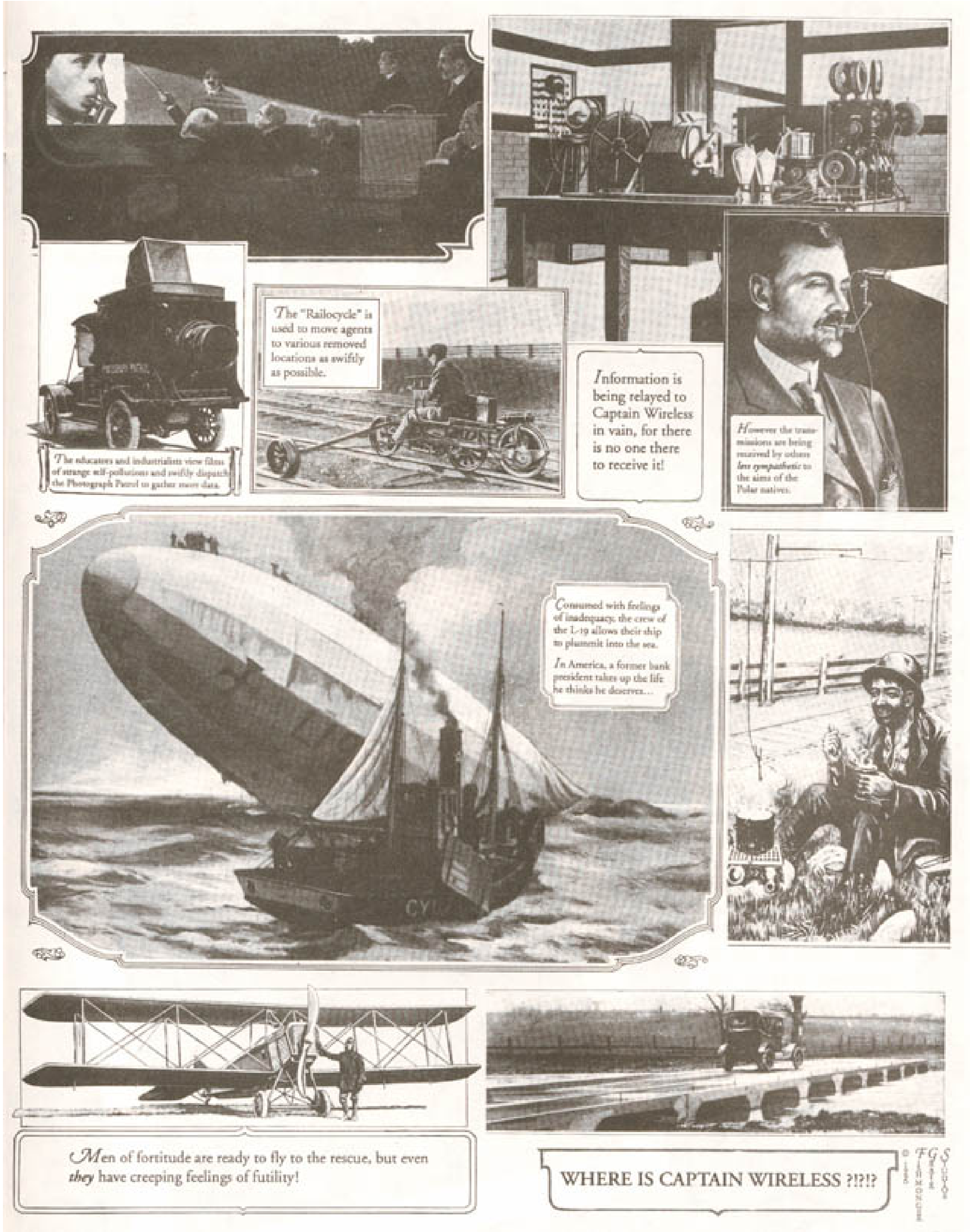

At the local dirigible feild I pick up shipmen s of fine Dutch beer as the local water is undrinkable.
After the trek through the cold the ladies were happy to go on a shopping expedition under the city's protective dome. Meanwhile, I try on the local fashons.
The next day finds me on a hunting expidition in the mountains outside the dome. High powered rifles against tooth and claw! Man against nature! Triumph over the elements!! What jolly fun!! What a simply **ripping** time! Shown below is a typical day's take of the native wolves. Although decreasing in numbers, there are yet enough to provide a good day's sport.
Before leaving, one **must** try the local sausage!
The King's own honor guard sees us off at the dock.
My party and I retire to my underwater villa that we might unwind from the rigors of the trip. Away from the outside world and yet able to share in congenial company.
NEXT WEEK: Dining out in FORMOSA!!!

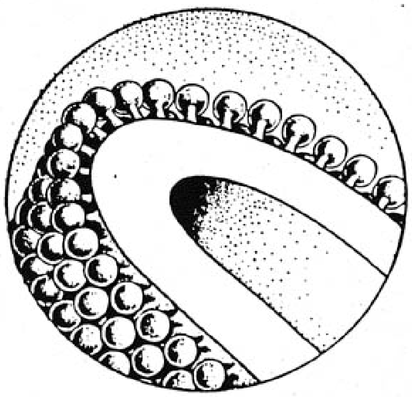

Thrills in
SCIENCE

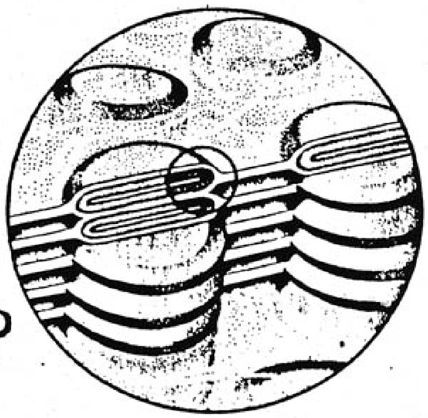
FISHMONGER '88

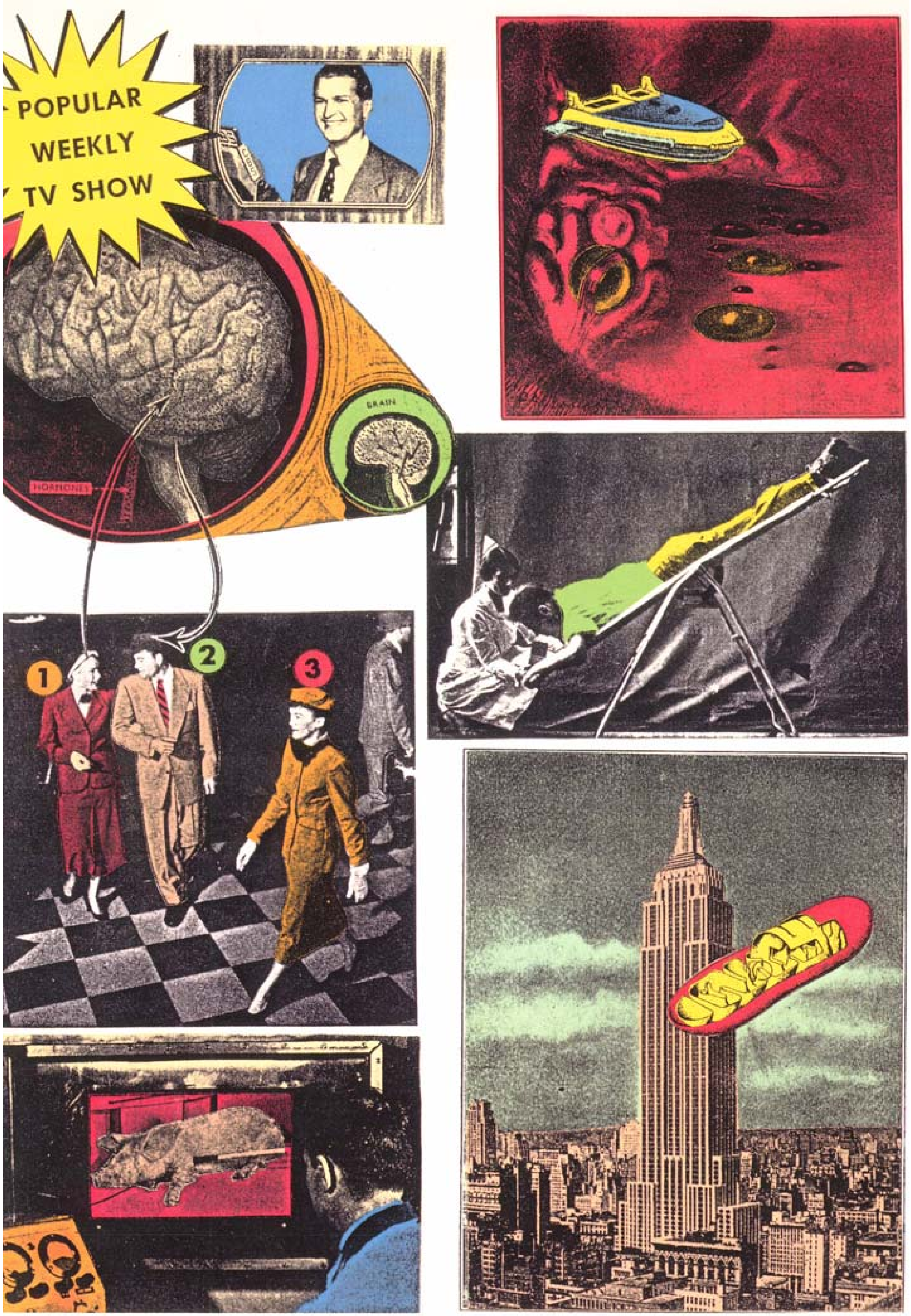
CAPTAIN
WIRELESS
By
DR. AHMED FISHMONGER
The First National is "knocked over" with the aid of a soporific aerosol.
The entire fortune of the tiny Polar people is taken by the hand of a common thief. The enlarging research is at a standstill!
The precious samples of Polonium remain for the moment safe in a vault at the Bureau of Standards.
Hundreds of hours of research fail to reveal how its radiation causes massive loss of self esteem.
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS ?!?
Should I be allowed to Propagate?
I must drink alcohol to sustain life
Shall I transfer the craving to others?
Would the prisons asylums be filled if my kind had no children?
I cannot read this SIGN
By what right have I children?
The only hope lies in this device which Captain Wireless is bringing from Arabia.
As solar power is gathered for the instrument, more victims appear in the streets.

The psychic, Dr. Forbes, divines via "Book Tonguing" that Captain Wireless has lost his plane in Arabia, but procuring a horse, he continues on his way.
The next day at the supposed site of the crash, no evidence can be found.
Clearly the tiny Polar people needed to pursue a course of action of their own.
The Polar envoy was unimpressed
Within hours representatives of the Polar regime are bribing Arabs with seal meat.
While in New York strange events transpire.
The Polar king is captured by the Huns! A ransom is demanded!
Captain Wireless breaks into the Arab city, only to find the population suicidal due to intense self-loathing.


The educators and industrialists view films of strange self-pollutions and swiftly dispatch the Photograph Patrol to gather more data.
The "Railocycle" is used to move agents to various removed locations as swiftly as possible.
Information is being relayed to Captain Wireless in vain, for there is no one there to receive it!
However the transmissions are being received by others less sympathetic to the aims of the Polar natives.
Consumed with feelings of inadequacy, the crew of the L-19 allows their ship to plummit into the sea.
In America, a former bank president takes up the life he thinks he deserves…
Men of fortitude are ready to fly to the rescue, but even they have creeping feelings of futility!
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS ?!?!?

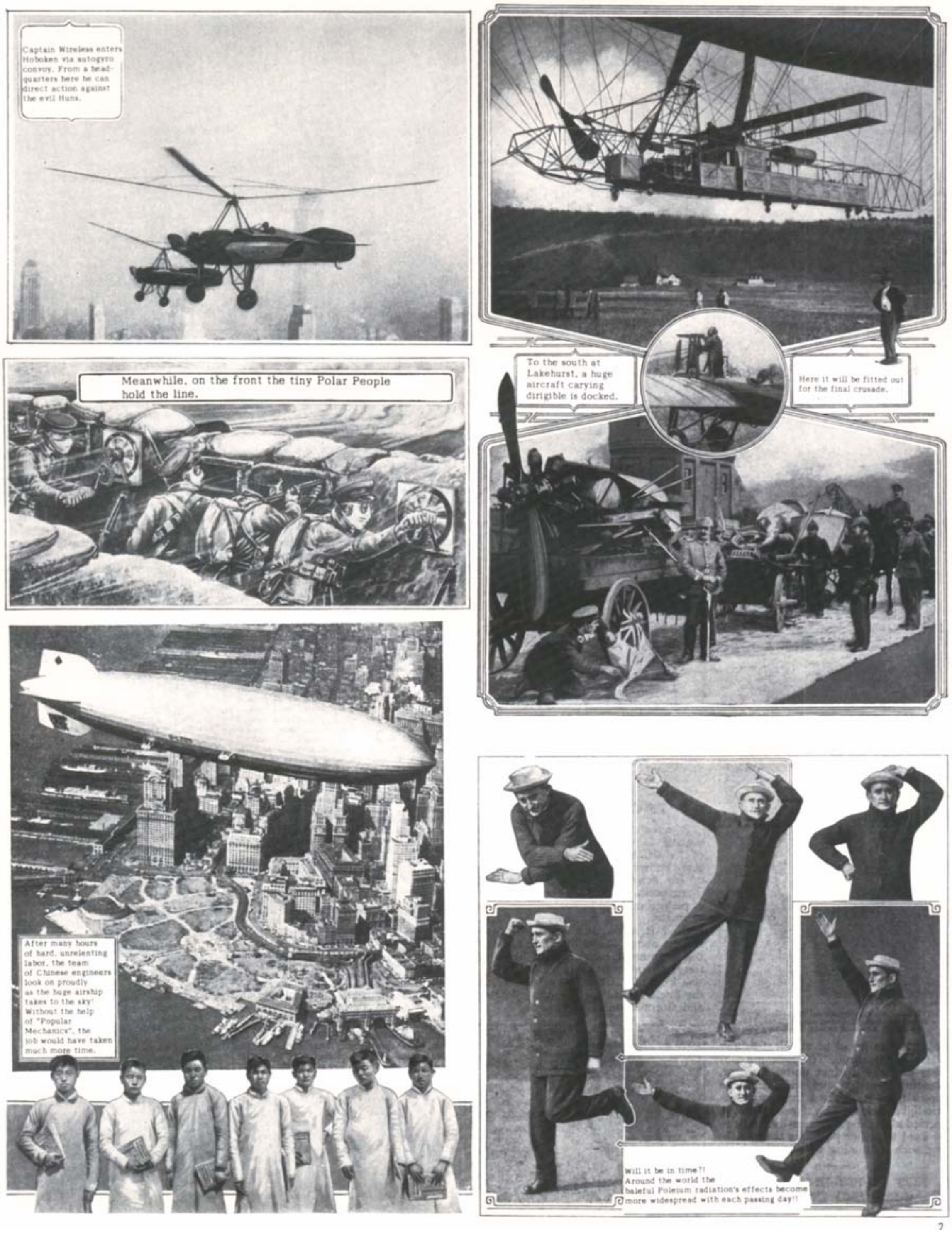




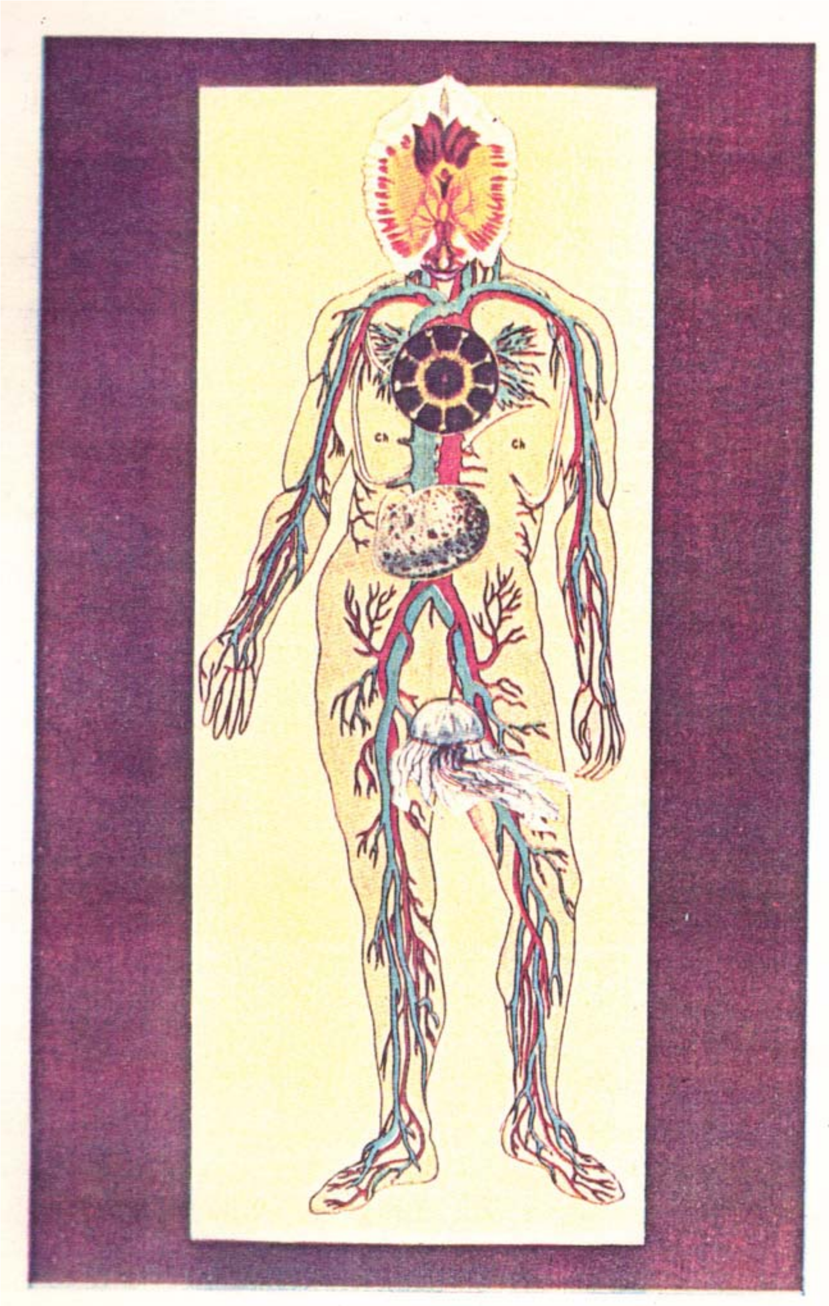

POPULAR
WEEKLY
TV SHOW
BRAIN
HORMONES
1
2
3

some of our projects are
SECRET
FISHMONGER '88

CAPTAIN WIRELESS
BY
DR. AHMED FISHMONGER
In an act of desperation the Huns use human bomb tactics.
Bravely the polar minions fight to advance their cause.For theirs is the cause of justice and must prevail!
The pilots are humanely provided with earplugs as protection against explosion.
Try as they might the persuers of Captain Wireless cannot locate him.
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS?!?


Captain Wireless enters Hoboken via autogyro convoy. From a head-quarters here he can direct action against the evil Huns.
Meanwhile, on the front the tiny Polar People hold the line.
After many hours of hard, unrelenting labor, the team of Chinese engineers look on proudly as the huge airship takes to the sky! Without the help of "Popular Mechanics", the job would have taken much more time.
To the south at Lakehurst, a huge aircraft carying dirigible is docked.
Here it will be fitted out for the final crusade.
Will it be in time?!
Around the world the baleful Poleium radiation's effects become more widespread with each passing day!!
7

One of the last malifactors is gunned down in a tavern in Sarajevo.
Another fails to land "just so" on a speeding train.
CONVICT SHIP
The remaining are rounded up with foolish ease, for the criminal mind is shallow and lacking in subtlety. Deficent morals go hand in hand with deficent intelect. The most obvious ruse is all it takes to lure these poor unfortunates into a jail cell. There, the real work of reform can be done. Penance and honest labor can only lead to what was once the scum of the Earth becoming a productive citizen.
R 101
G-FAAW
The R-101 comes home to roost, it's job over, the World safe for freedom.
Things return to normal.
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS?!?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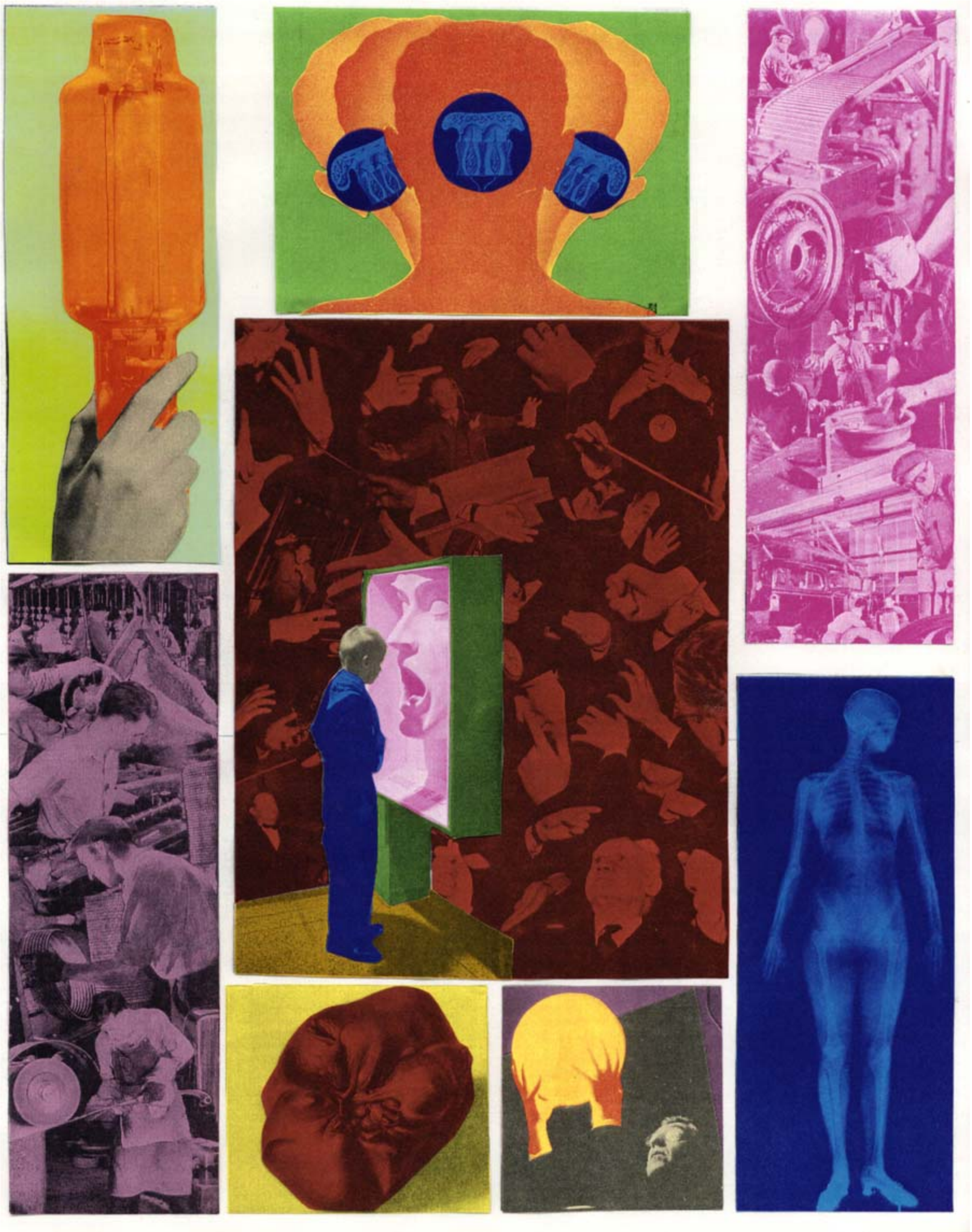
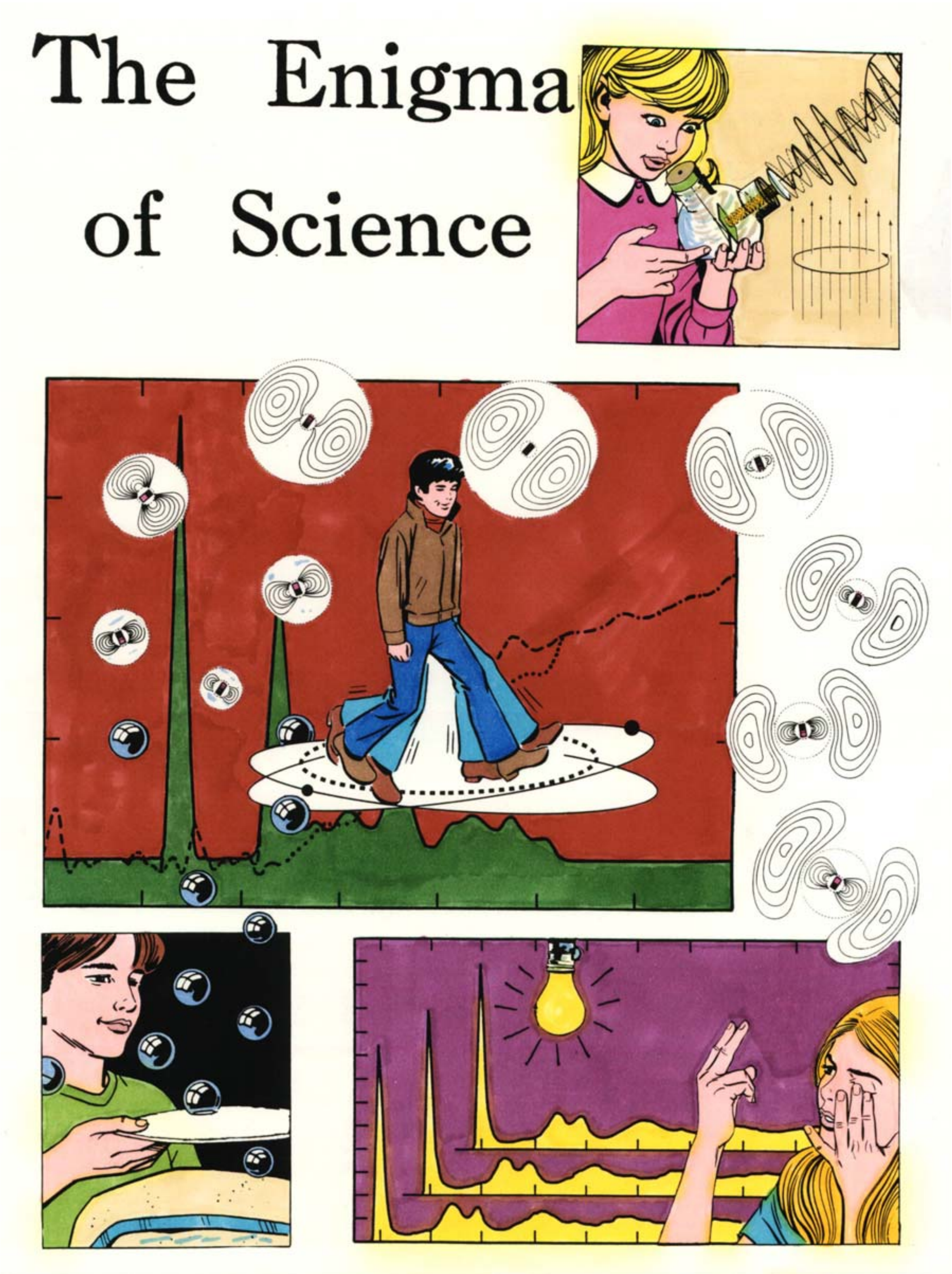
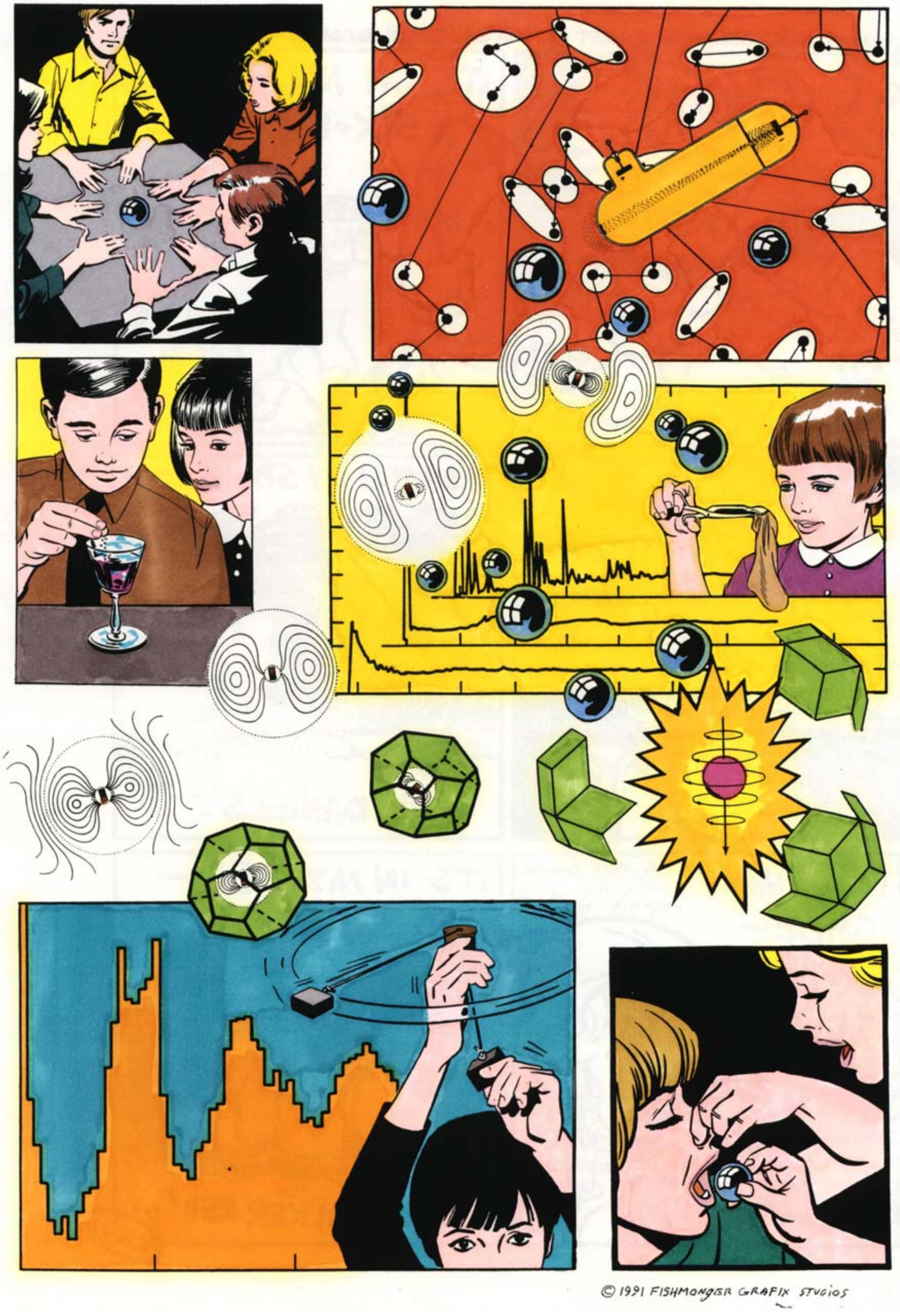
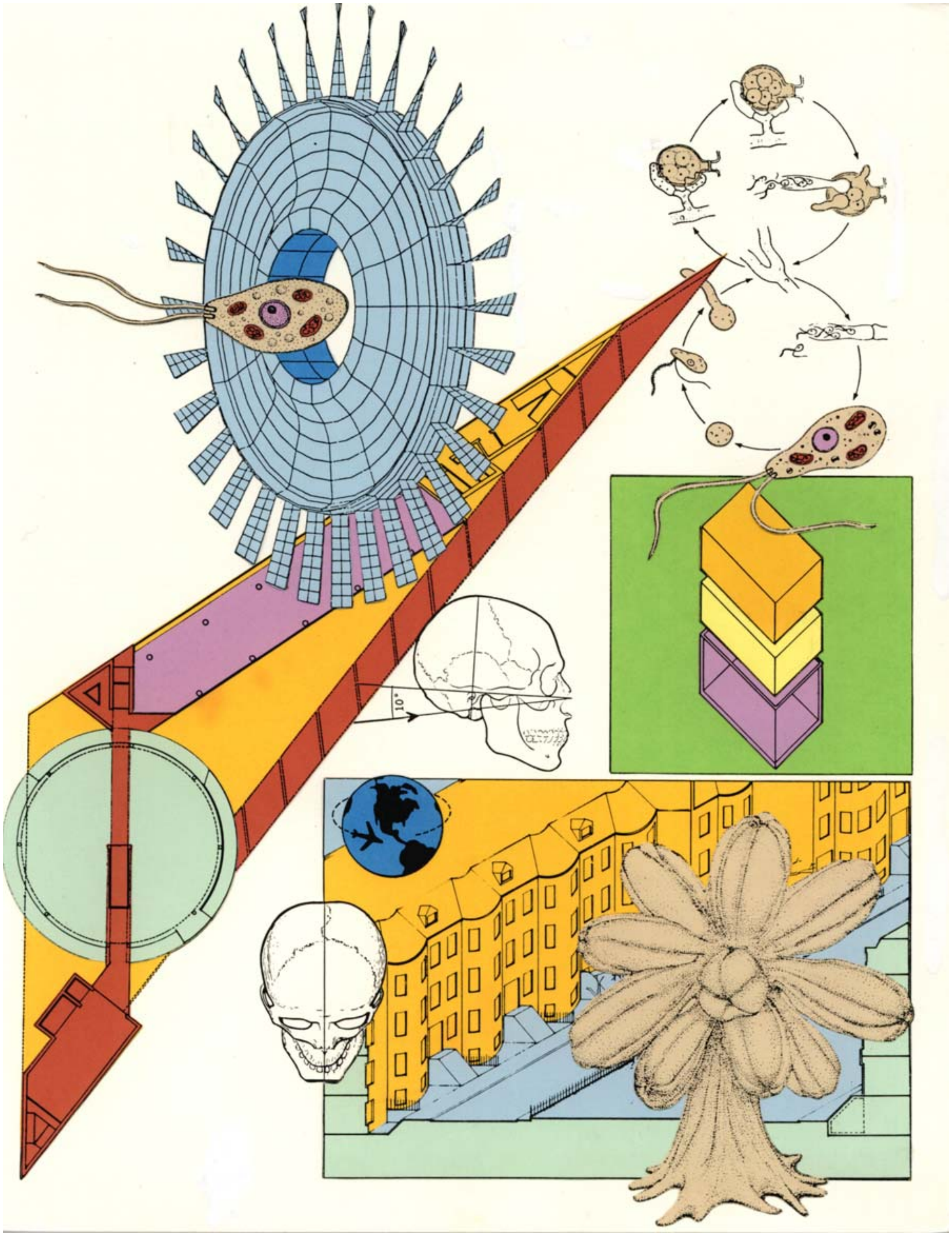


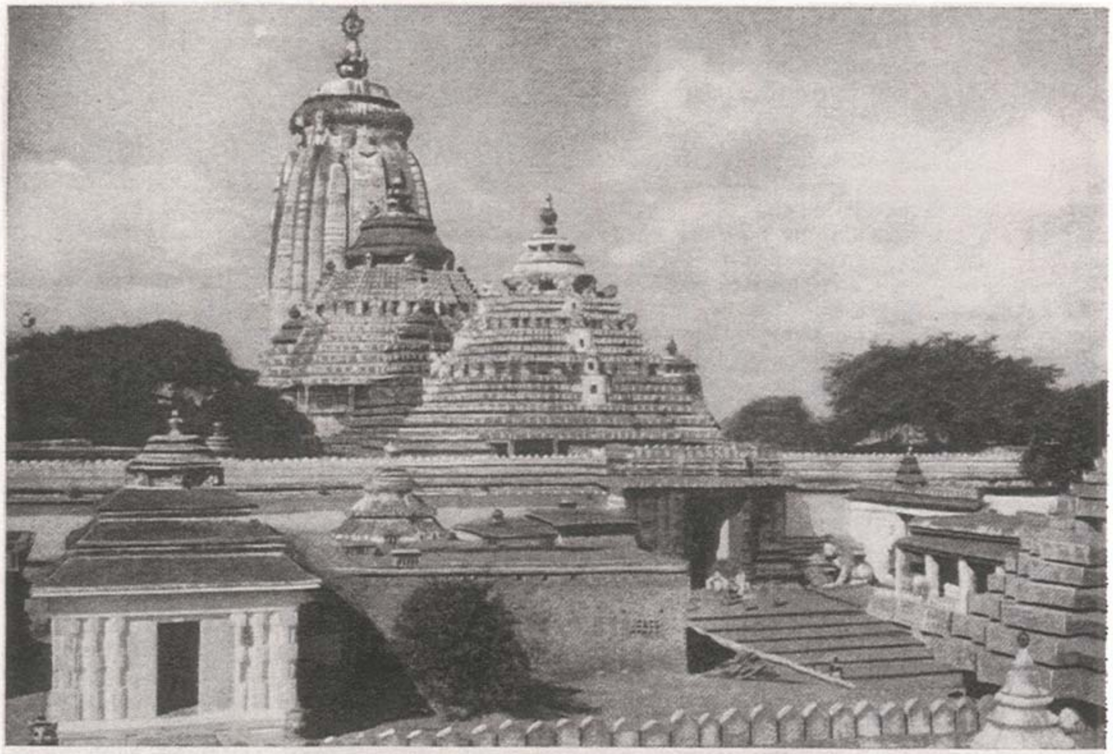
The Enigma of Science



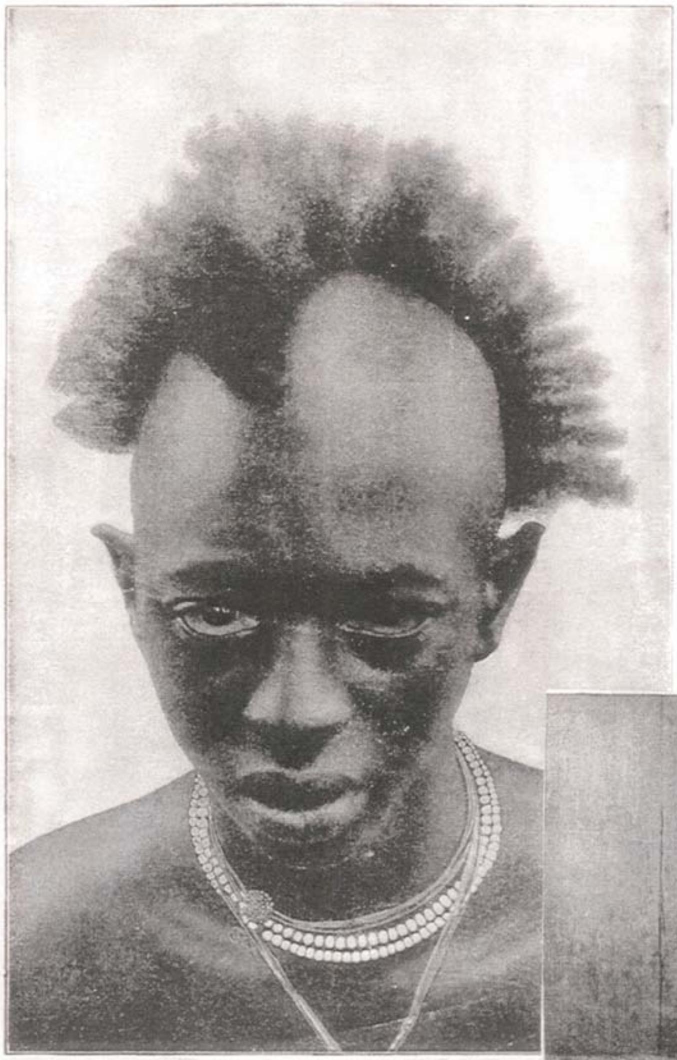

© 1991 FISHMONGER GRAFIX STUDIOS


10°

TRAVELLER'S TALES



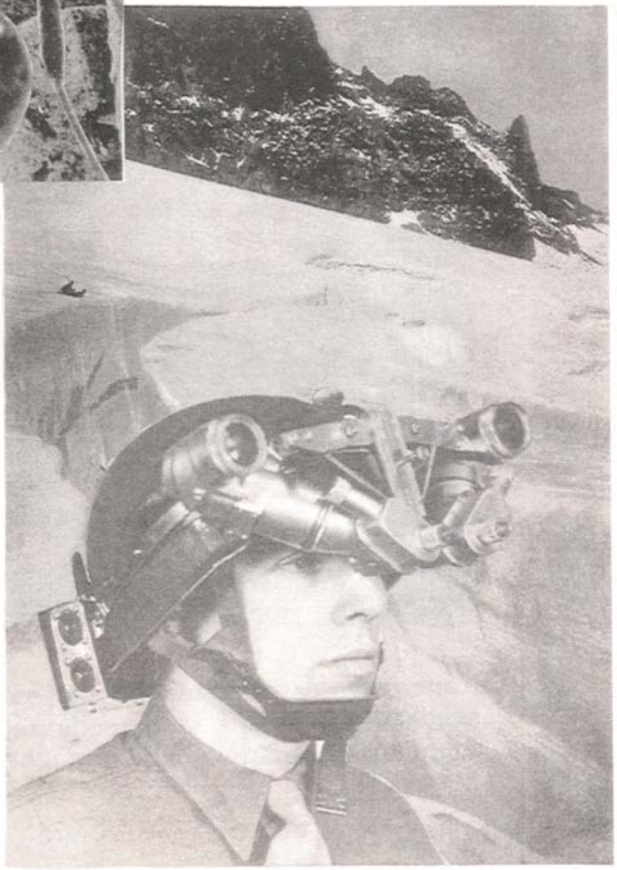
Being a true account of diverse travels in little-known lands, as related by *Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger*, philosopher and traveller, to reliable sources, in the Year Of Our Lord 1984.



N'Otulu, our native guide, was fond of unusual hairstyles.

Our crew sang many songs of a particularly petulant and unruly child known as **God.**

On the world known as **Blolalamuula**, the insects rule.

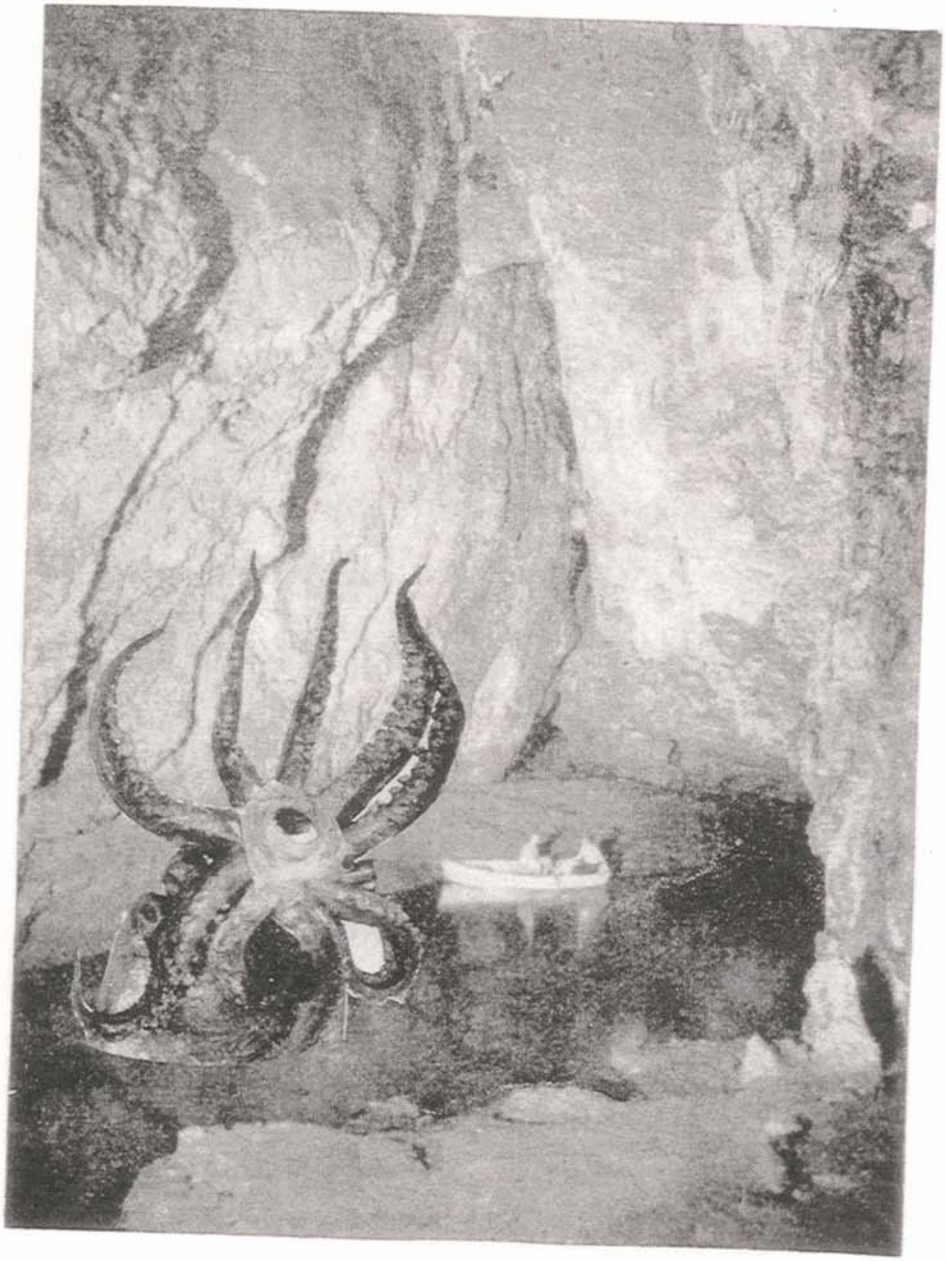


In the frozen lands, we used goggles designed to seperate colors from different shades of white. This was a great aid in finding our way about.

In the far off land of **Spossgonnum**, the men all get around on stilts so as not to be constantly mauled by **okria**, the tiny gopher like animals which inhabit that country.

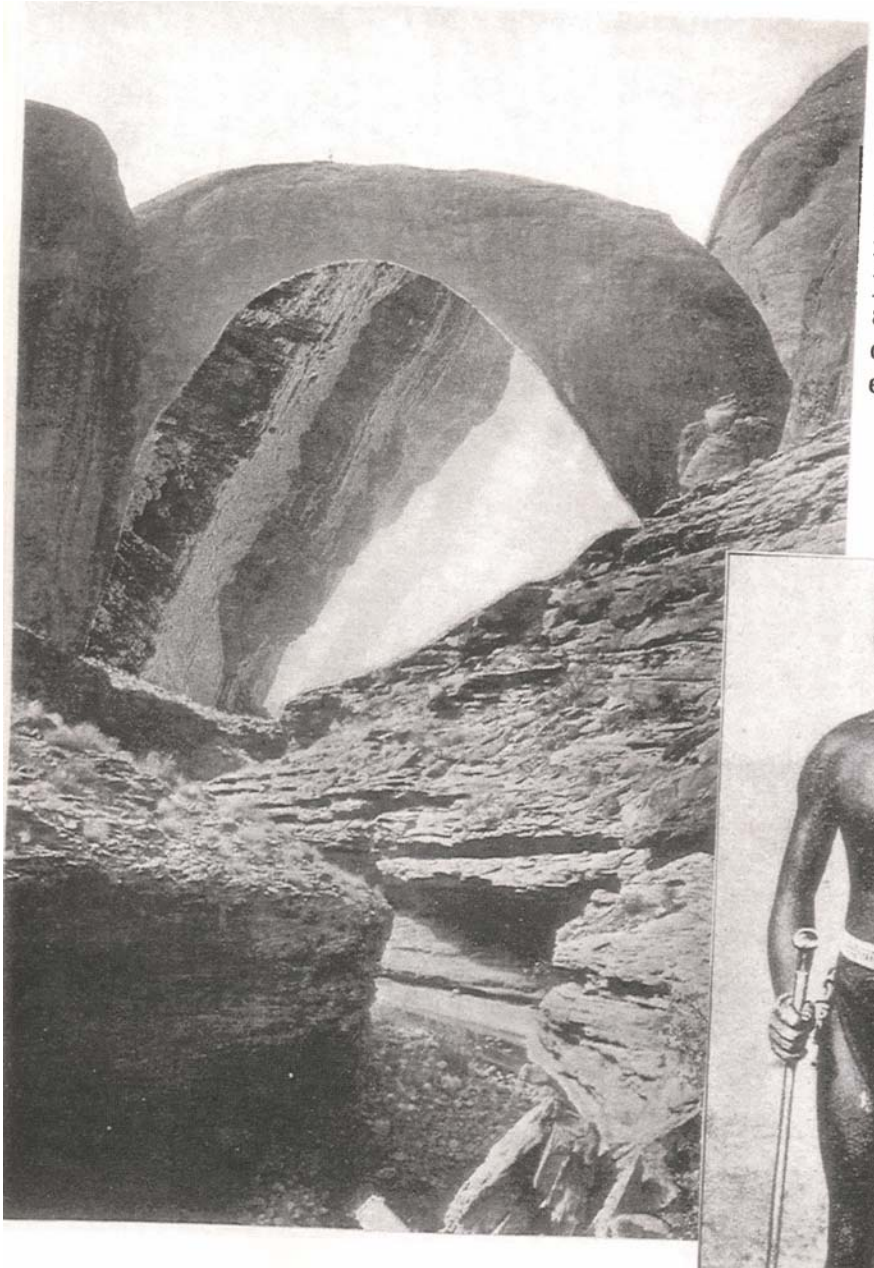
We visited a world known as **Barsoom** where the people are great horsemen. They are green and possesed of four arms.

Sometimes, the dreams I had on the journey were unendurable.



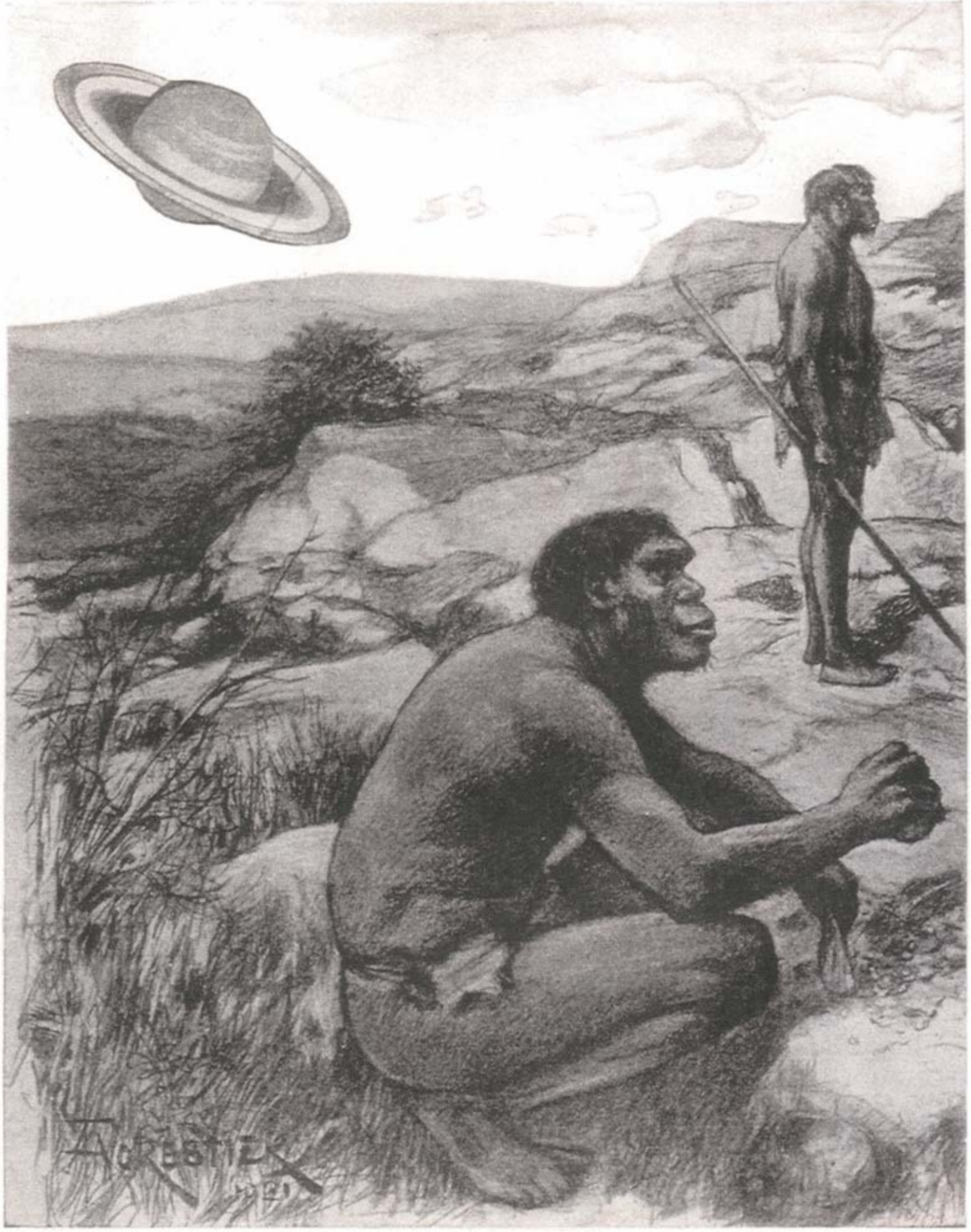
On ocasion, we had to enter the places of the Creator's most unwholesome products.

There, in one such place was carved from the living rock an idol of such strangeness that none present could speak a word.

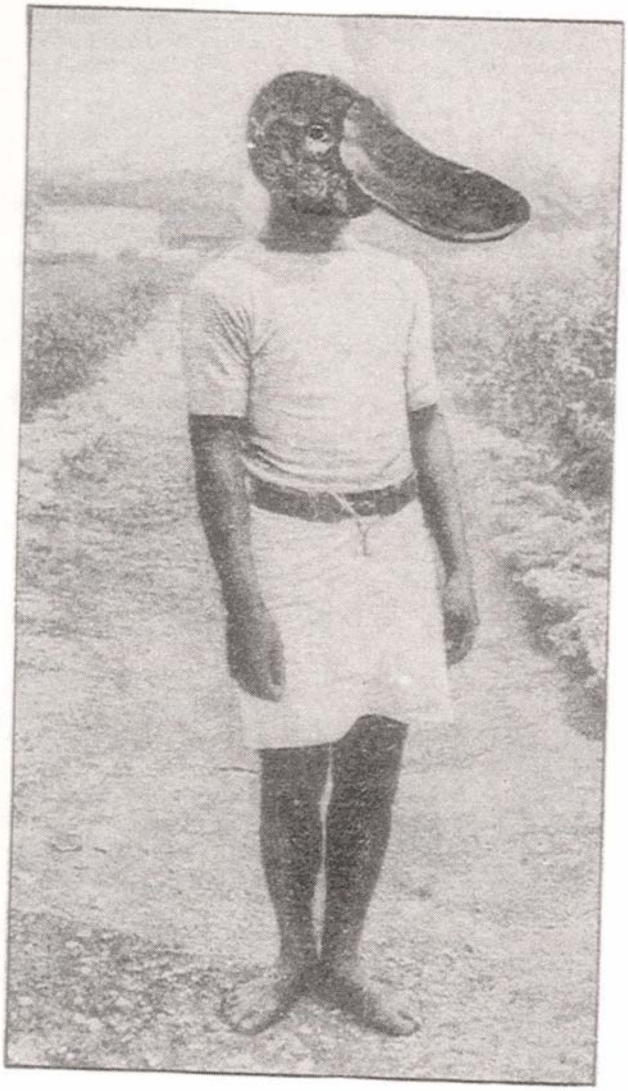


Sometimes getting from place to place was to be accomplished by only the most extraordiary means

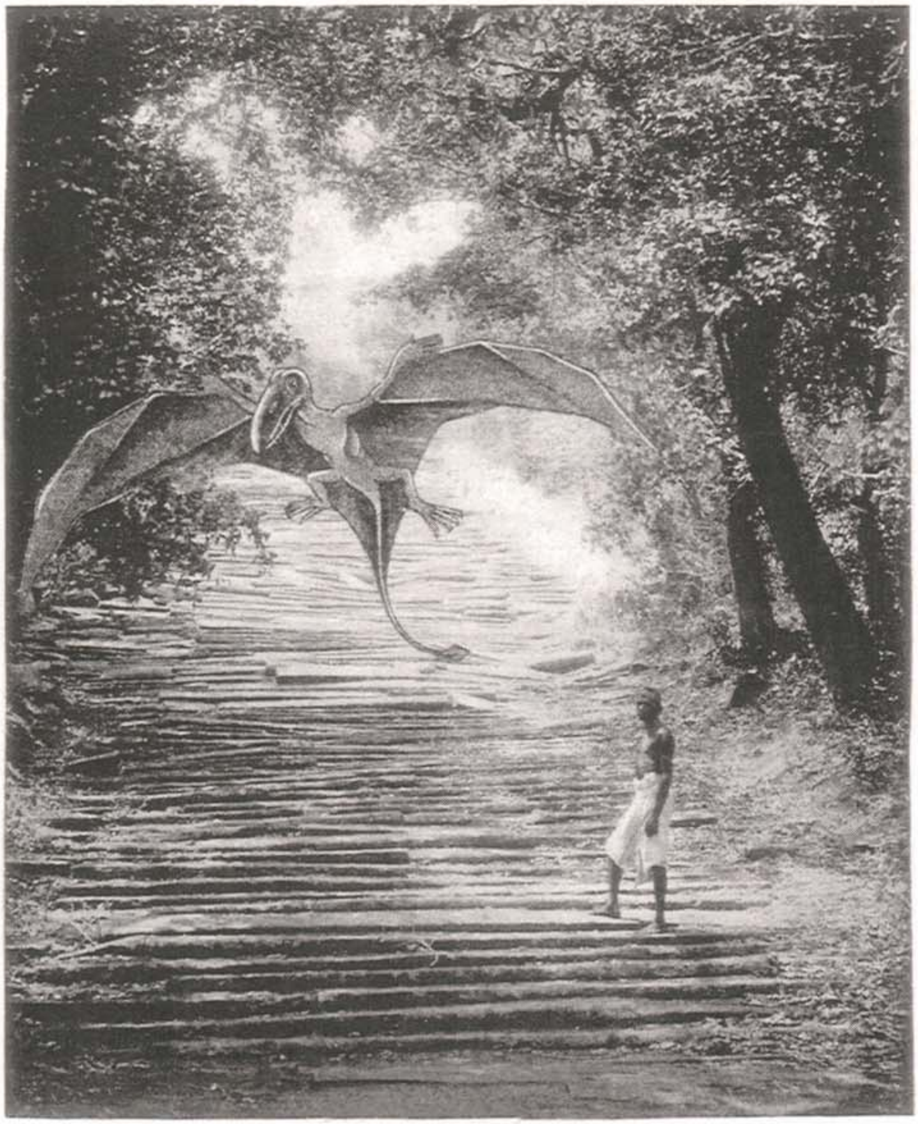
On ocasion, **N'Otulu** had to cut off all of his hair in order to grow a new fashion. As the trip wore on these ocasions became ever more frequent.



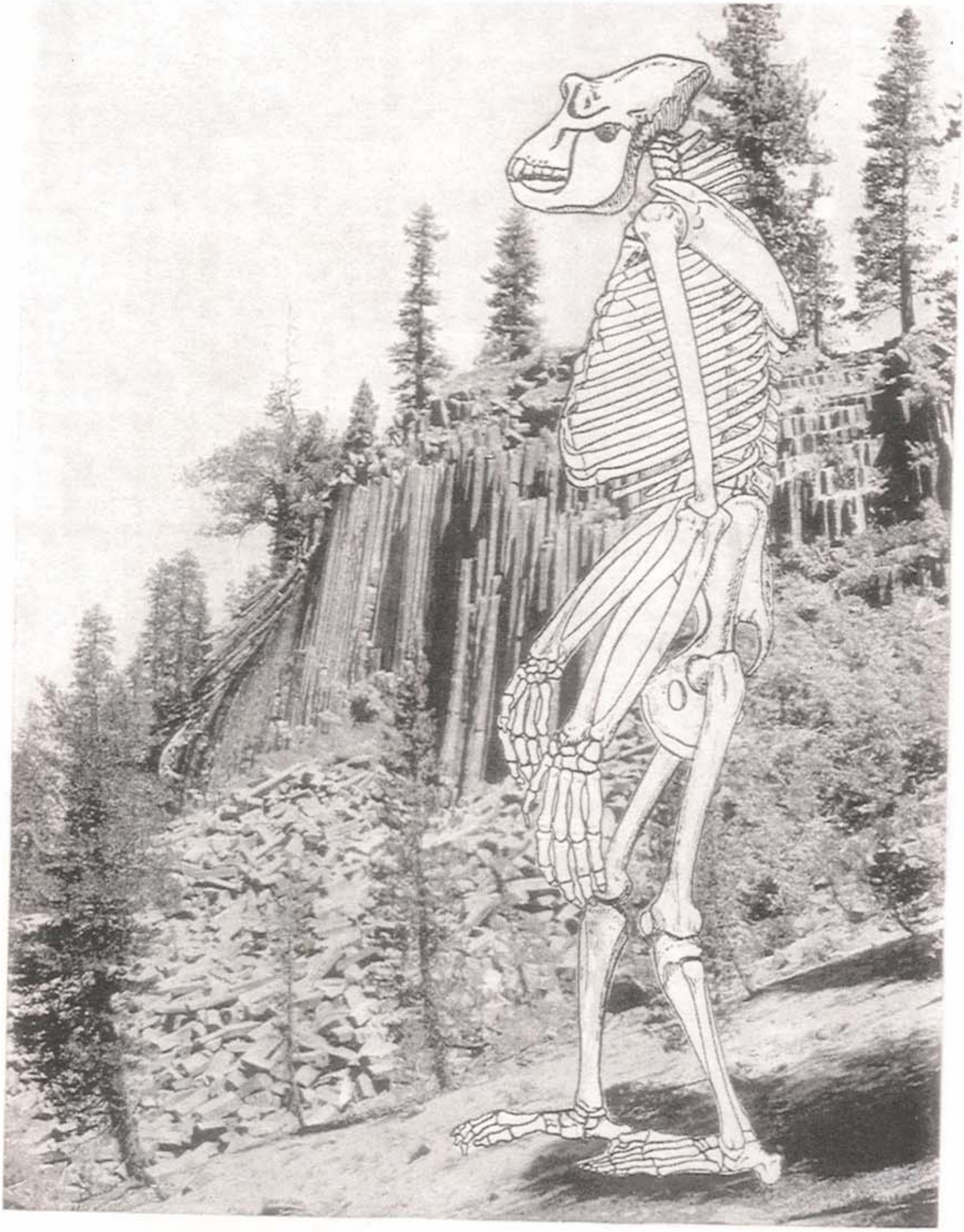
On a moon of Saturn, they are breeding our replacements.



In some places we found men with the faces of

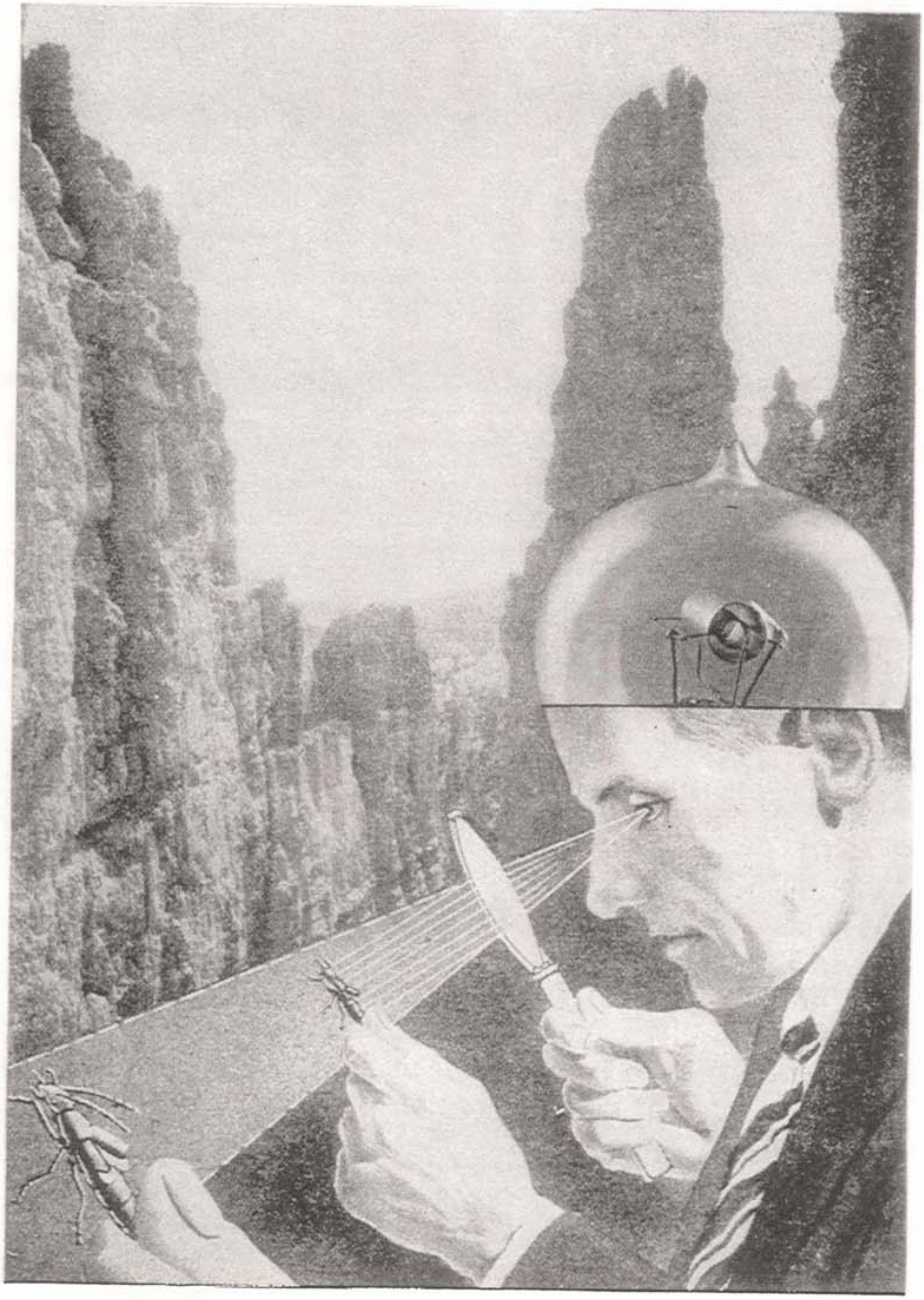


"There are things in this jungle of which
no white man has ever dreamed." said **N'Otulu....**

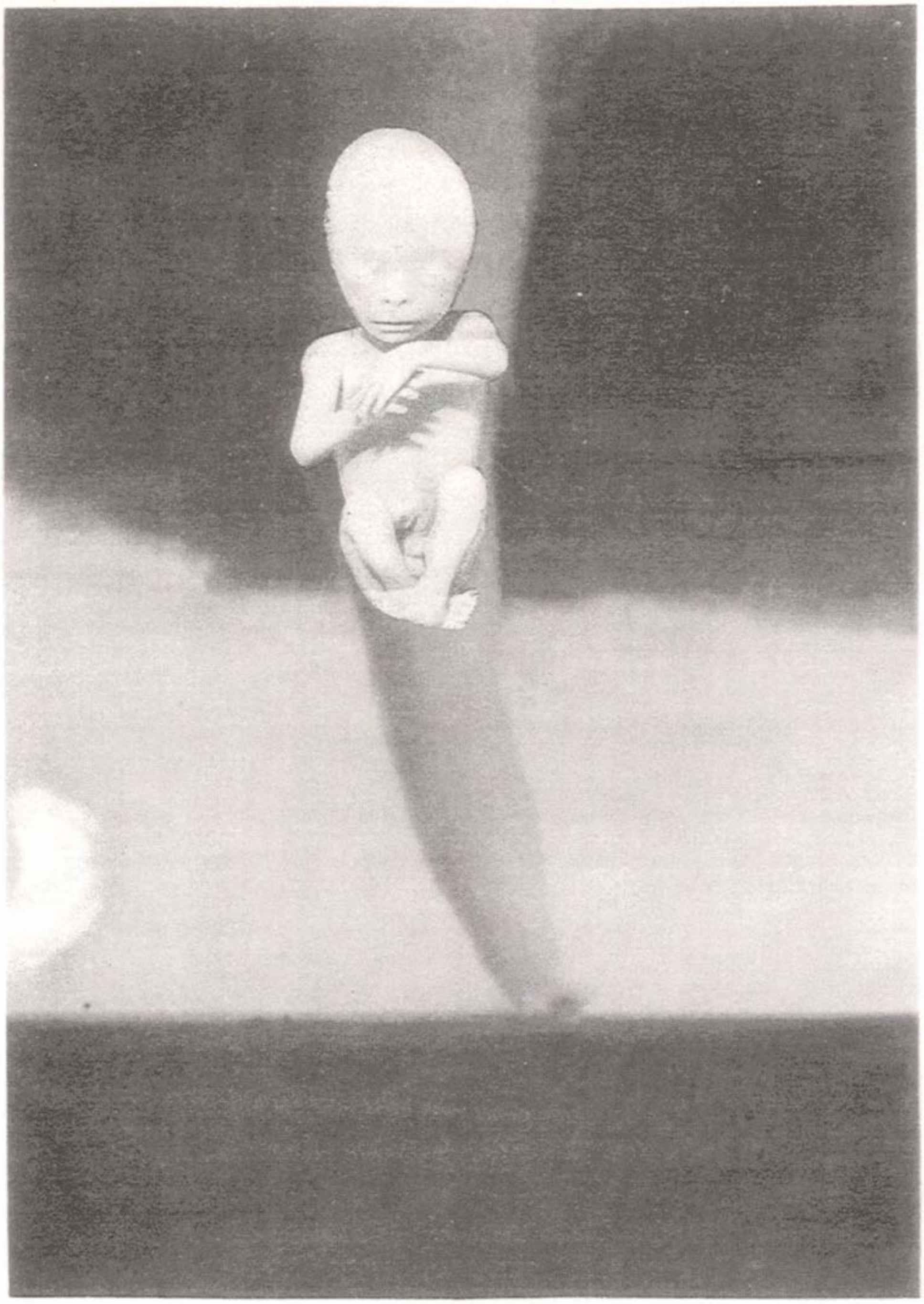


"And in those hills dwell the spectres of thoughts you would never dare think."

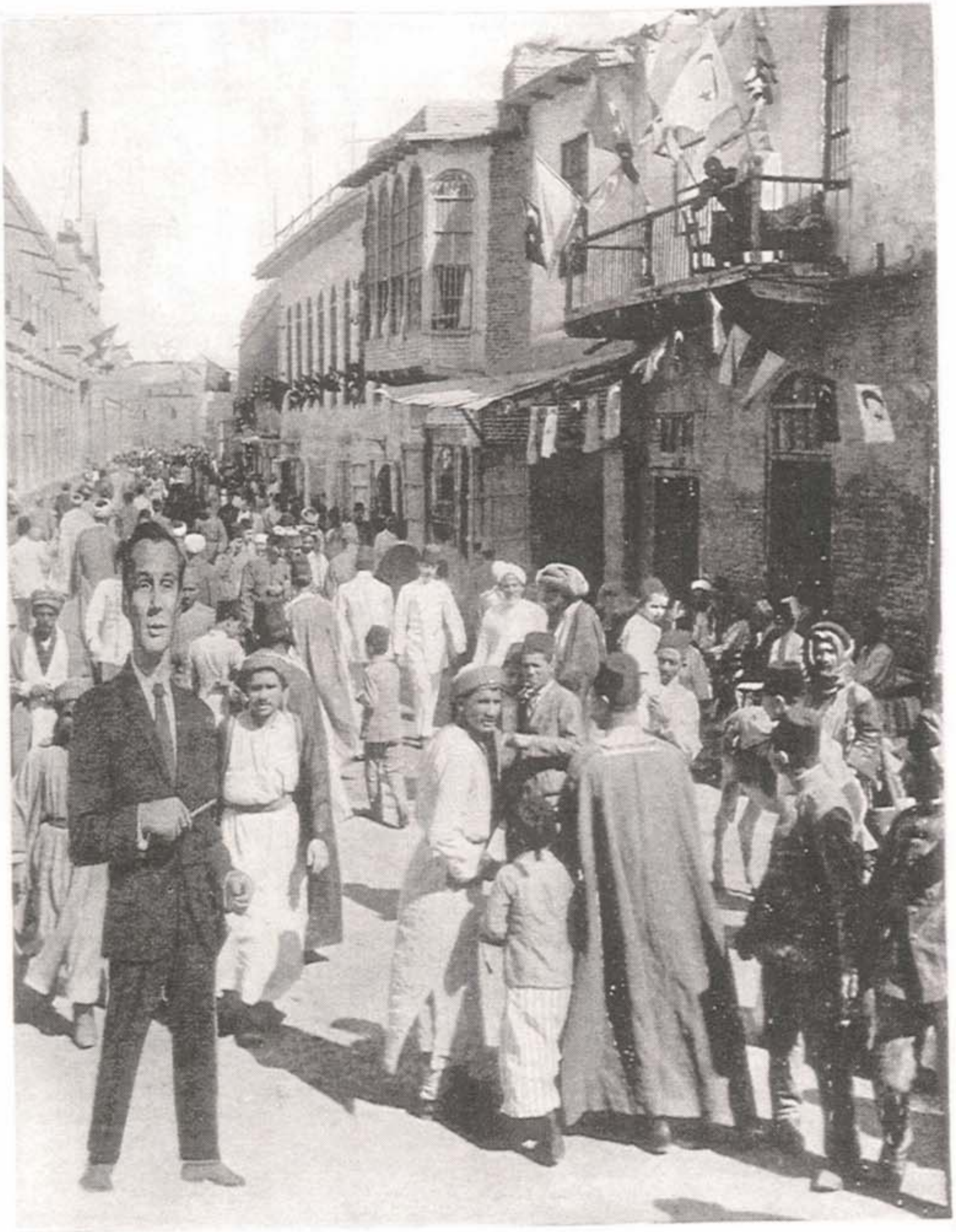
In some lands apparitions of the most frightening type are all too common.



In the land of **Bromfkidor**, the people are of a philosophical bent.



In some lands the local gods weild more power than in others. Failure to make correct sacrifices could result in great inconvienience.

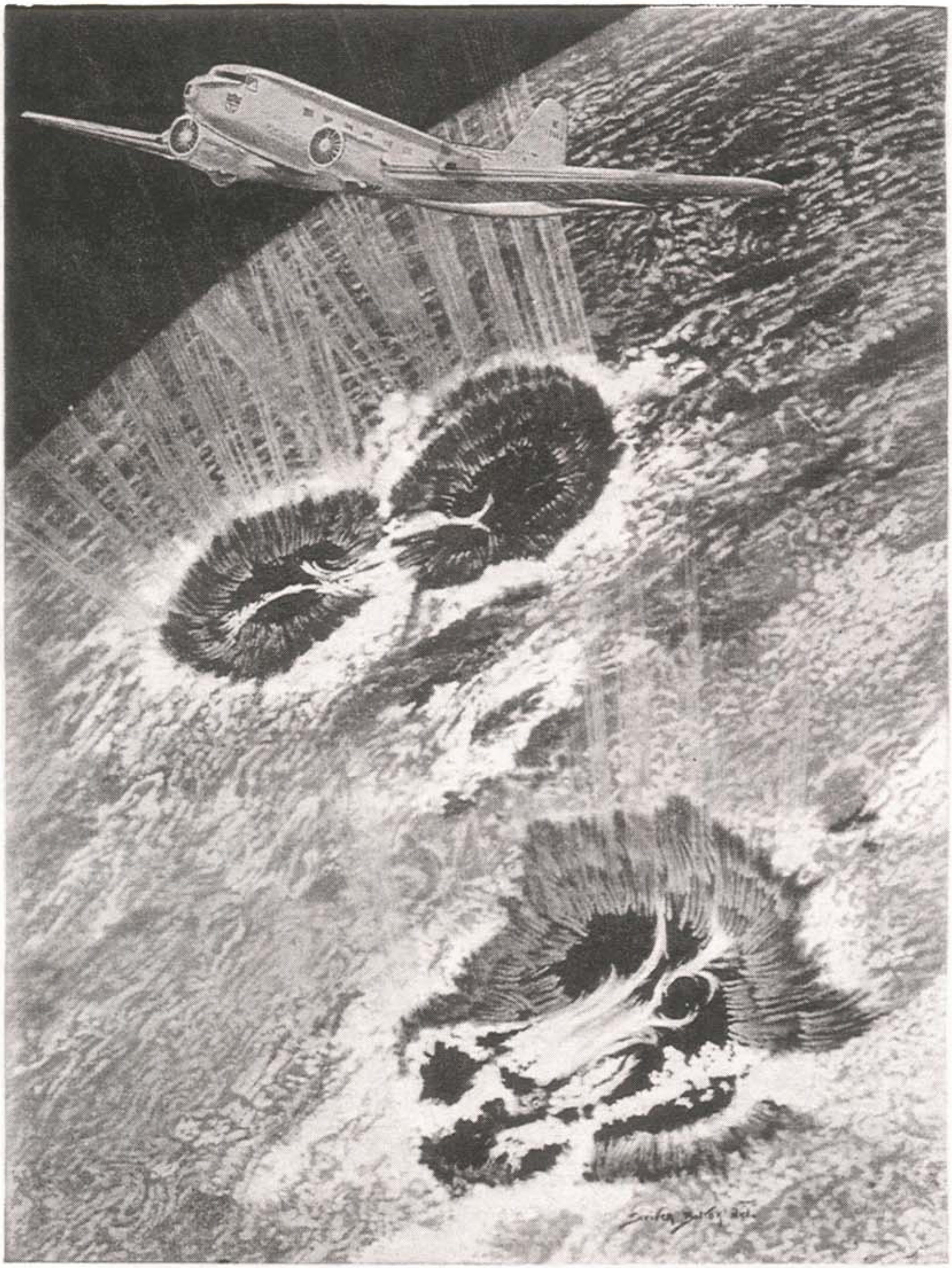


Often, we would find it hard to pass unnoticed
amongst the native populations.

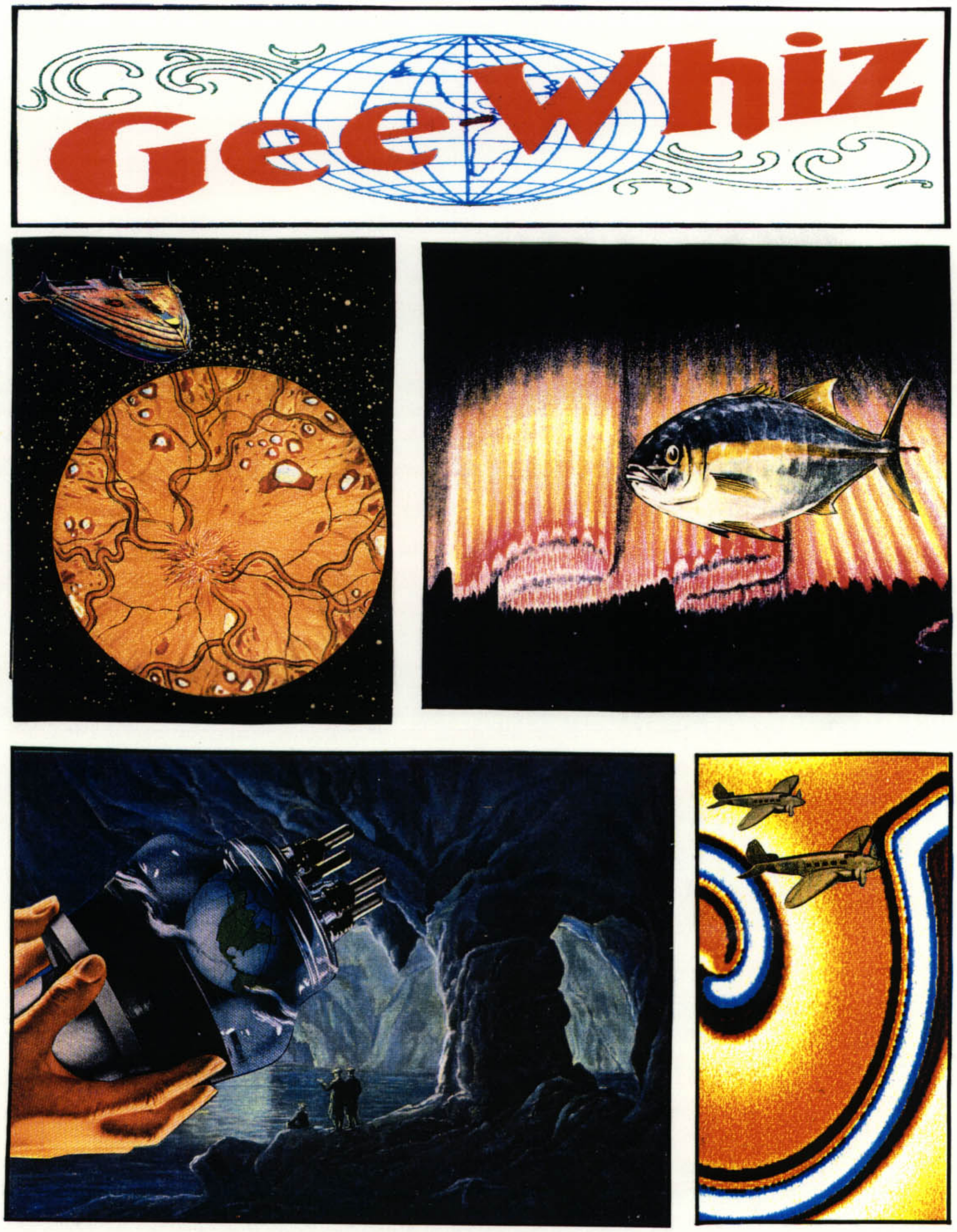
Although it was never our intention to stand out.

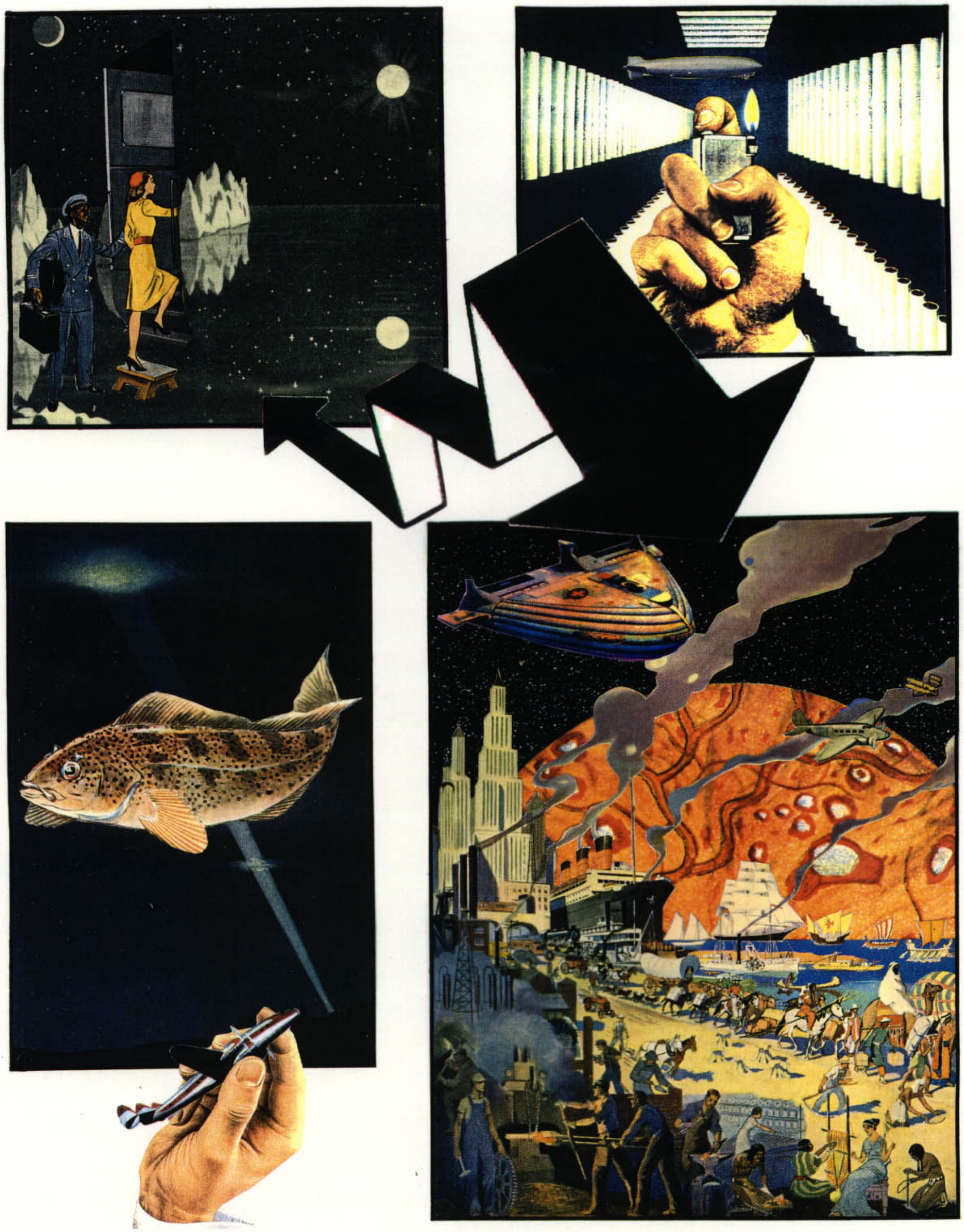
In some lands, we would regularly see strange portents in the sky and strange objects would precipitate from the heavens.

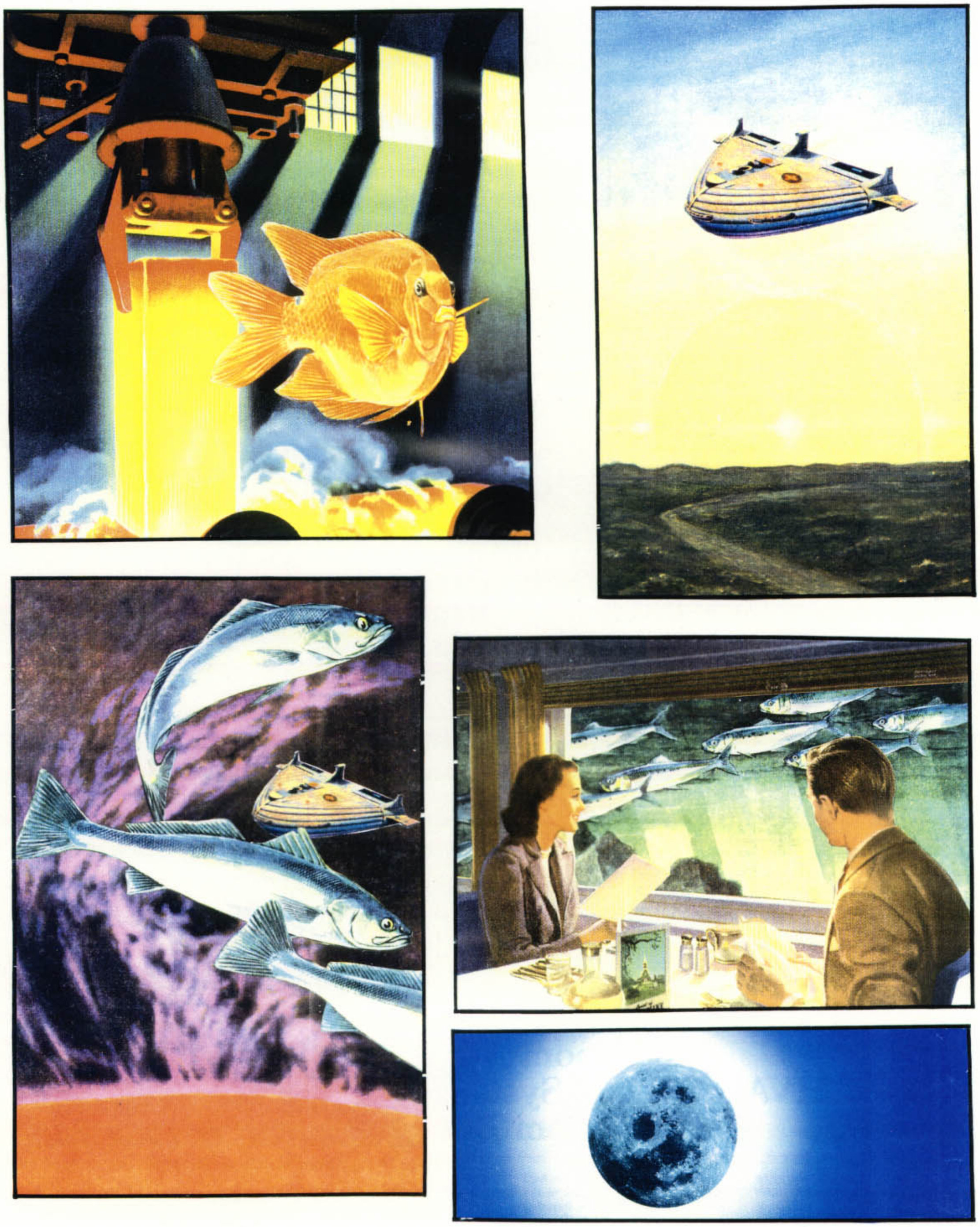
Silently, we moved on.

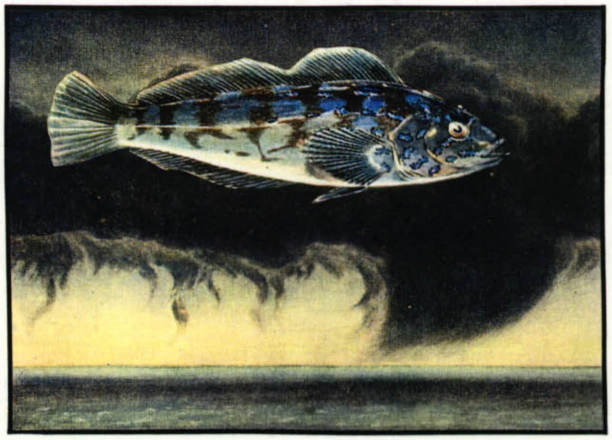


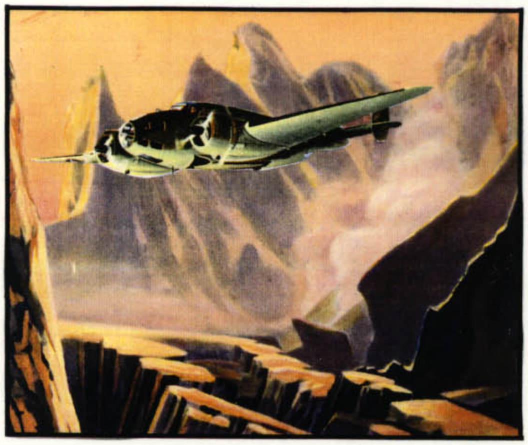
Without rest, past restless suns and island universes.

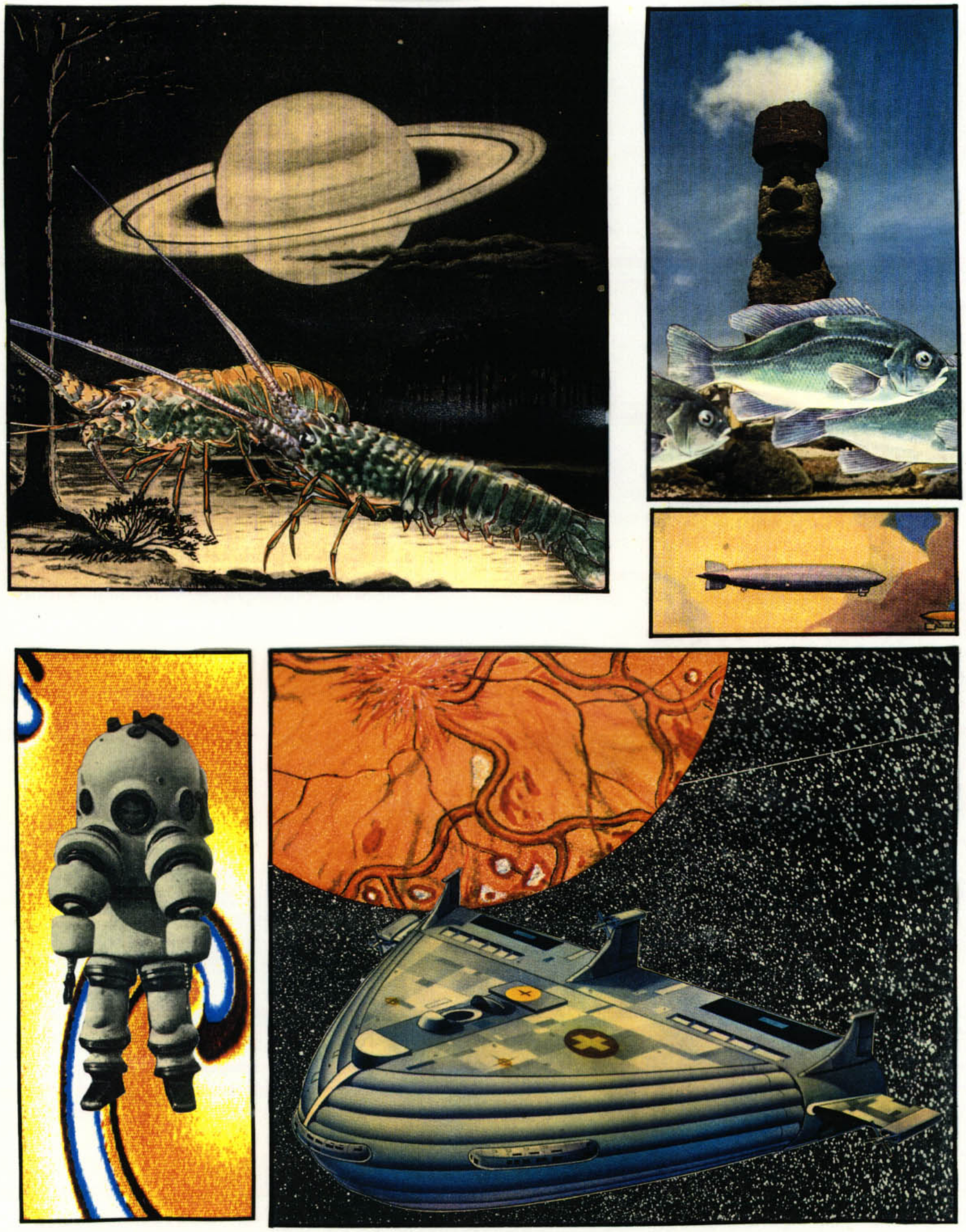

Gee-Whiz



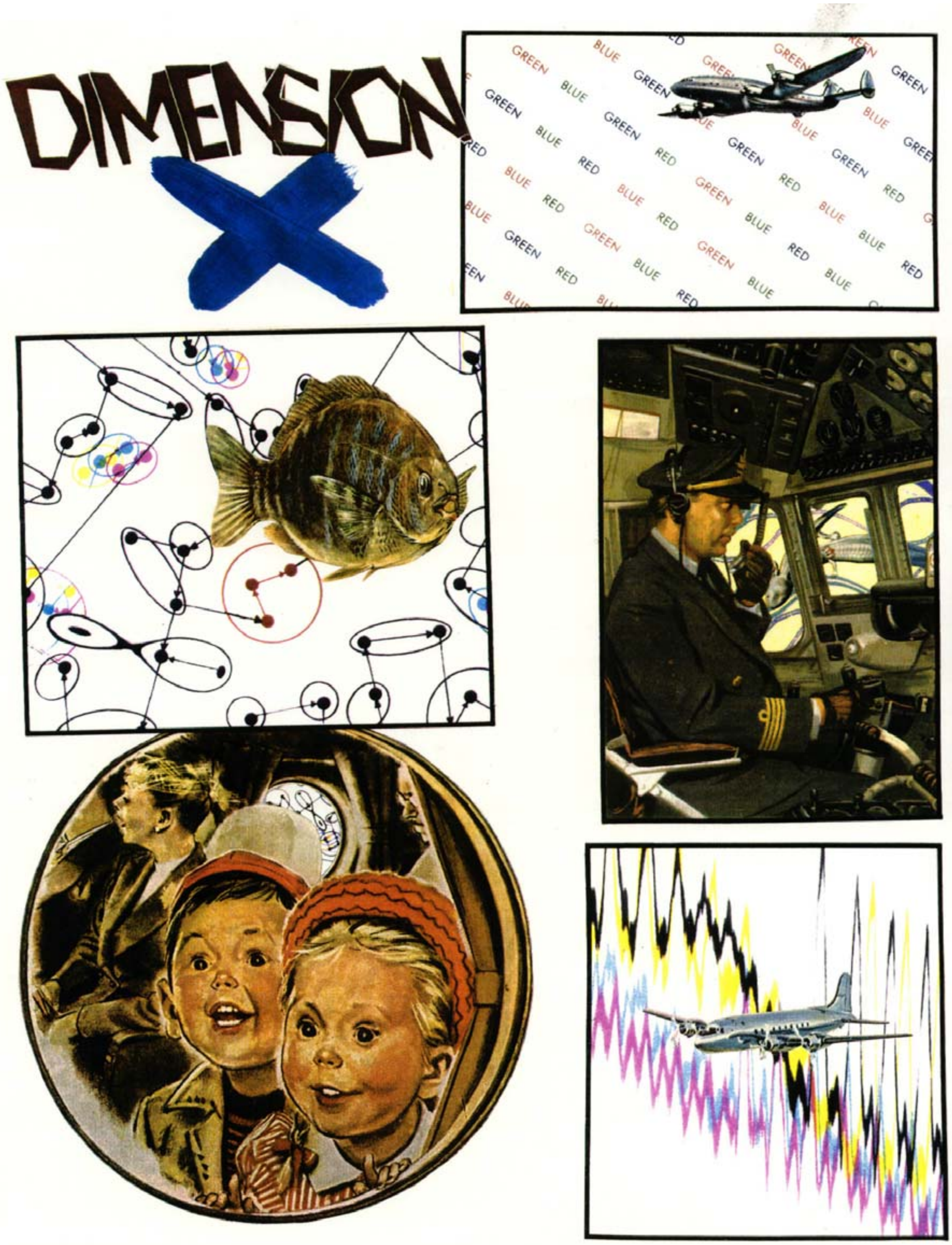






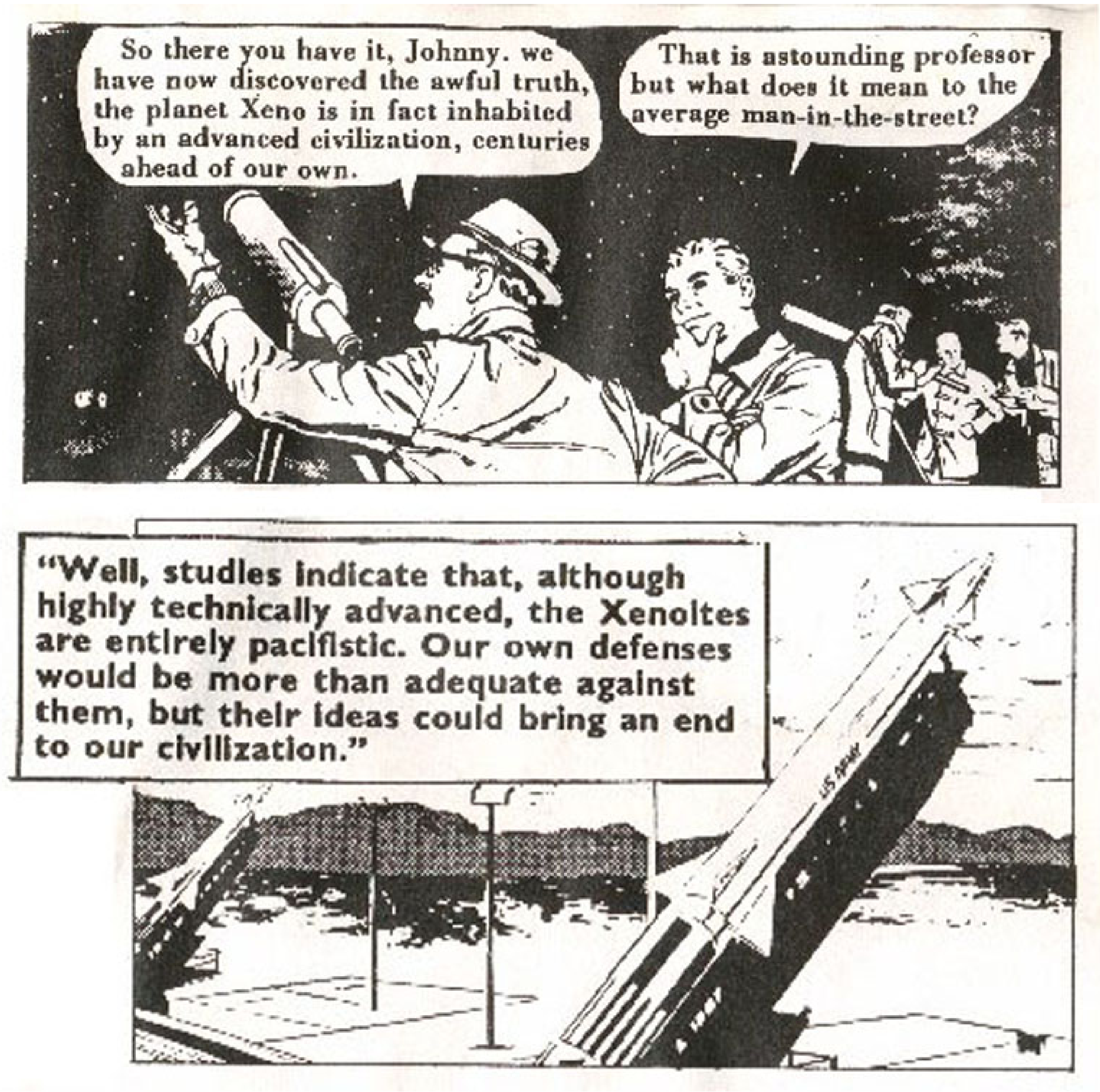


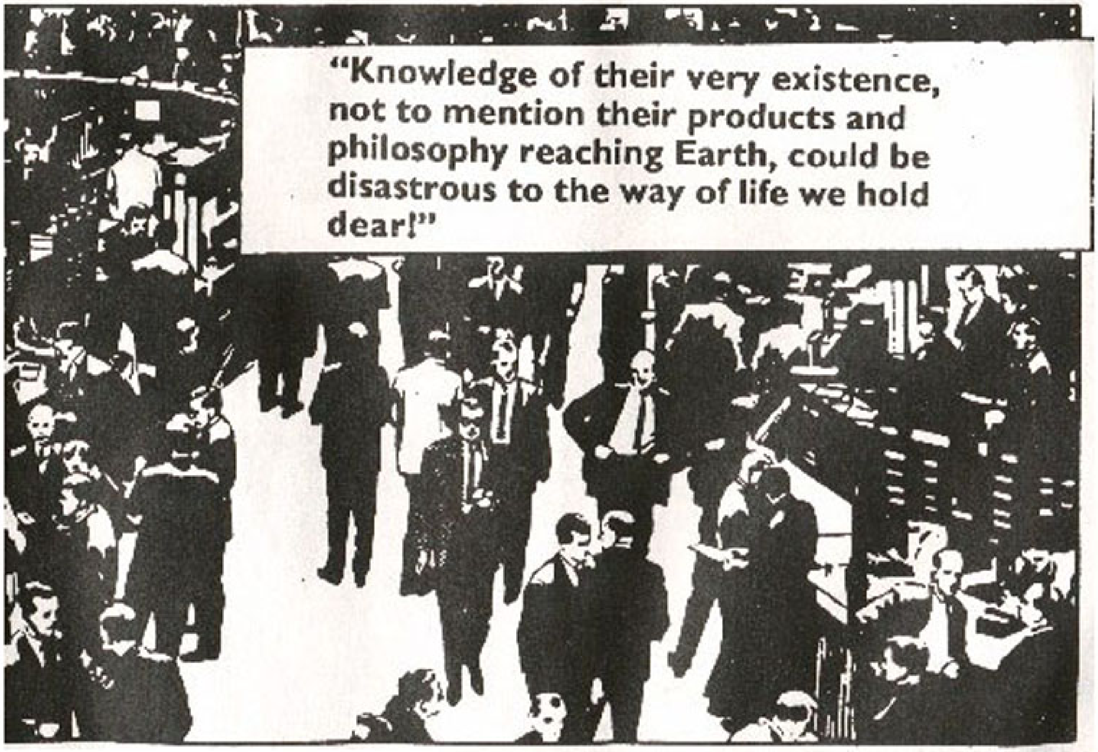
Gee Whiz
FISHMONGER '90

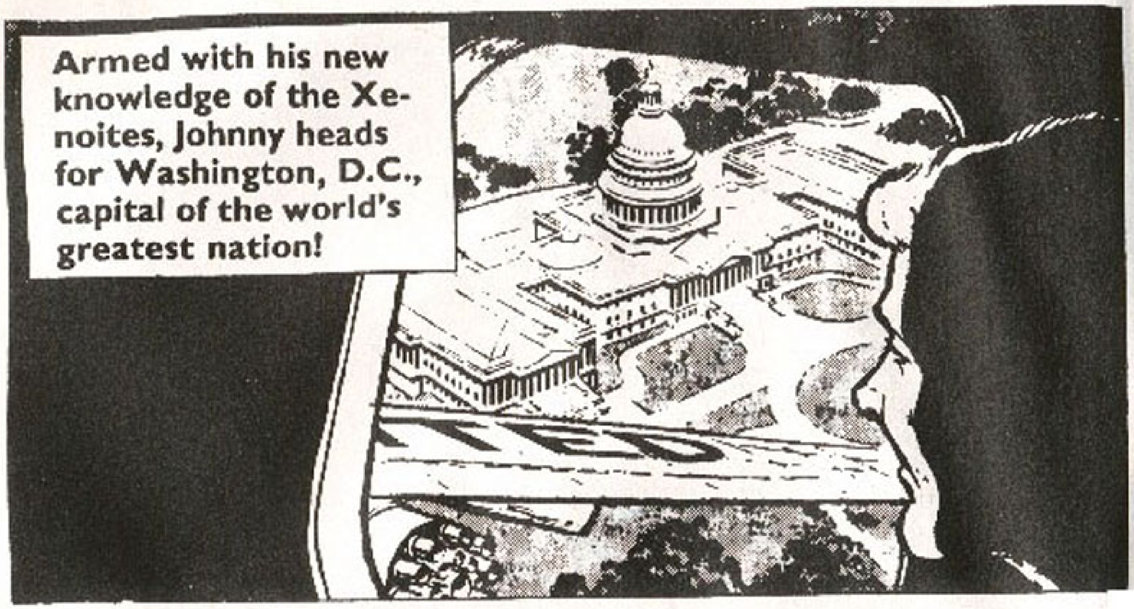

DIMENSION

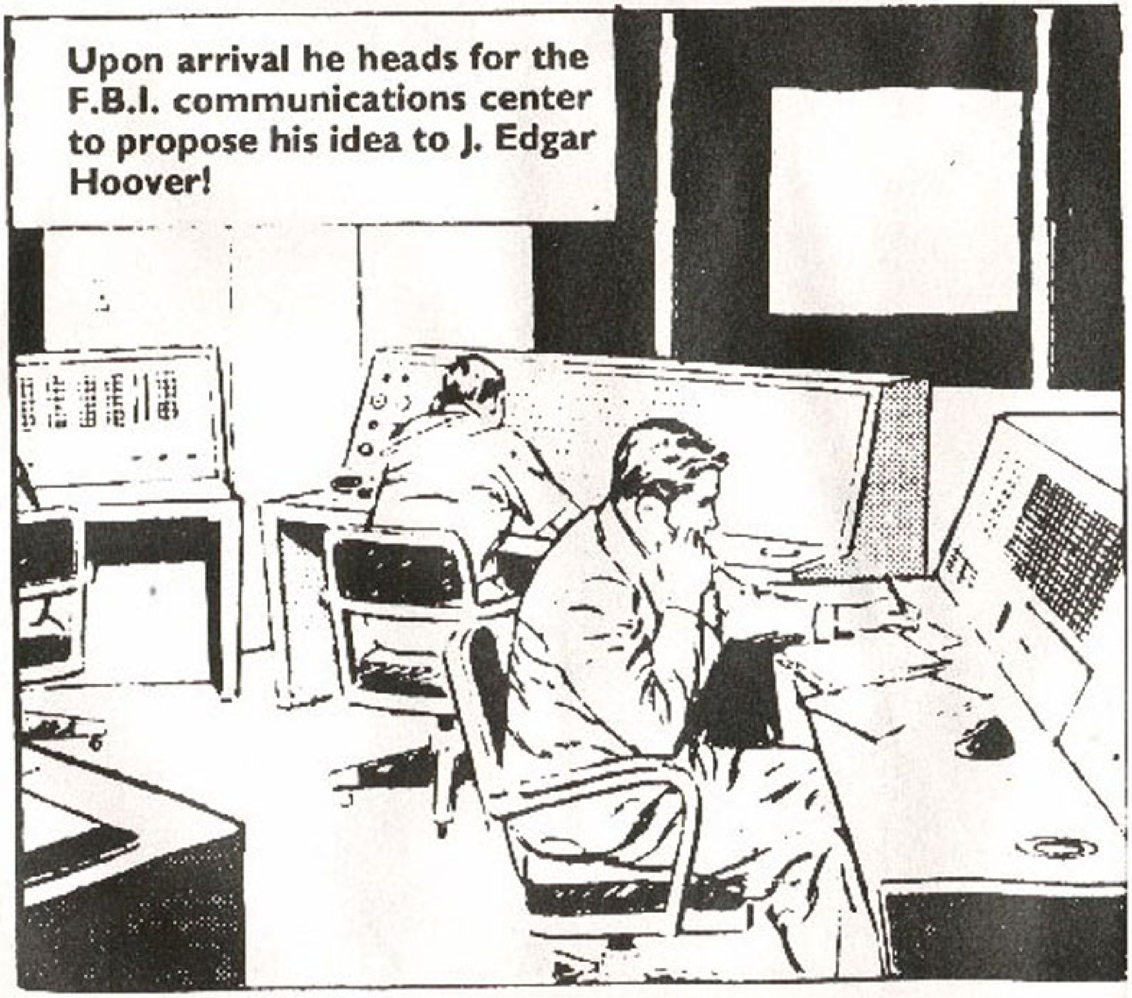
It all started in
1960

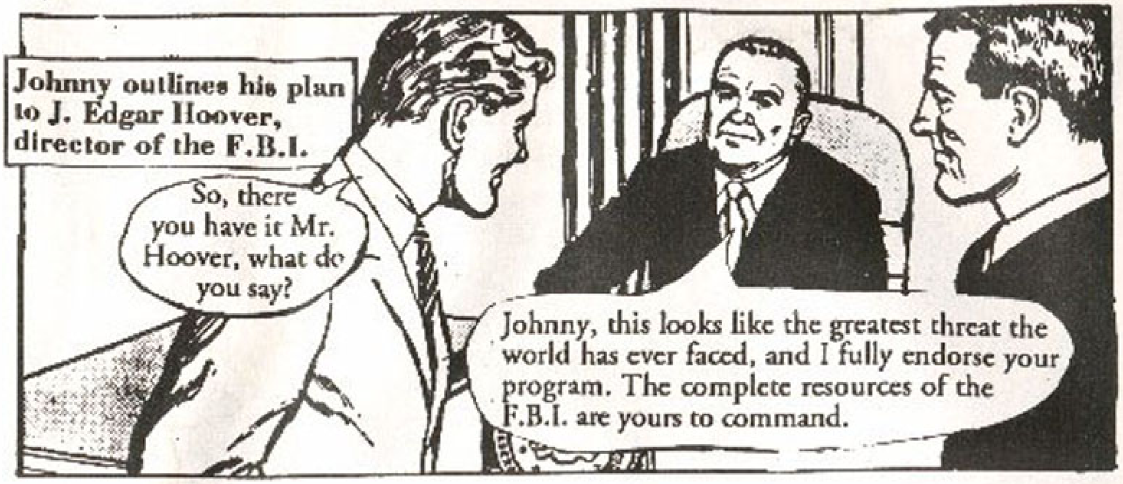
BY
Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger

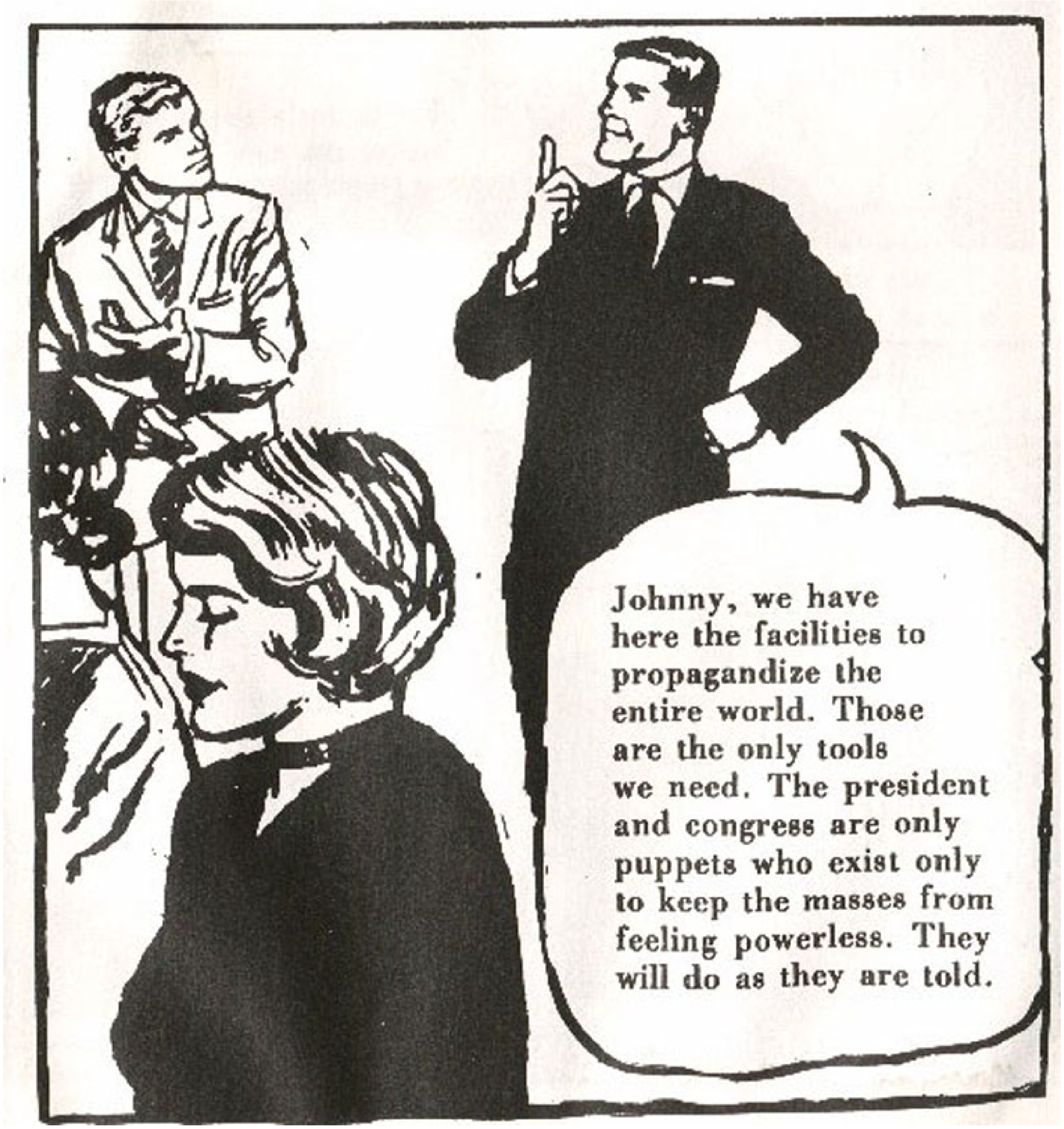

So there you have it, Johnny. we have now discovered the awful truth, the planet Xeno is in fact inhabited by an advanced civilization, centuries ahead of our own.
That is astounding professor but what does it mean to the average man-in-the-street?
"Well, studies indicate that, although highly technically advanced, the Xenoites are entirely pacifistic. Our own defenses would be more than adequate against them, but their ideas could bring an end to our civilization."


"Knowledge of their very existence, not to mention their products and philosophy reaching Earth, could be disastrous to the way of life we hold dear!"

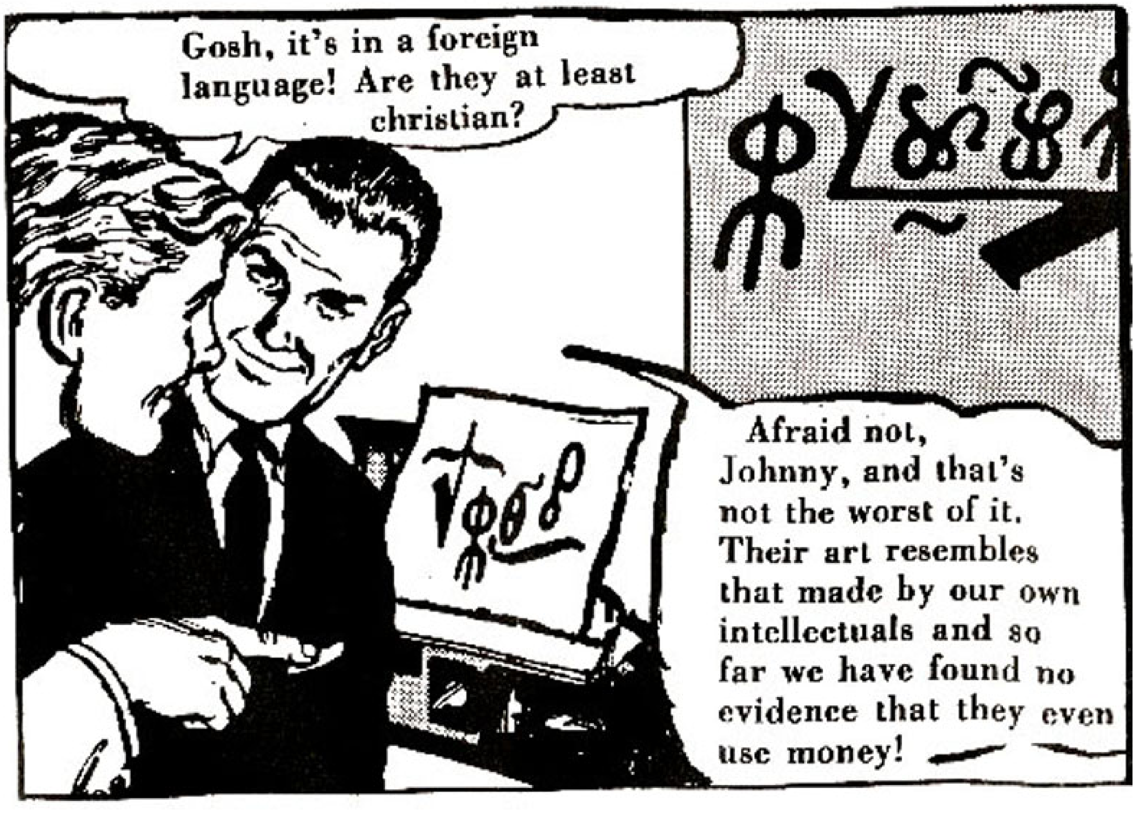

Armed with his new knowledge of the Xe-noites, Johnny heads for Washington, D.C., capital of the world's greatest nation!

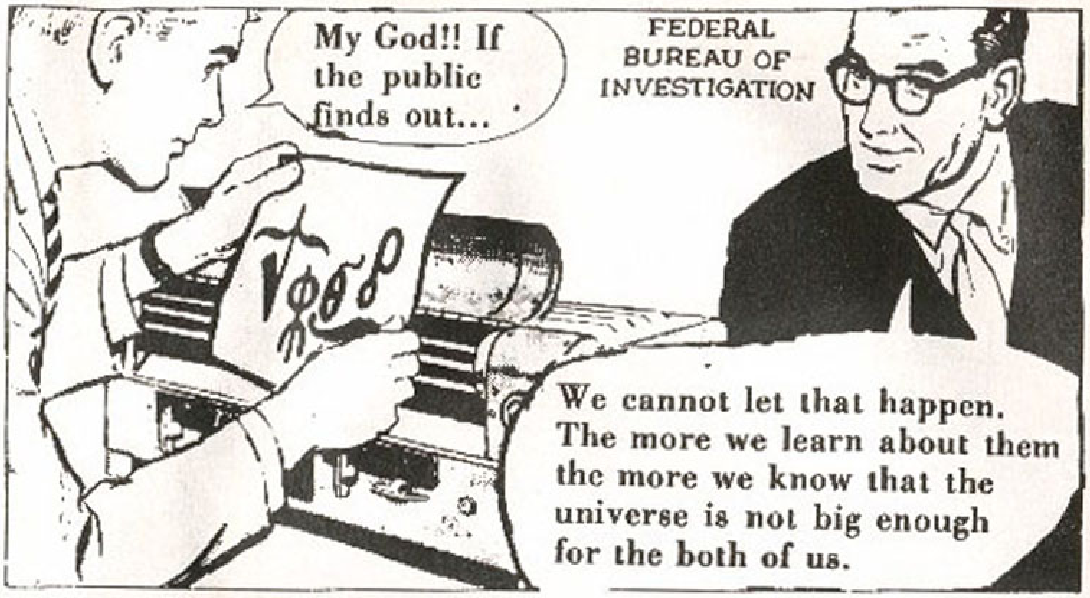

Upon arrival he heads for the F.B.I. communications center to propose his idea to J. Edgar Hoover!


Johnny outlines his plan to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I.
So, there you have it Mr. Hoover, what do you say?
Johnny, this looks like the greatest threat the world has ever faced, and I fully endorse your program. The complete resources of the F.B.I. are yours to command.

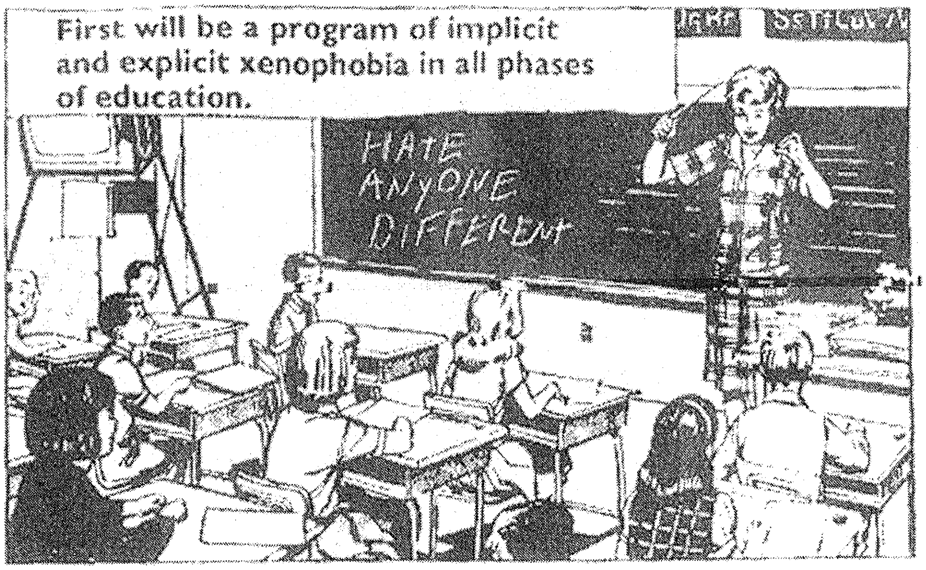

Johnny, we have here the facilities to propagandize the entire world. Those are the only tools we need. The president and congress are only puppets who exist only to keep the masses from feeling powerless. They will do as they are told.

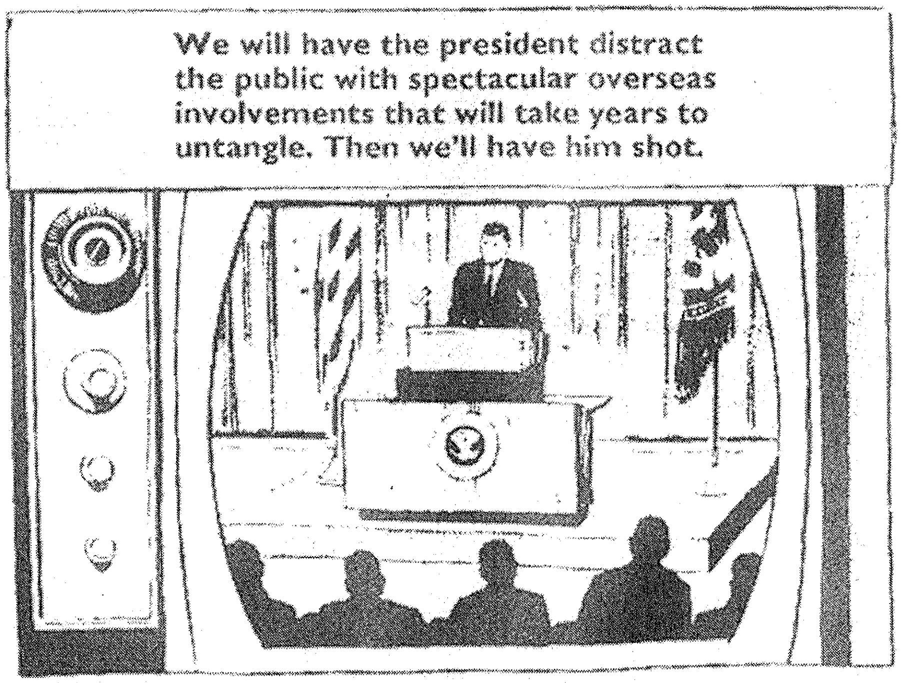
Let's step into the lab. We have been picking up transmissions from the Xenoites for a few days now.
LABORATORY
Yeah, let's see what we're up against.

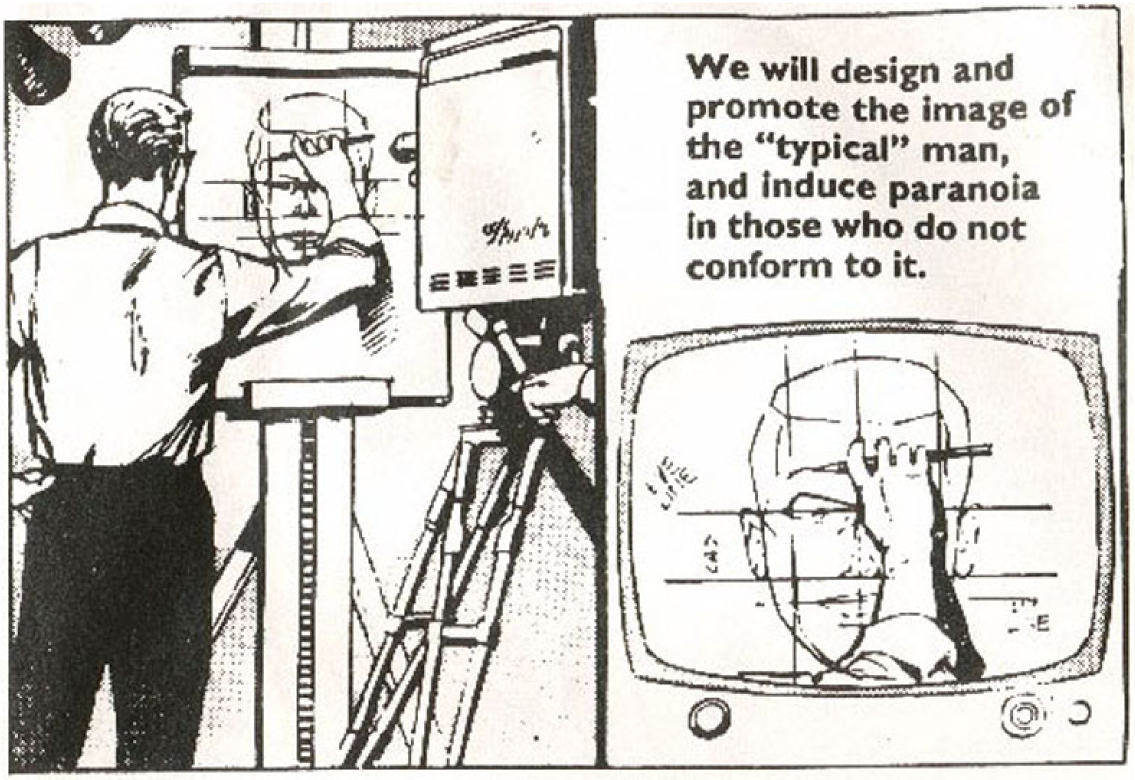

Gosh, it's in a foreign language! Are they at least christian?
Afraid not, Johnny, and that's not the worst of it. Their art resembles that made by our own intellectuals and so far we have found no evidence that they even use money!


My God!! If the public finds out...
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
We cannot let that happen. The more we learn about them the more we know that the universe is not big enough for the both of us.

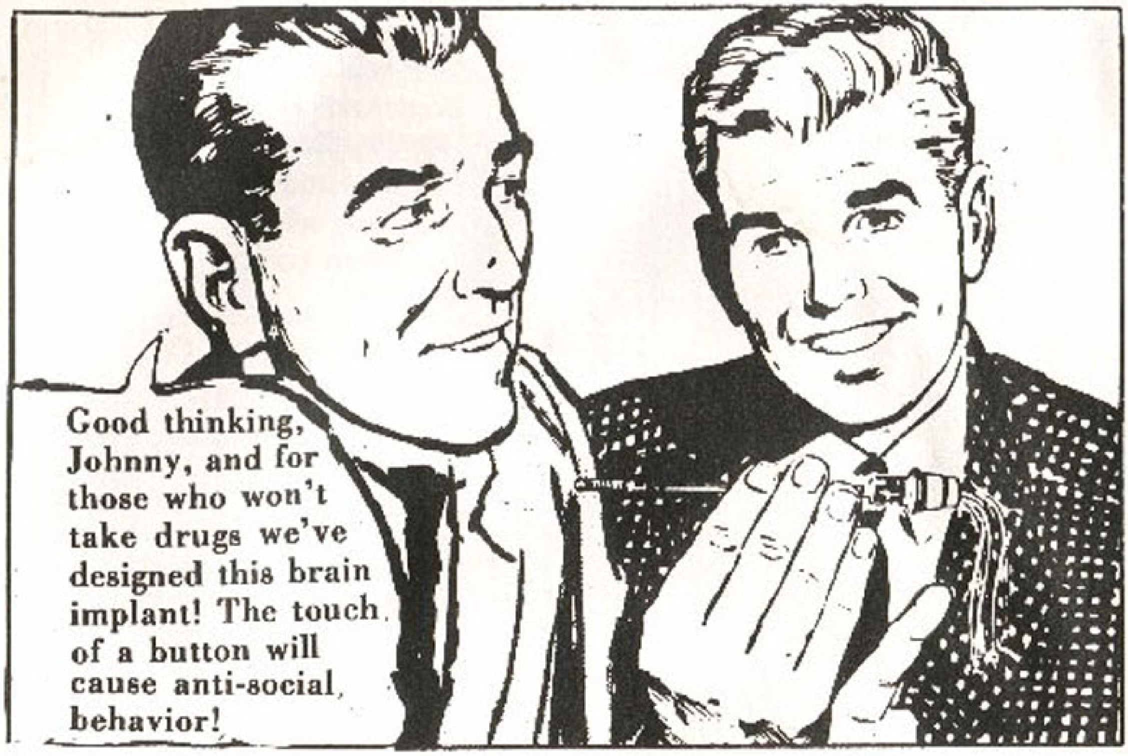
So, it looks like your plan came along just in time!
I promise to live up to your trust in me. We are going to need a few "programs" started right away!

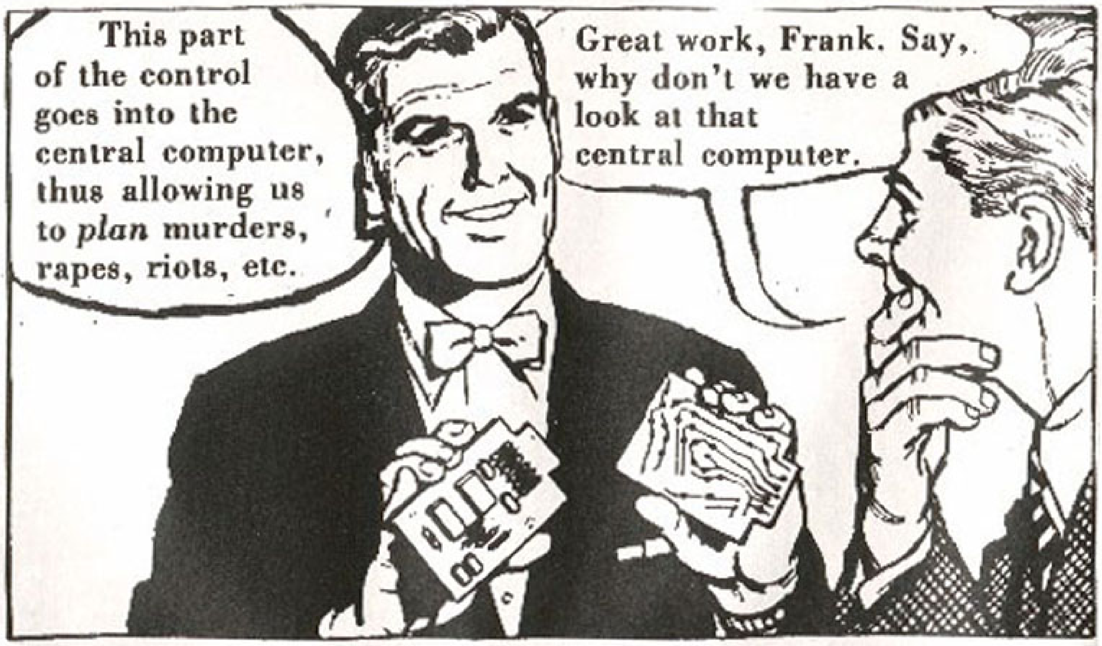

First will be a program of implicit and explicit xenophobia in all phases of education.
HATE ANYONE DIFFERENT


We will have the president distract the public with spectacular overseas involvements that will take years to untangle. Then we'll have him shot.

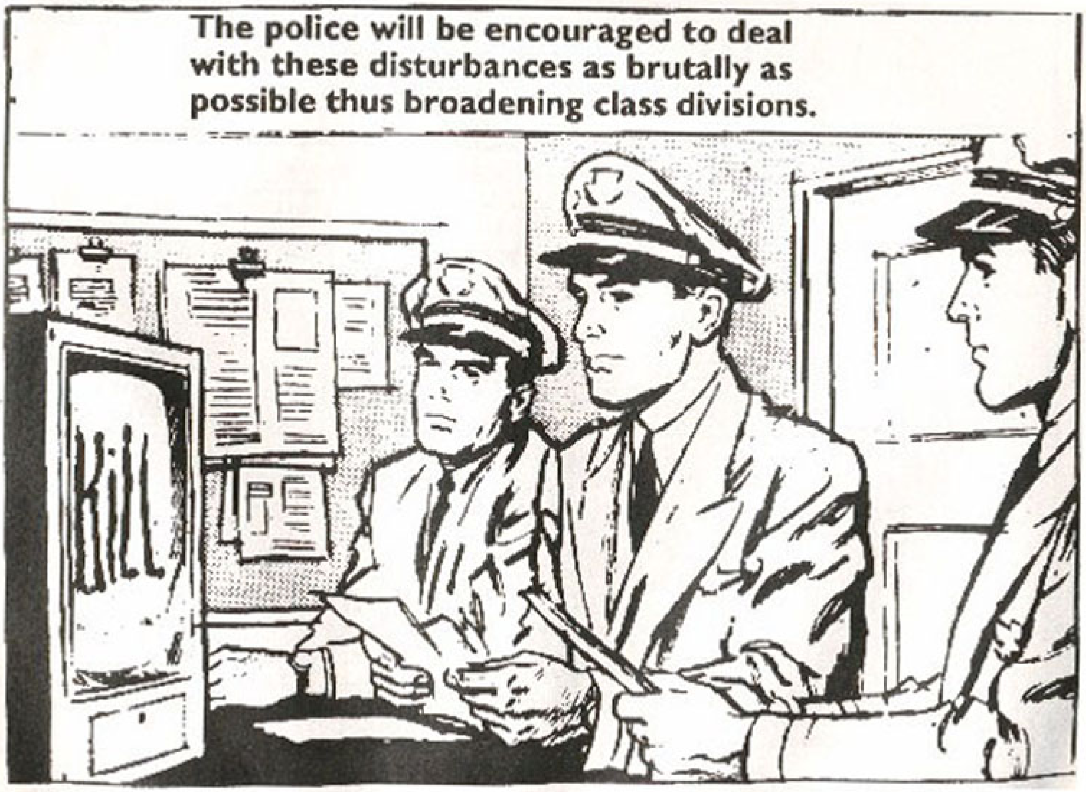

We will design and promote the image of the "typical" man, and induce paranoia in those who do not conform to it.

We can render leftists and intellectuals less credible if we first make drugs available to them.

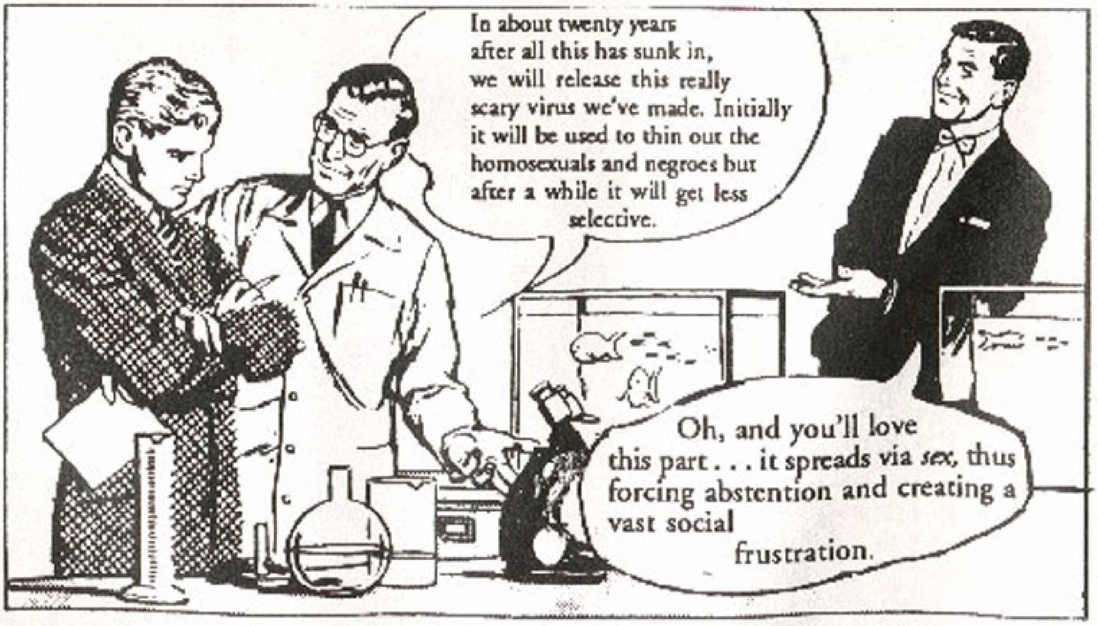

Good thinking, Johnny, and for those who won't take drugs we've designed this brain implant! The touch of a button will cause anti-social behavior!

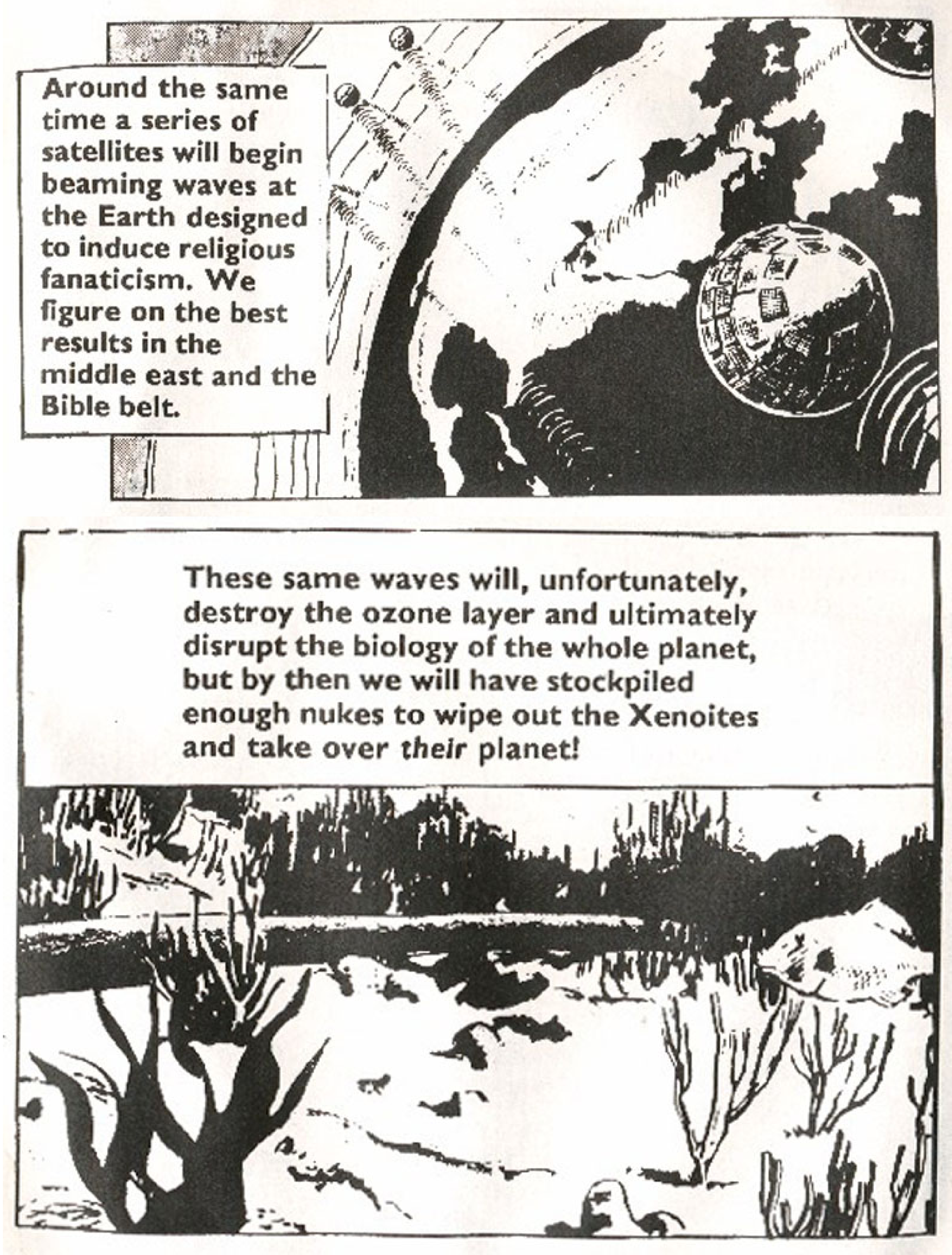

This part of the control goes into the central computer, thus allowing us to *plan* murders, rapes, riots, etc.
Great work, Frank. Say, why don't we have a look at that central computer.

Here it is,
in a few years it
will be the effective
"brain" of the underclass.
If they make too much noise or
too much sense, we just press a
button!

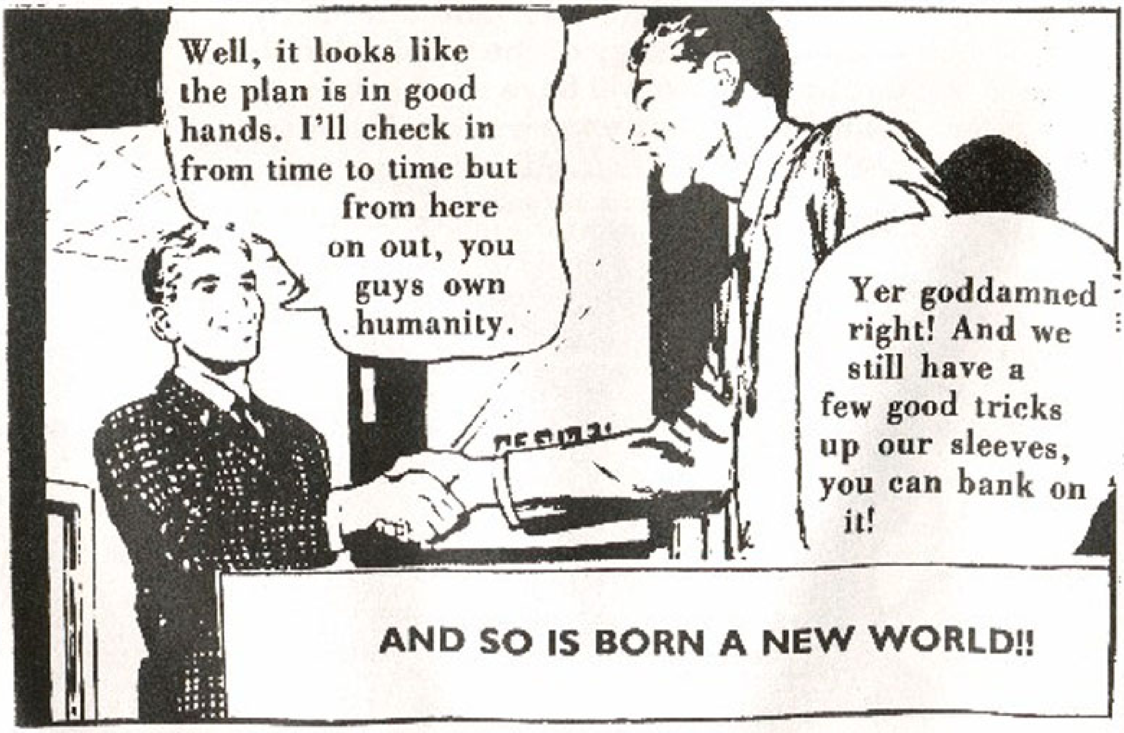

The police will be encouraged to deal
with these disturbances as brutally as
possible thus broadening class divisions.
KiLL

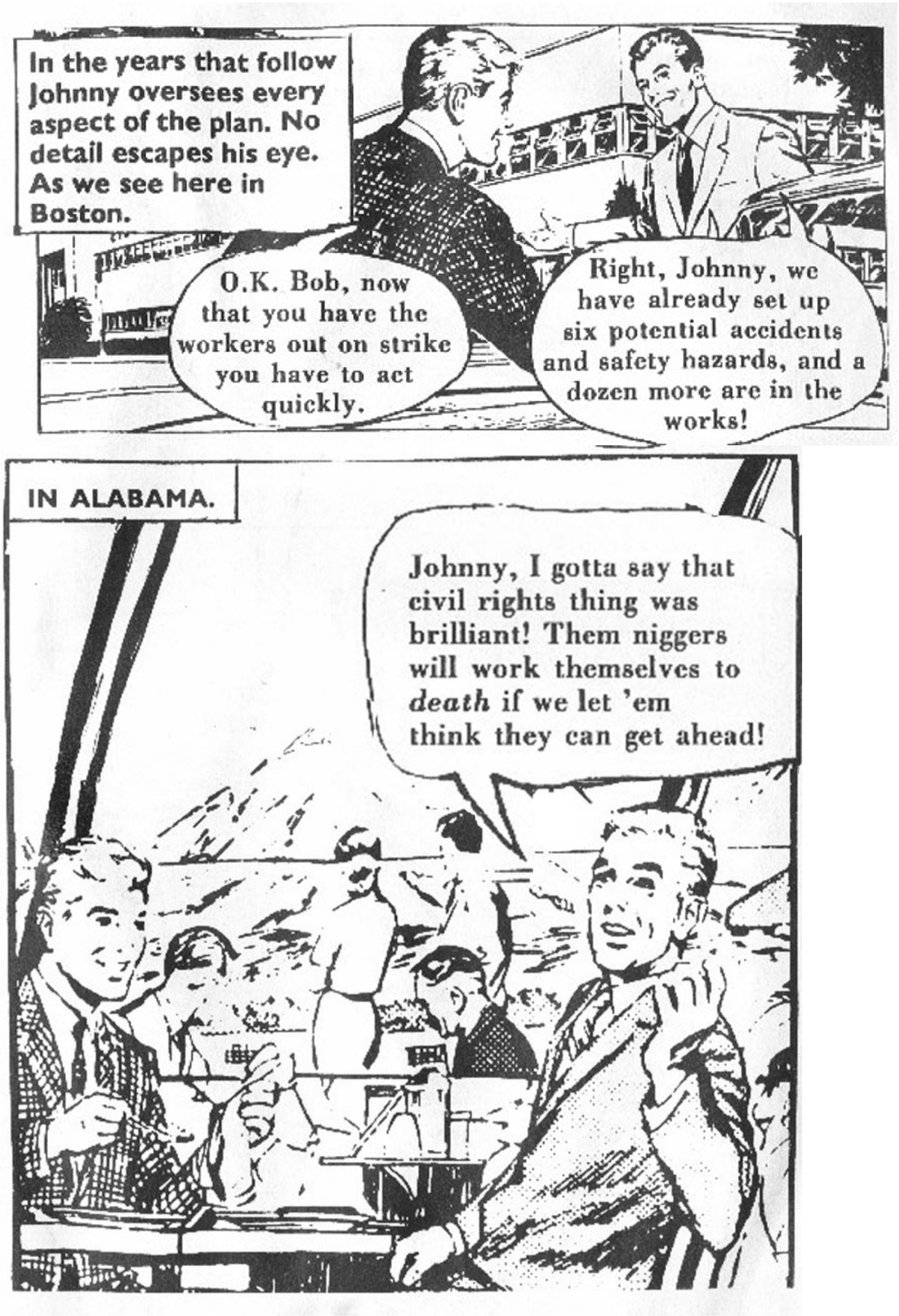
That's fantastic! College kids will naturally side with the underclass thus creating a division of loyalties between children and parents! A "generation gap"! This will keep those kids from acquiring any wisdom from their folks, leaving us with an immature and suggestible population!

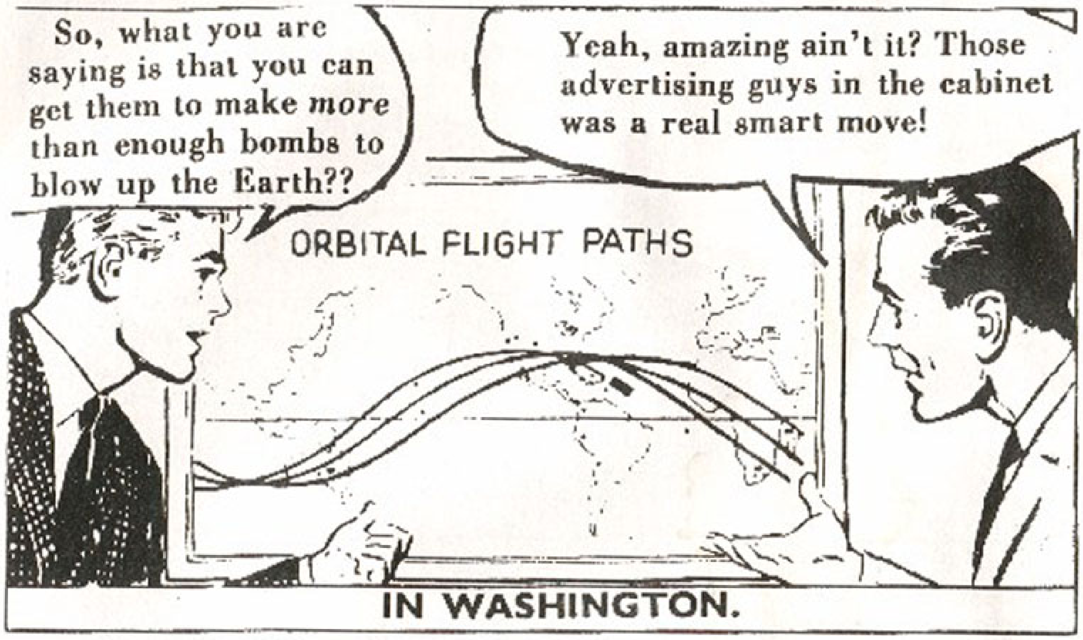

In about twenty years after all this has sunk in, we will release this really scary virus we've made. Initially it will be used to thin out the homosexuals and negroes but after a while it will get less selective.
Oh, and you'll love this part . . . it spreads via *sex*, thus forcing abstention and creating a vast social frustration.


Around the same time a series of satellites will begin beaming waves at the Earth designed to induce religious fanaticism. We figure on the best results in the middle east and the Bible belt.
These same waves will, unfortunately, destroy the ozone layer and ultimately disrupt the biology of the whole planet, but by then we will have stockpiled enough nukes to wipe out the Xenoites and take over *their* planet!

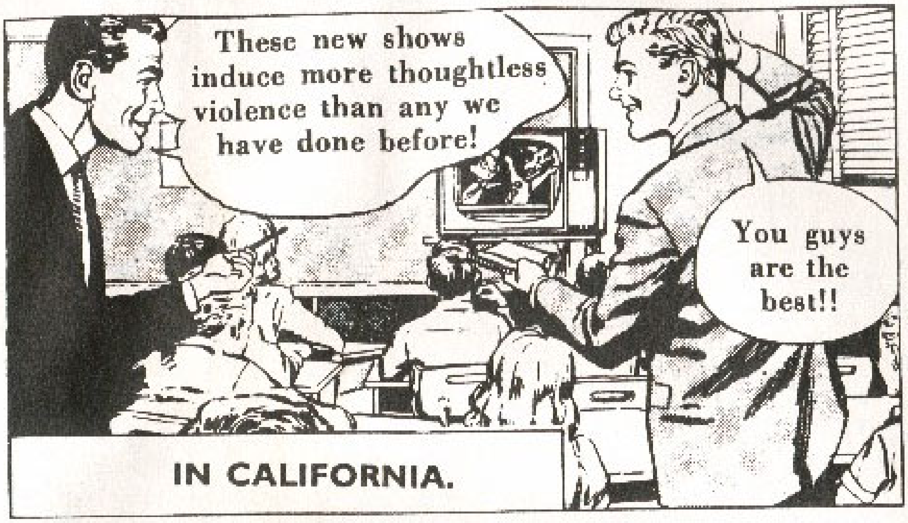
Before this happens, the U.S.A. will be broken up into 44 new "republics" each one governed by a different right wing extremist group. Our research shows these people to be best at this work.

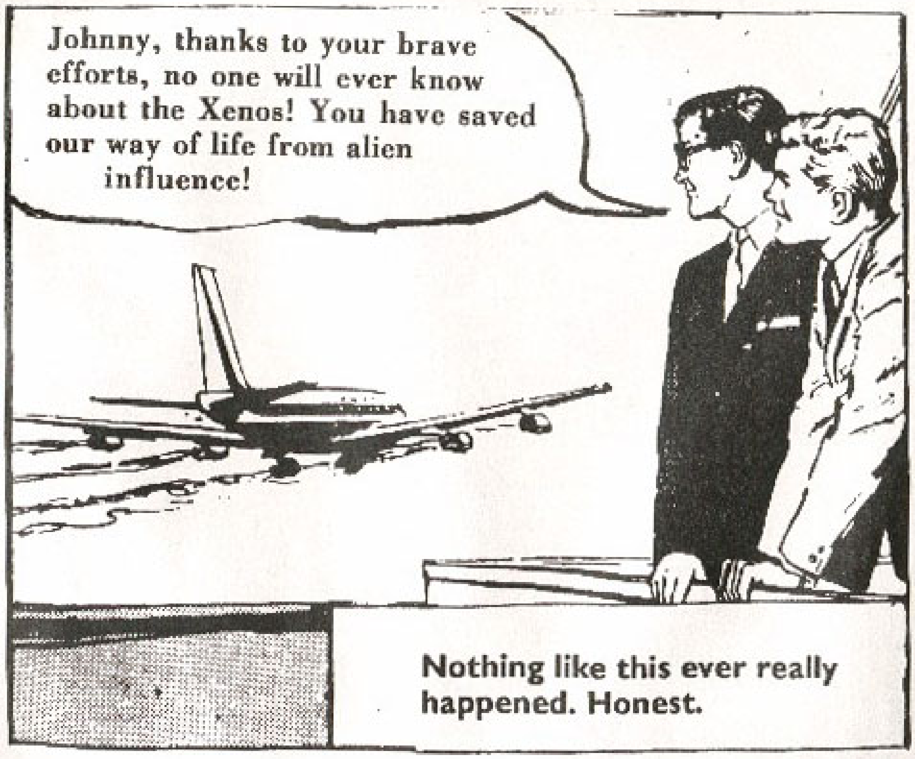

Well, it looks like the plan is in good hands. I'll check in from time to time but from here on out, you guys own humanity.
Yer goddamned right! And we still have a few good tricks up our sleeves, you can bank on it!
AND SO IS BORN A NEW WORLD!!


In the years that follow Johnny oversees every aspect of the plan. No detail escapes his eye. As we see here in Boston.
O.K. Bob, now that you have the workers out on strike you have to act quickly.
Right, Johnny, we have already set up six potential accidents and safety hazards, and a dozen more are in the works!
IN ALABAMA.
Johnny, I gotta say that civil rights thing was brilliant! Them niggers will work themselves to *death* if we let 'em think they can get ahead!

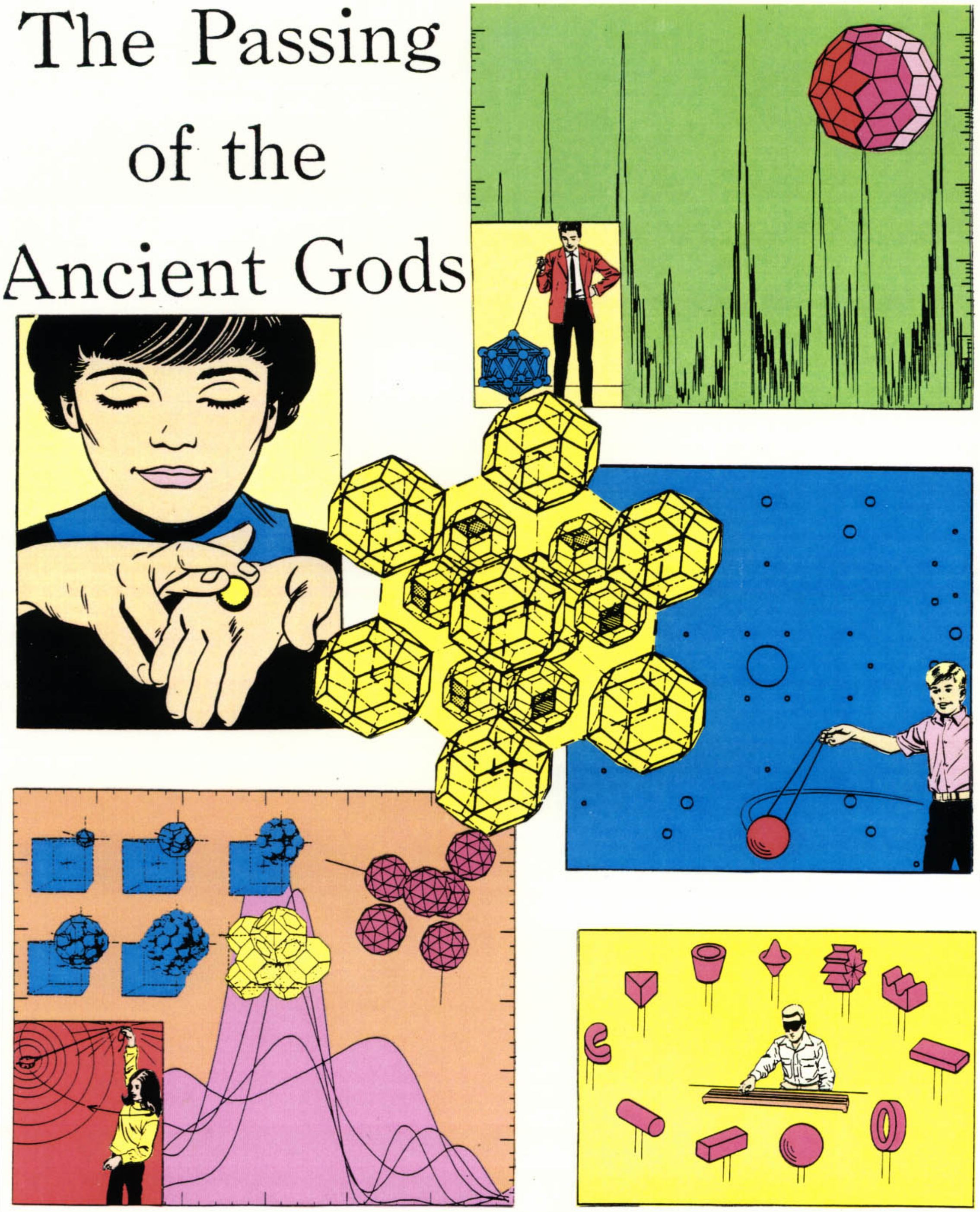

So, what you are saying is that you can get them to make *more* than enough bombs to blow up the Earth??
Yeah, amazing ain't it? Those advertising guys in the cabinet was a real smart move!
ORBITAL FLIGHT PATHS
IN WASHINGTON.

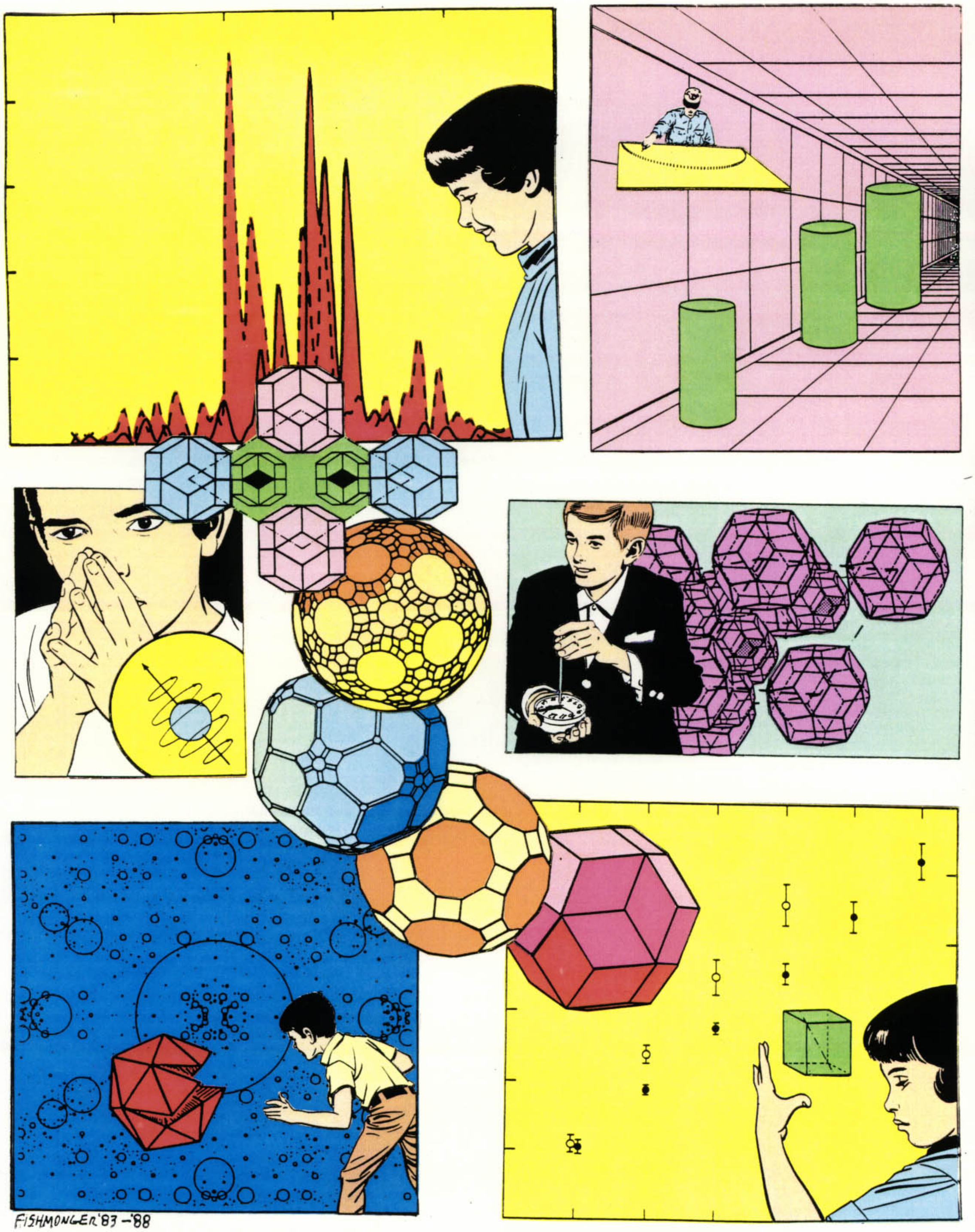
Radioactive phones! Elegant as hell! Use one and BANG! Cancer within one year!
IN NEW JERSEY.


These new shows induce more thoughtless violence than any we have done before!
You guys are the best!!
IN CALIFORNIA.


Johnny, thanks to your brave efforts, no one will ever know about the Xenos! You have saved our way of life from alien influence!
Nothing like this ever really happened. Honest.

The Passing of the Ancient Gods




FISHMONGER '83 –'88

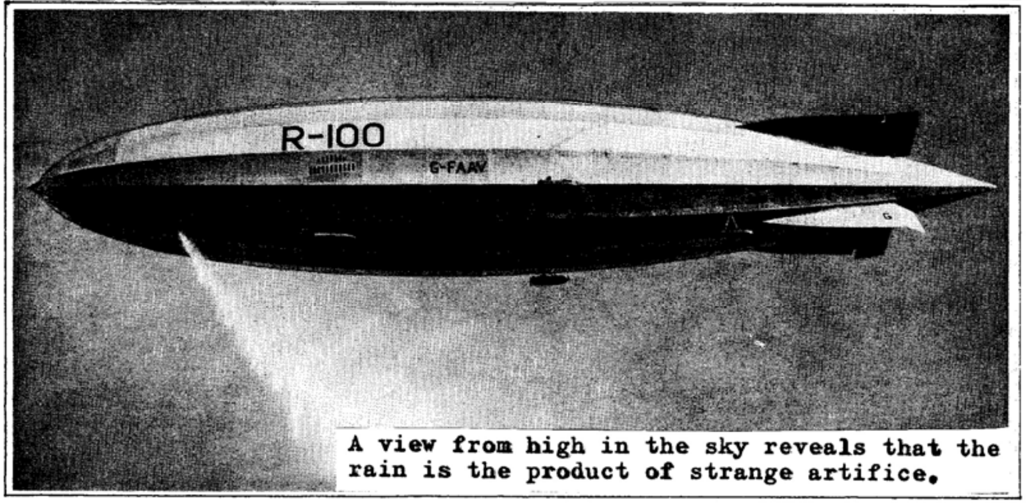
AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

"EVIL IN THE AIR"

Ahmed Fishmonger

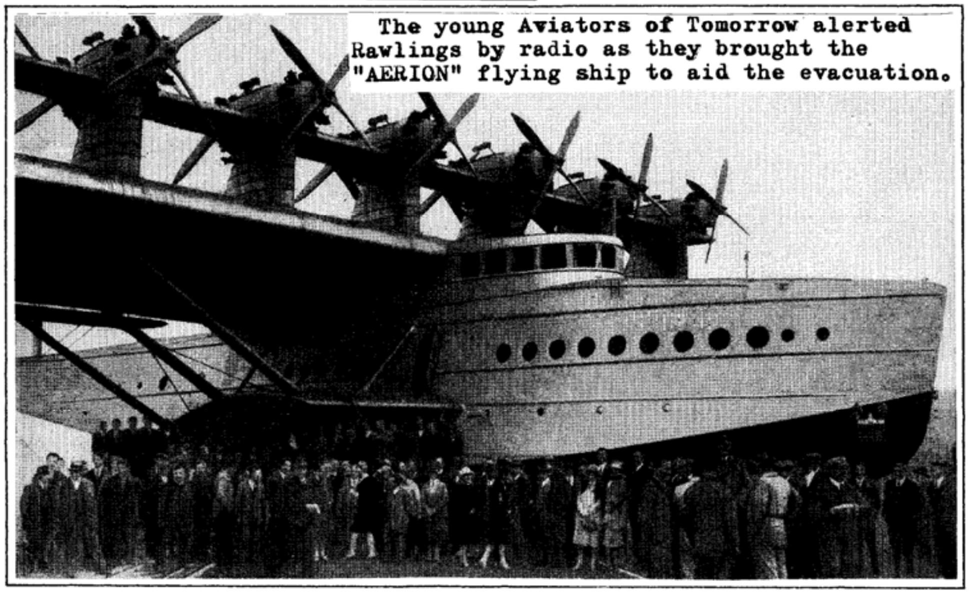
We find Col. Rawlings using a rare moment of relaxation to read Dr. Cheng's new text on magnetisim.

Meanwhile, the populace of London is surprised by a sudden, inexplicable downpour.



A view from high in the sky reveals that the rain is the product of strange artifice.

Actually, the rain contained an ancient Peruvian stone softening formula which in a short time would melt the entire city. This evil plot was the brainchild of the evil professor Baader and the unscrupulous Horvath brothers.

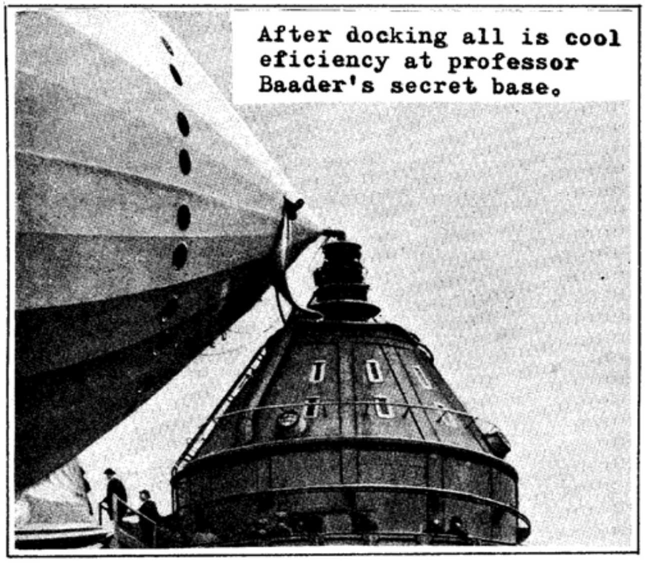


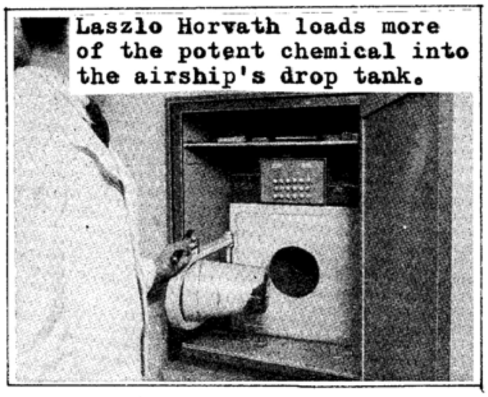
The young Aviators of Tomorrow alerted Rawlings by radio as they brought the "AERION" flying ship to aid the evacuation.

Across the world in Donumbangi, professor Andrade has struck a bargain with the natives. For two cases of gin and some football helmets....

...they will translate the odd curvilineer gliphs on the Sacred Stone.

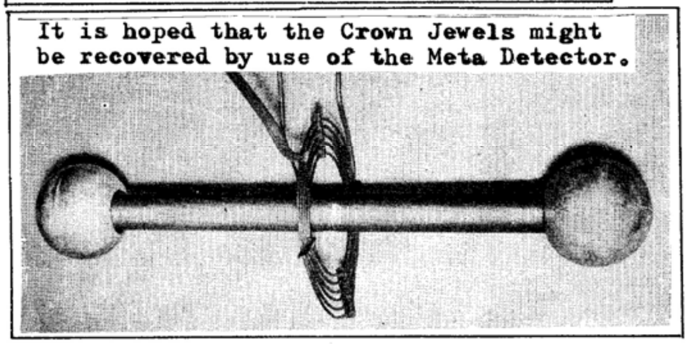
On a tiny island o: Scotland the airsh: that struck at the heart of England glides into port.


After docking all is cool
eficiency at professor
Baader's secret base.

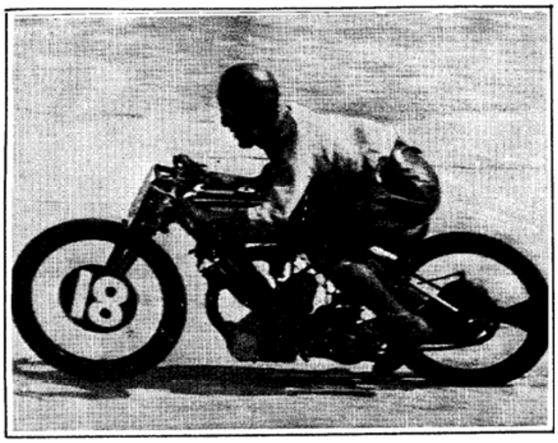

Laszlo Horvath loads more
of the potent chemical into
the airship's drop tank.

At that moment the young Aviators of
Tomorrow are removing a planeload of
refugees to safety.

While a clean up crew is
sent into the now liquid
city.


It is hoped that the Crown Jewels might
be recovered by use of the Meta Detector.

For it is thought that
some stones may never
soften.



And in Britain, Rawlings was finaly passing London's city limits as Baxter waited for the Crown Jewels to settle out of the sludge that was once the great and historic tower of London. His vigil would last many hours.

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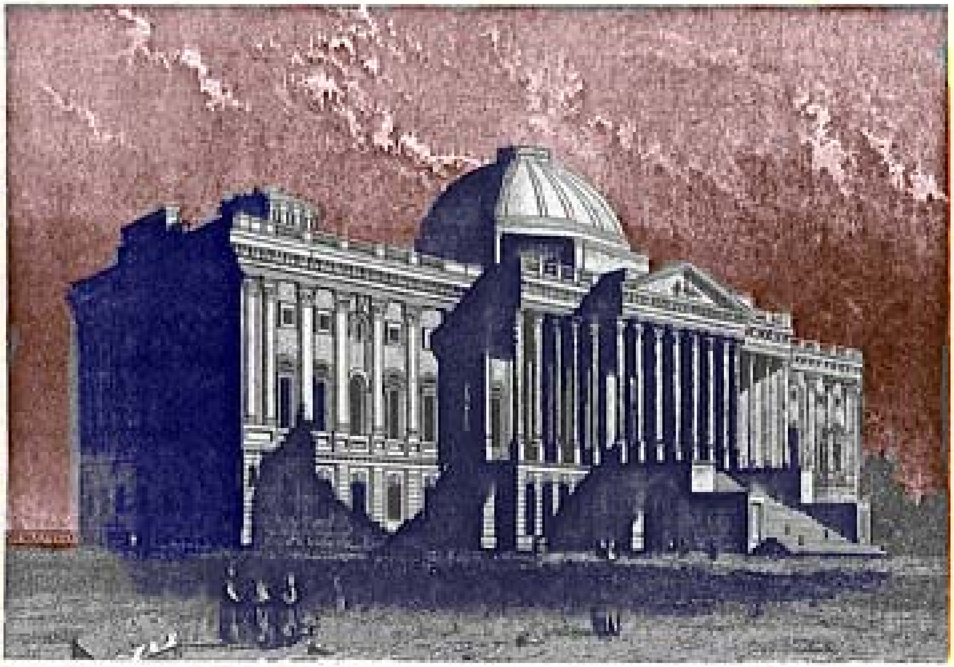

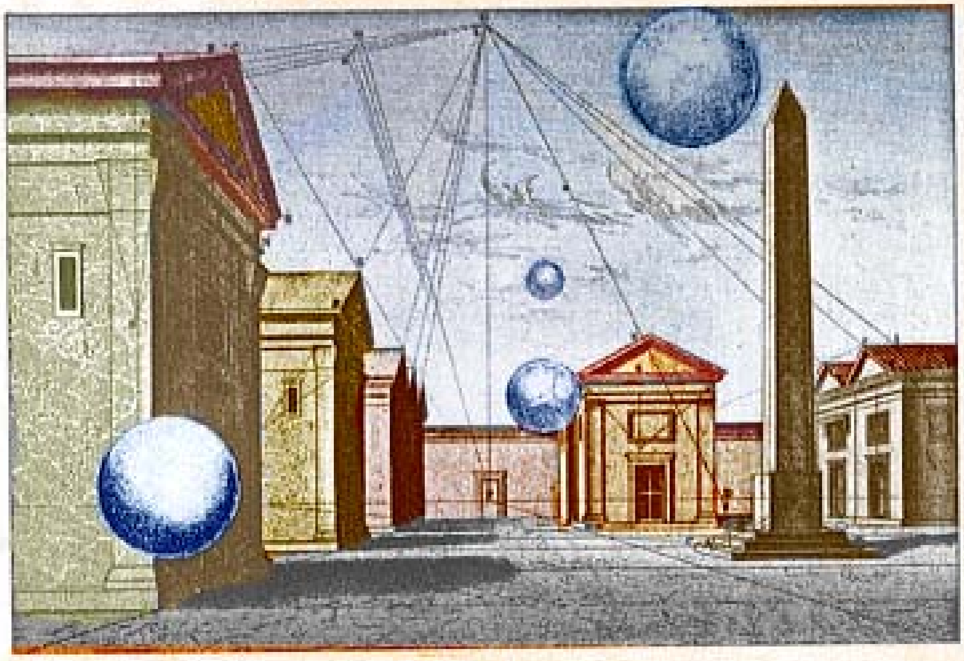

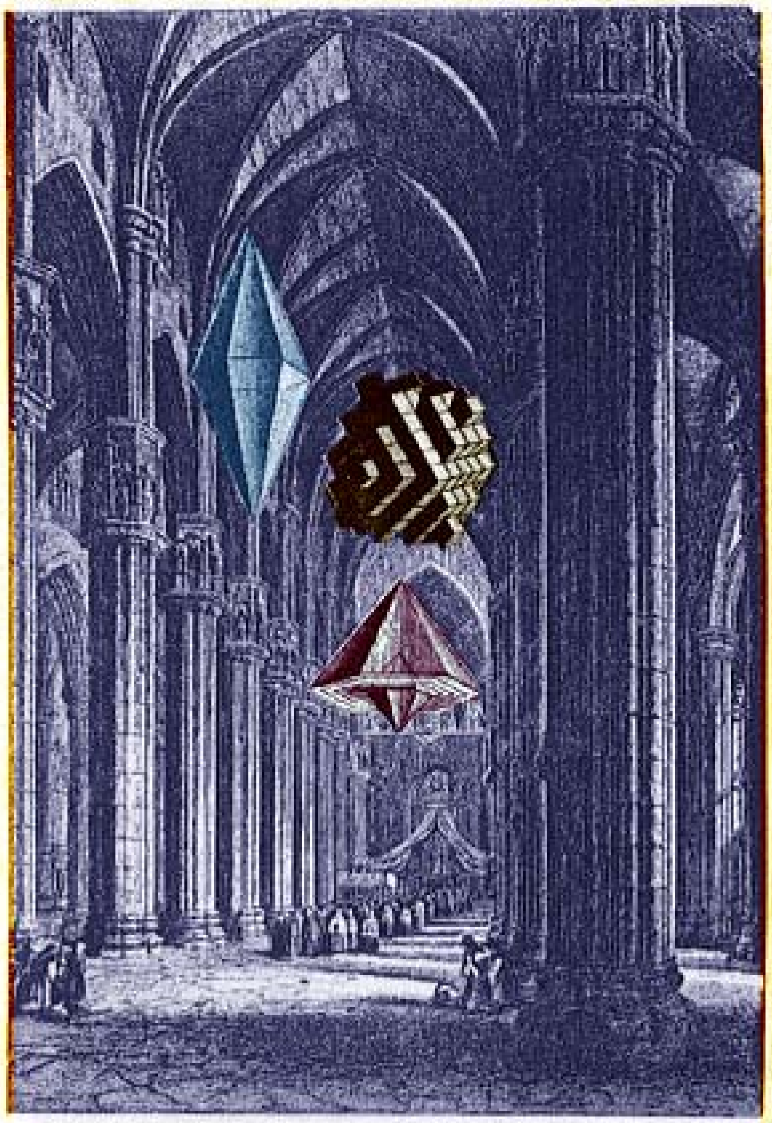

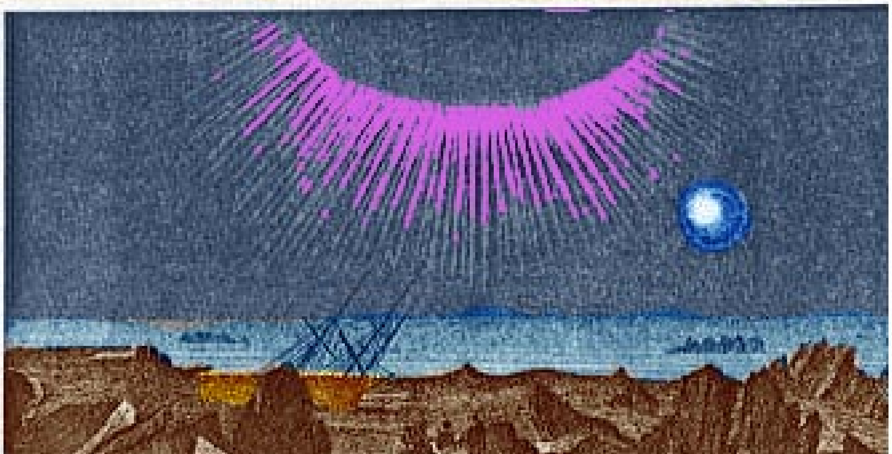

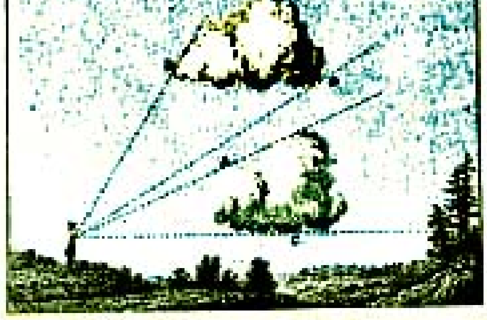

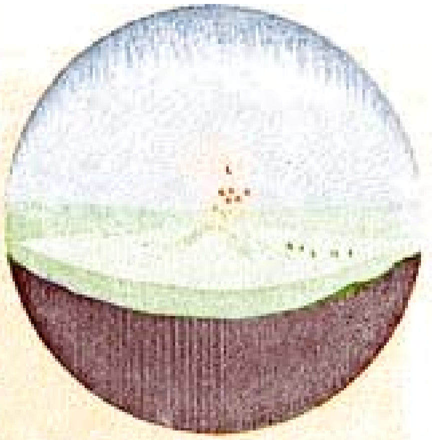

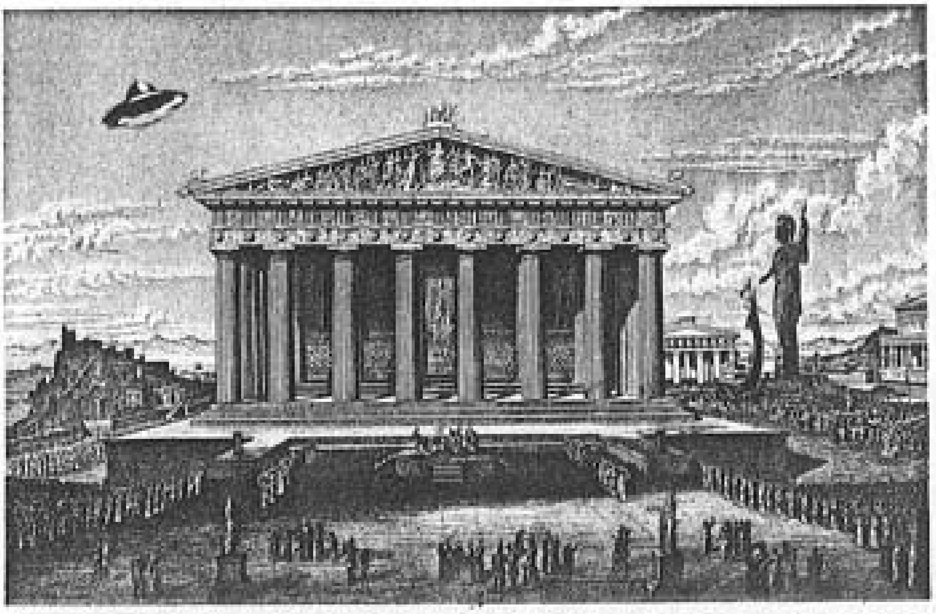

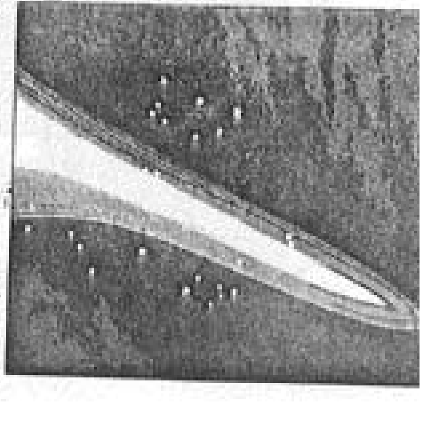

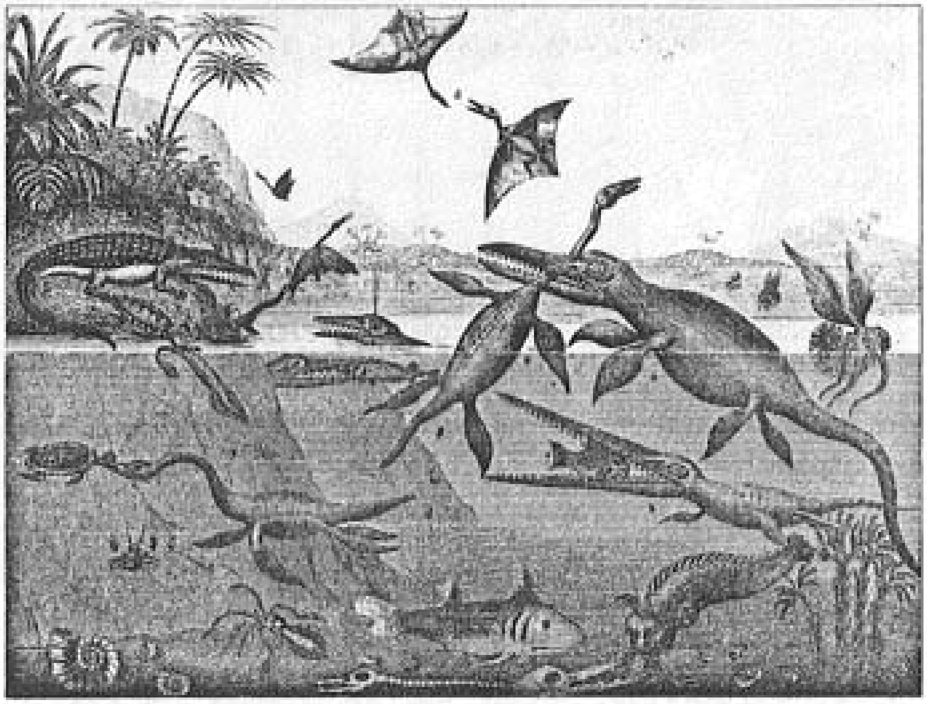

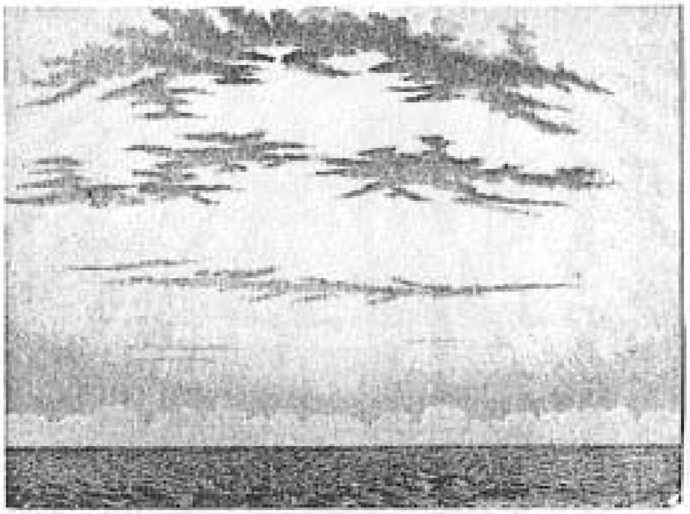

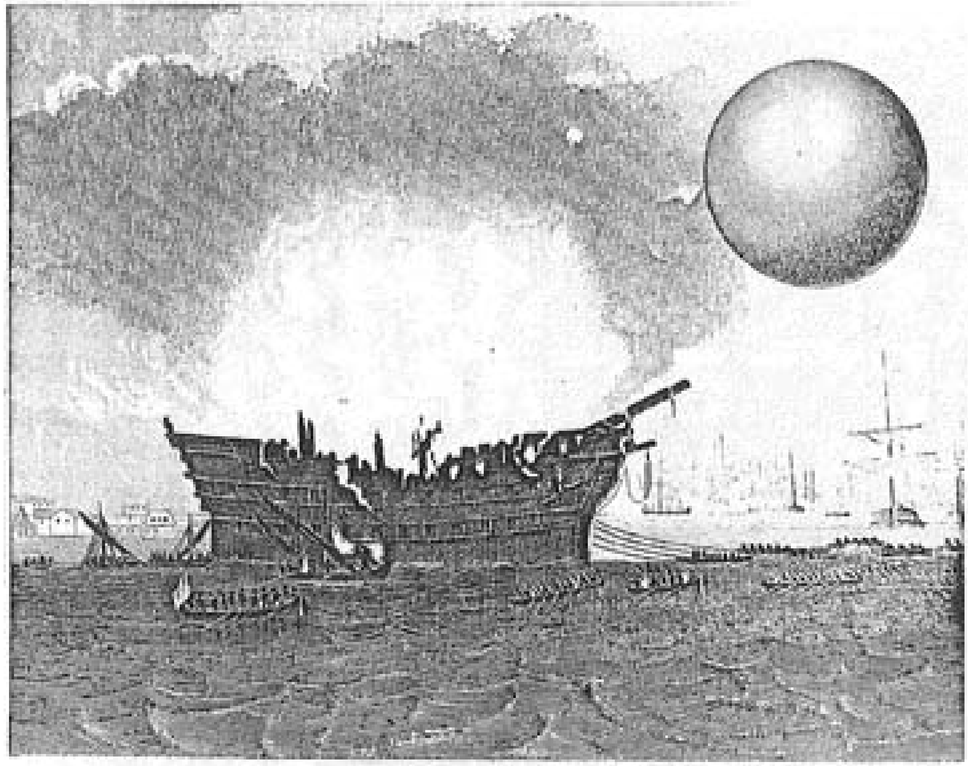

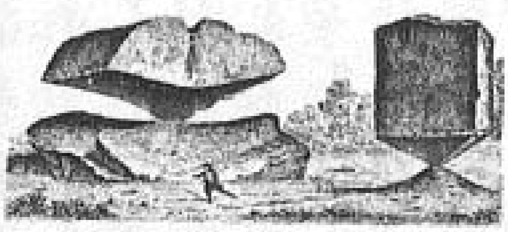

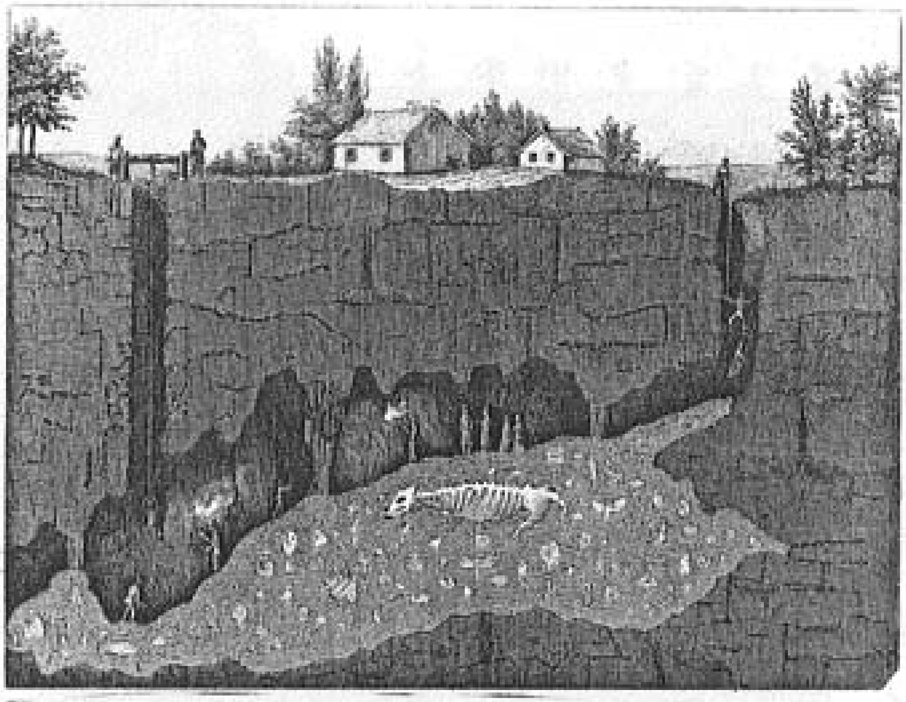

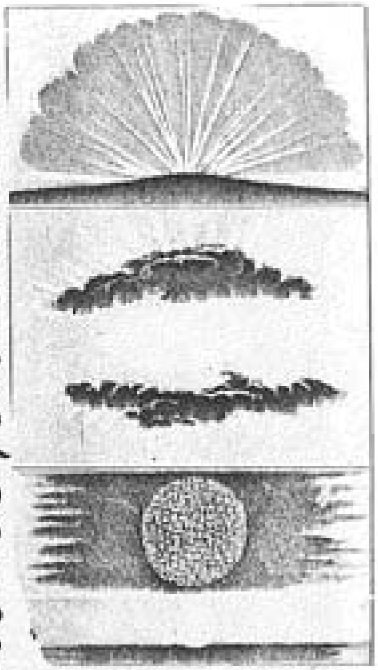

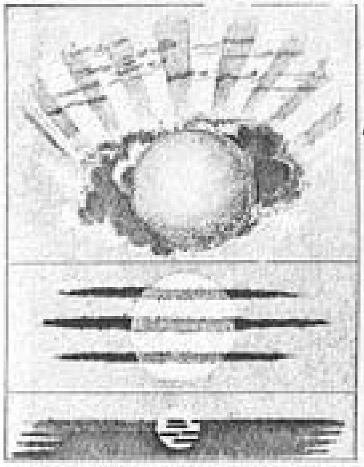

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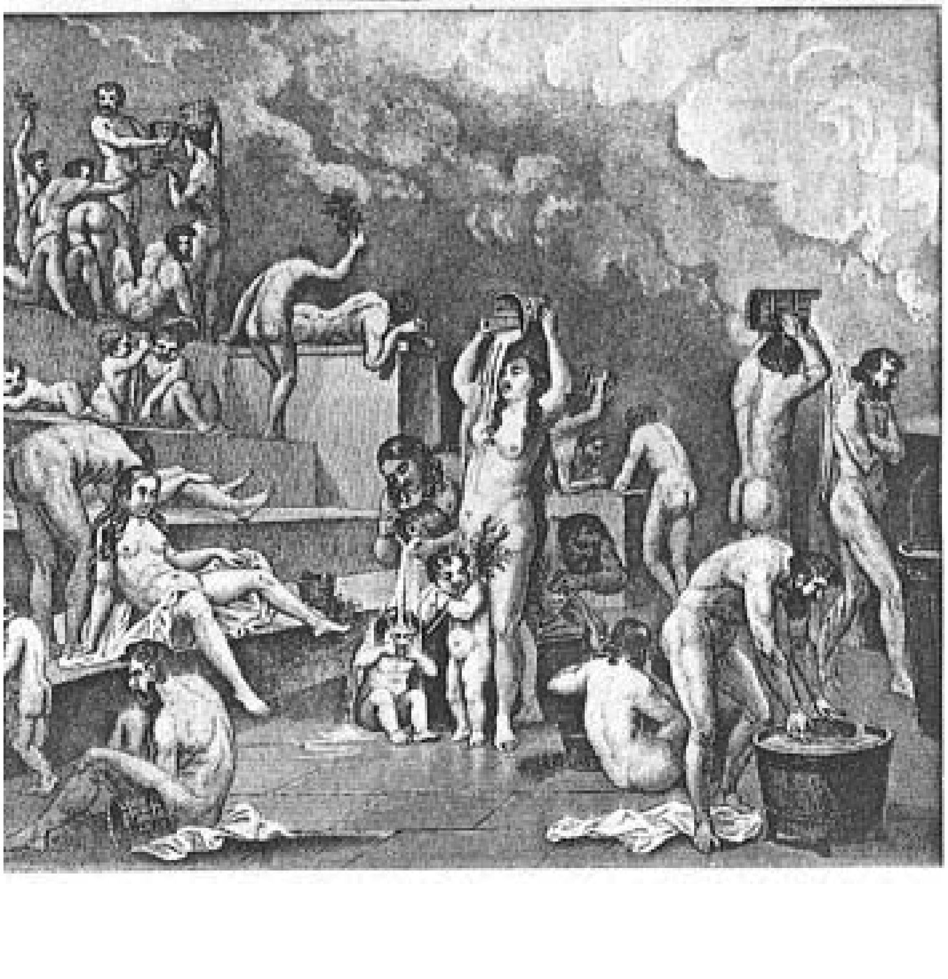

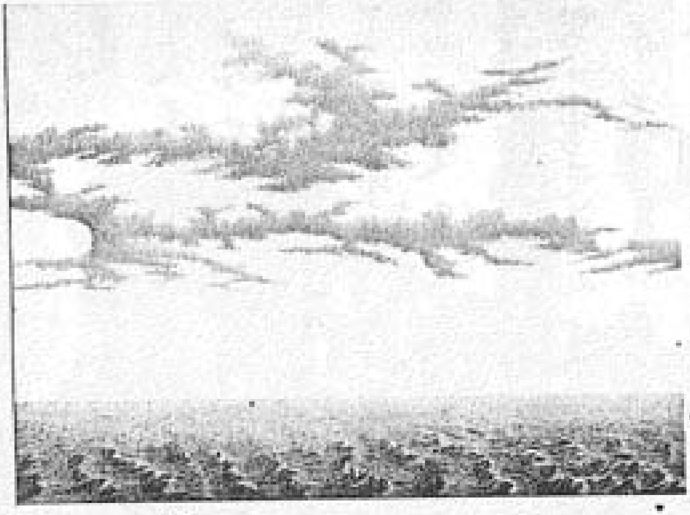

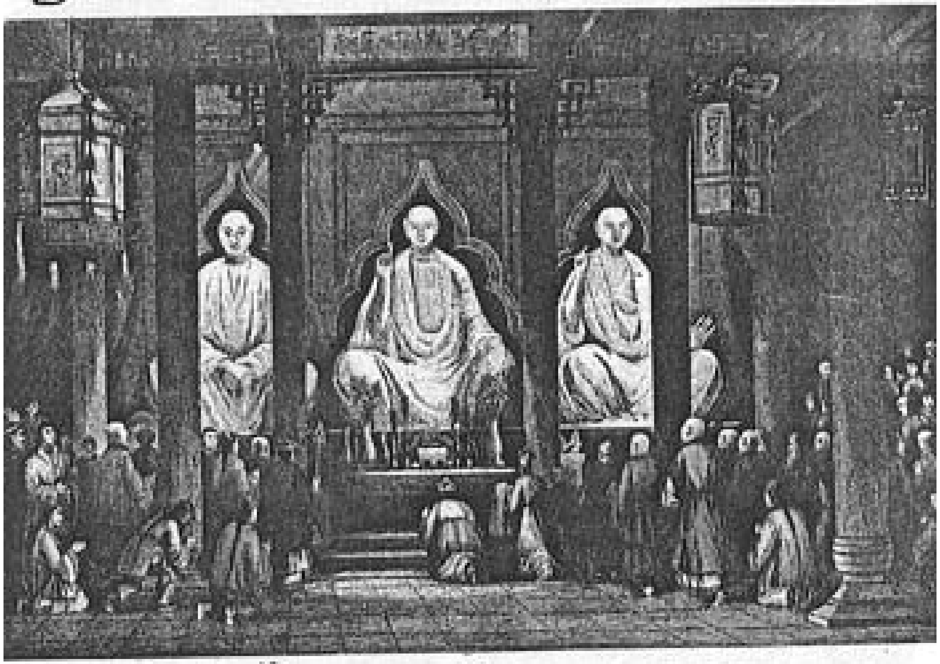

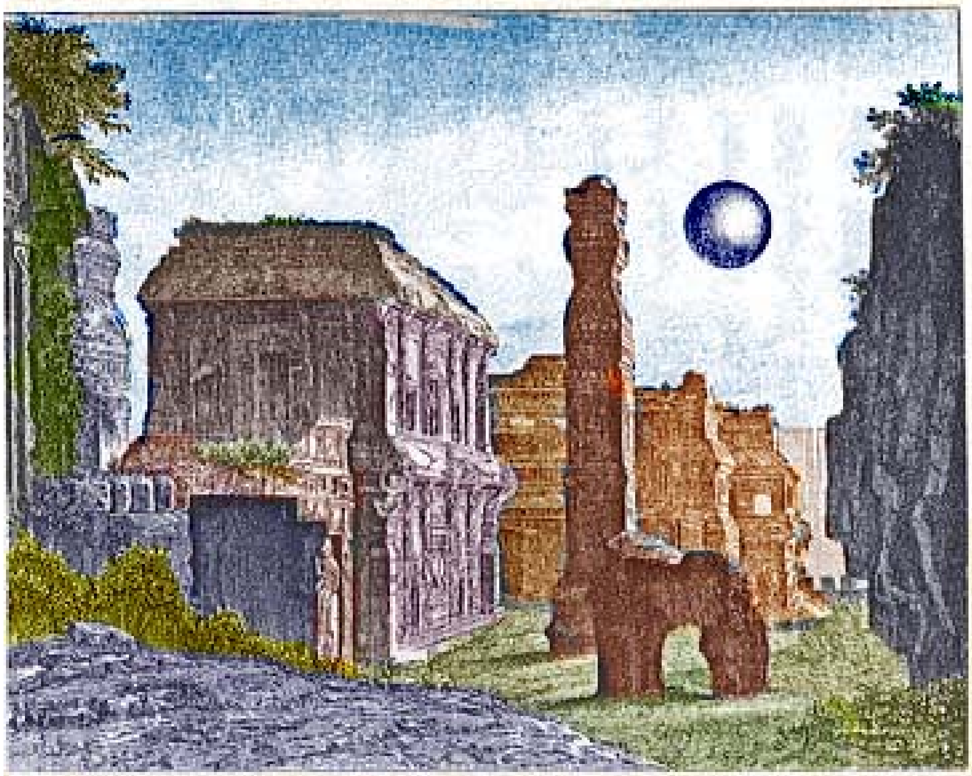

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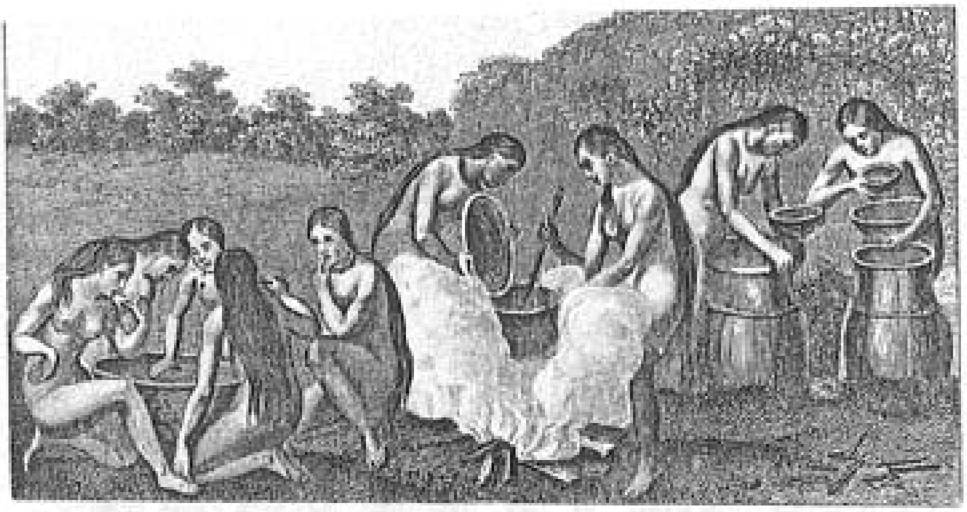

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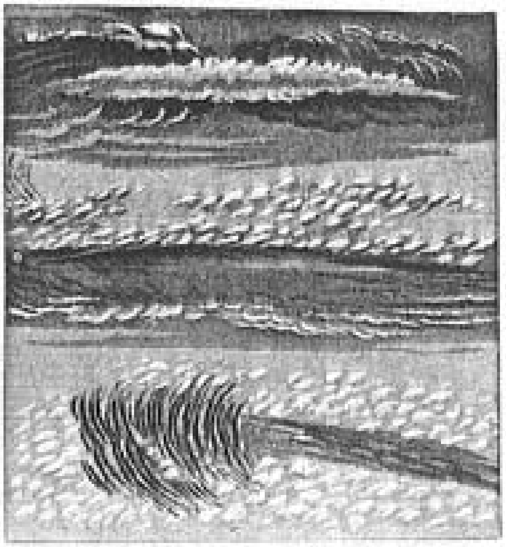

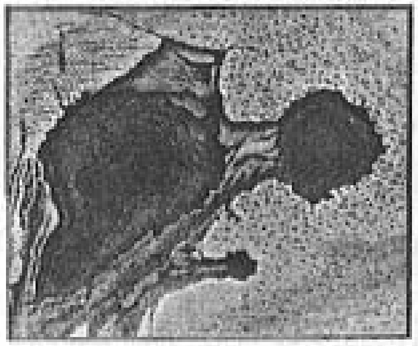

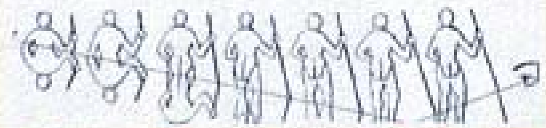

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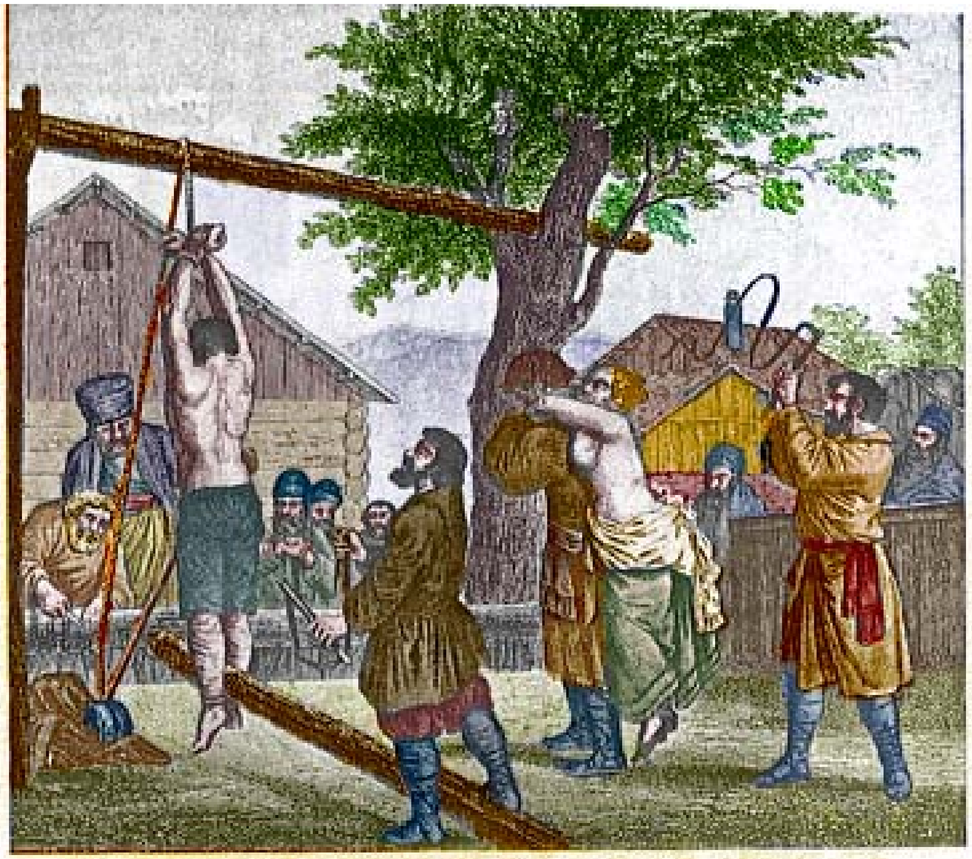

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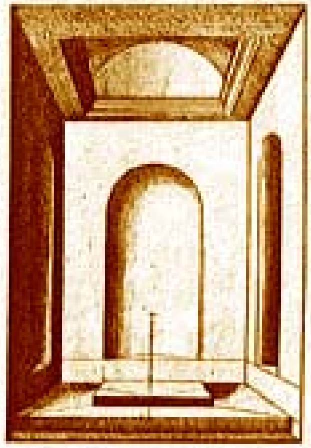

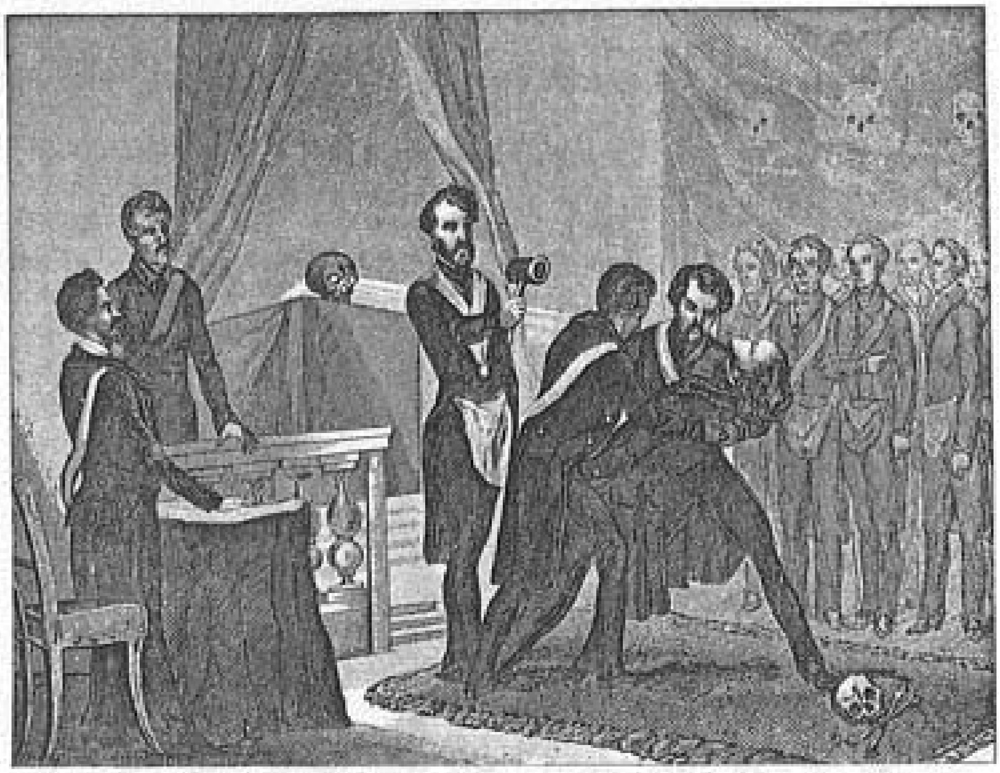

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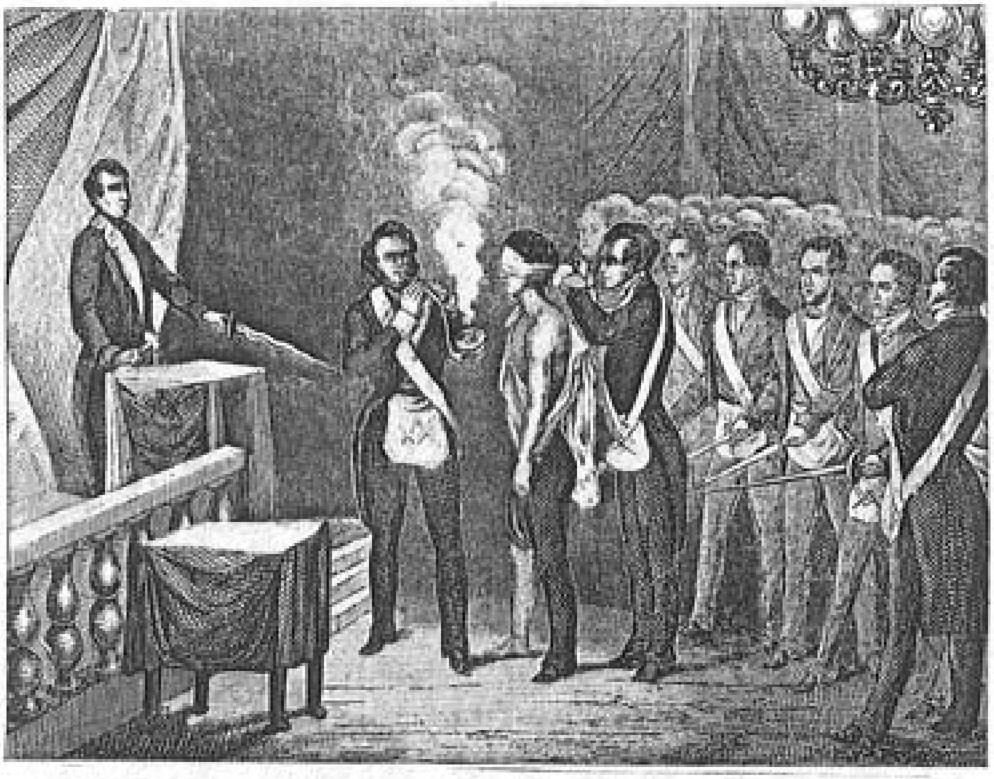

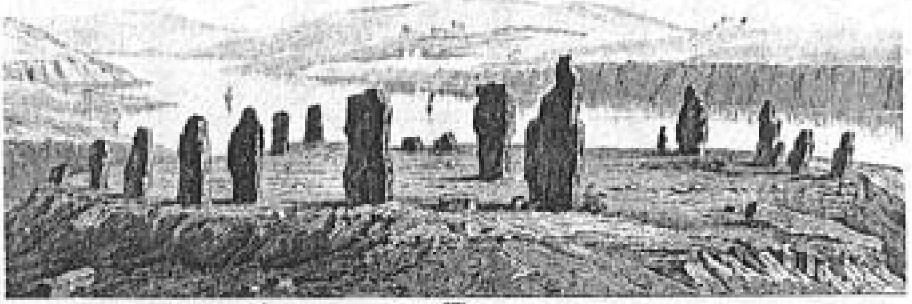

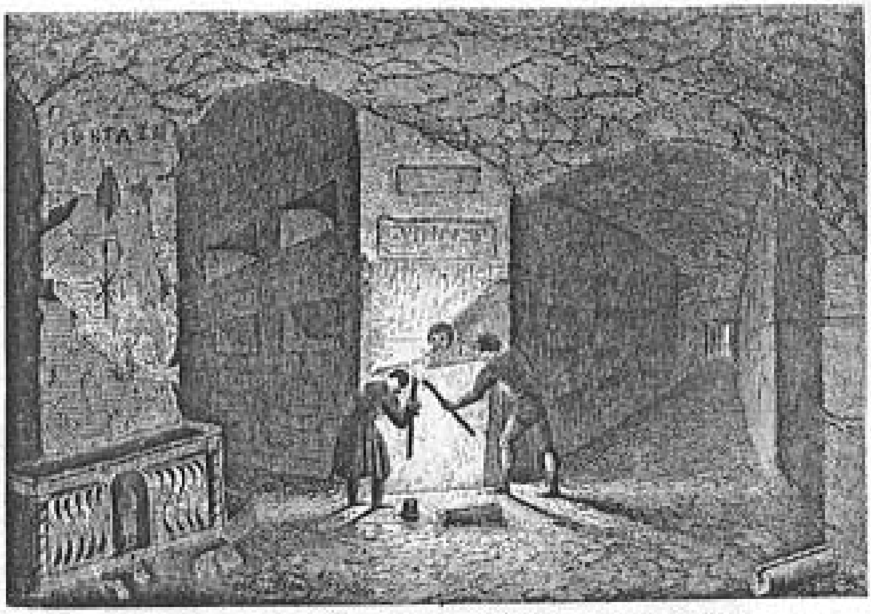

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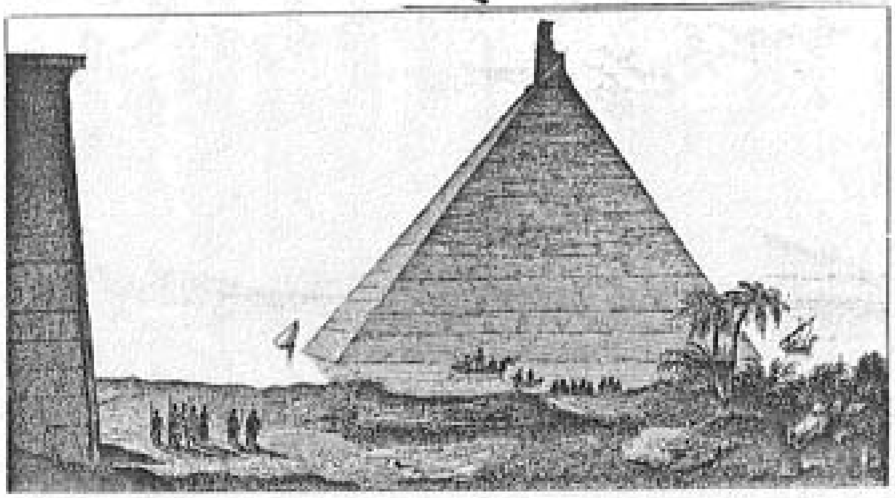

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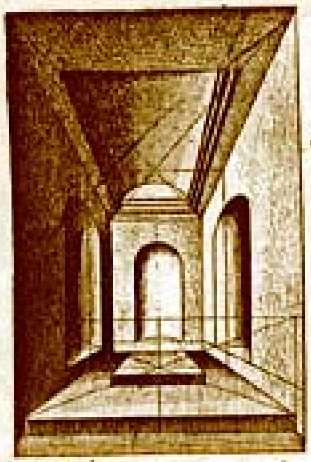

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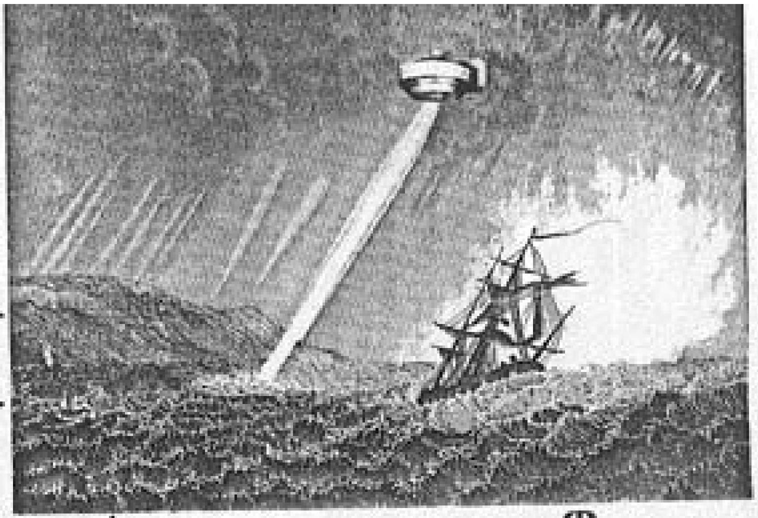

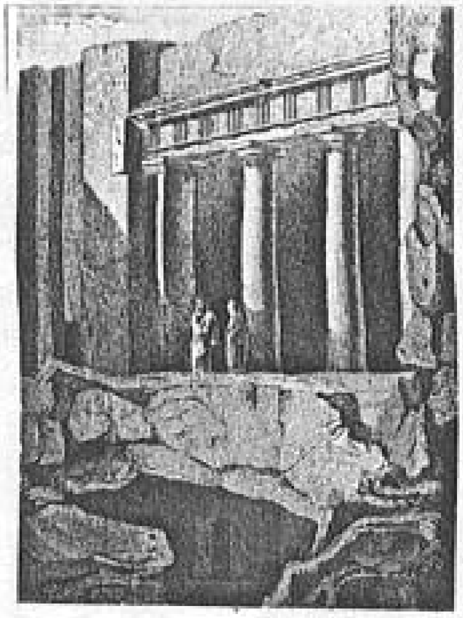

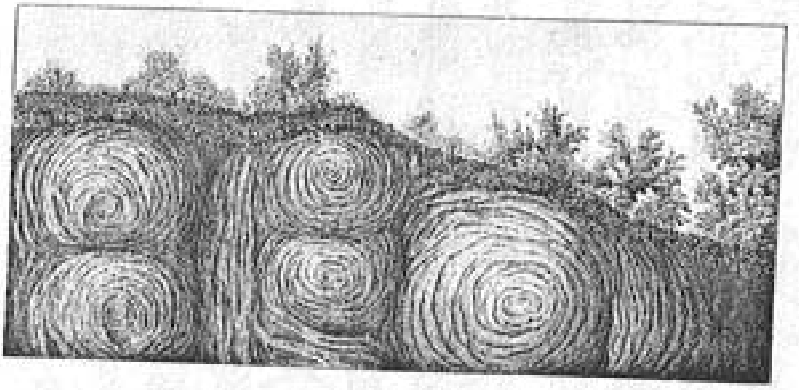

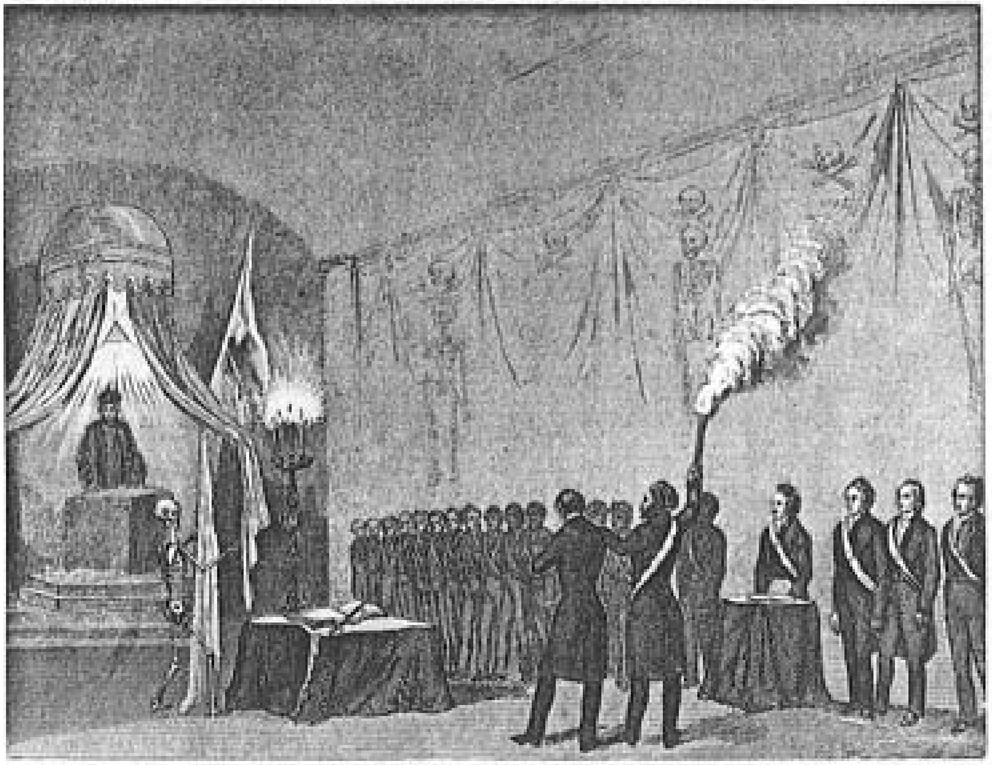

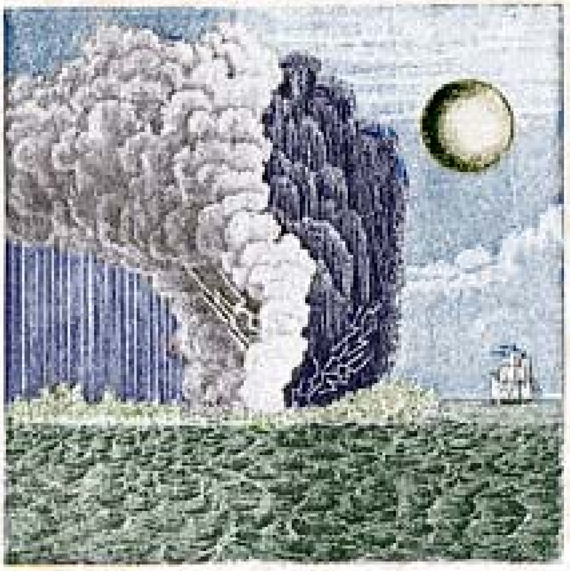

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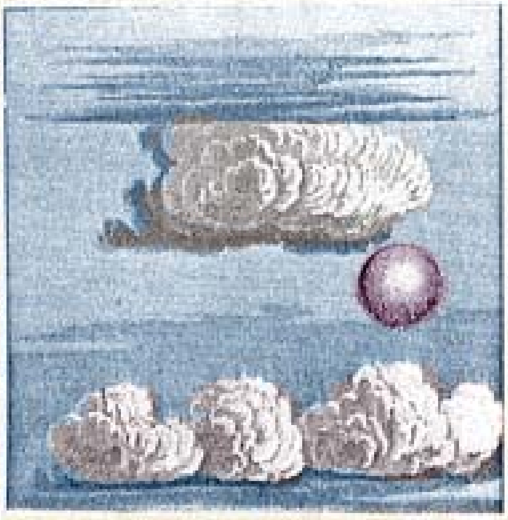
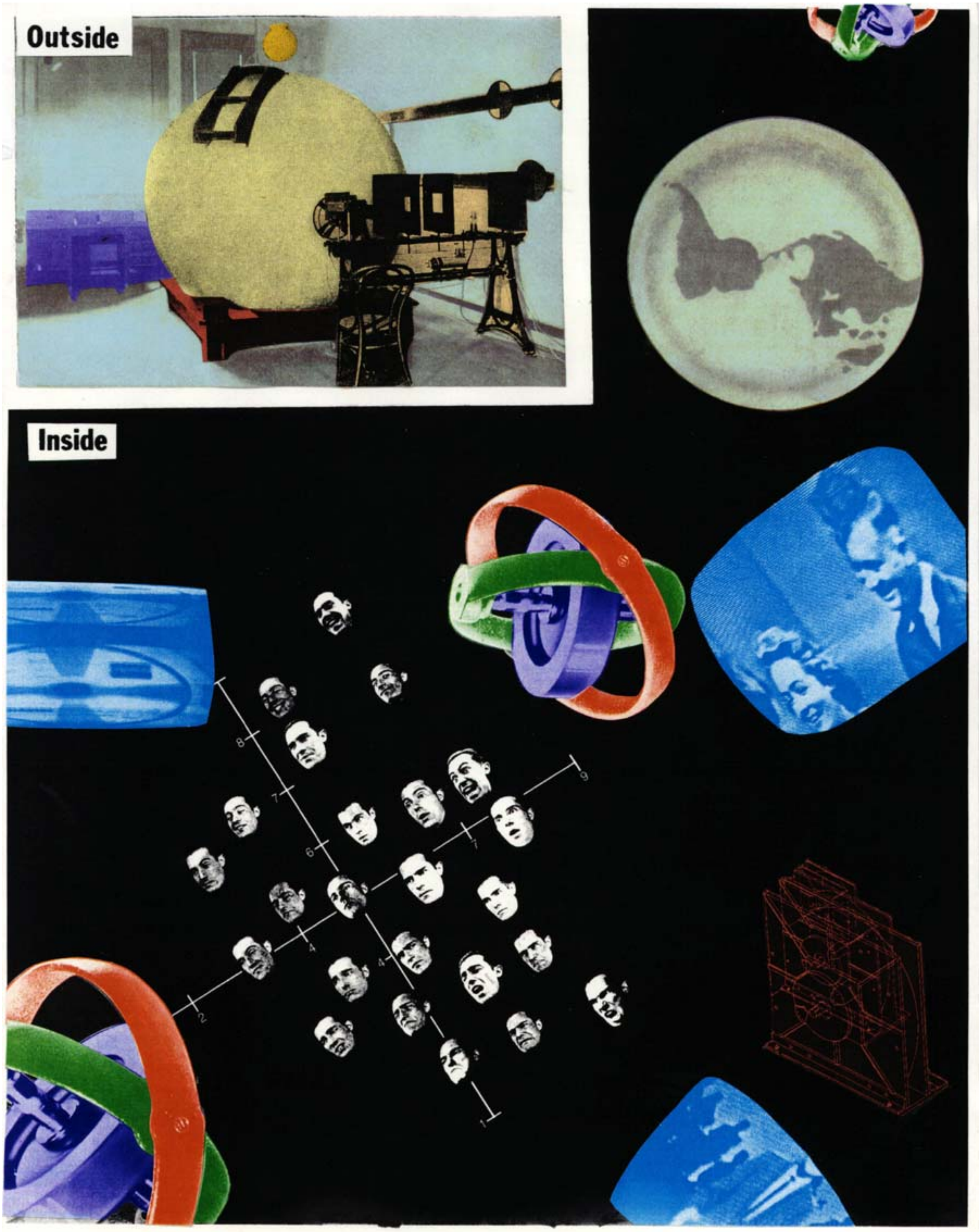



Outside
Inside

GETTING ALL OF THE SHOCKS, AND NONE OF THE PELLETS?

Is your maze all blind alleys? Is your soft brain hard wired?
Are you always left clutching the cold chickenwire mother? Is there not nearly enough of some certain '<u>something</u>' in your life? Sex? Money? Great old moview on T.V.? Imported beer? Power over others? ALL OF THE ABOVE????

The SubGenius Foundation has a name for that nameless something. SLACK. Yes, SLACK! SLACK, the perfect IS-ness! SLACK, that state where you need nothing because you have it all ready! Sound good? You bet!

My friend, for only one dollar, less than the price of a pack of cigarettes, you can be on your way to experiencing all the good drugs, weird sex, bizzare prophesies, twisted rituals and riproaring fun you can handle and much more! YES, you can still get in on the ground floor of the SLACK goldmine!

Furthermore, you have to give up less of your mind than required by any other strange cult, and at only a fraction of the cost! But wait, there's even more! For a mere twenty dollars <u>you</u> can join the clergy of The Church of the SubGenius, <u>you</u> can be a minister and have your own flock of mindless teenage followers to do your bidding!

All this is made possible through the great prophet J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. "Bob" will free you from the petty constraints of so called "civilization". "Bob" will show you how to beat the system. "Bob" will open your eyes to great conspiracy. "Bob" will answer any question. "Bob" will bring SLACK without guilt because you will pay for it with no strings attached!

Why don't YOU get in on the ground floor of the world's fastest growing religion while the rates are still low. No time to waste, THE WORLD ENDS TOMORROW AND YOU MAY DIE!

"Researching the Public's Fear of the Unknown Since 1953!"

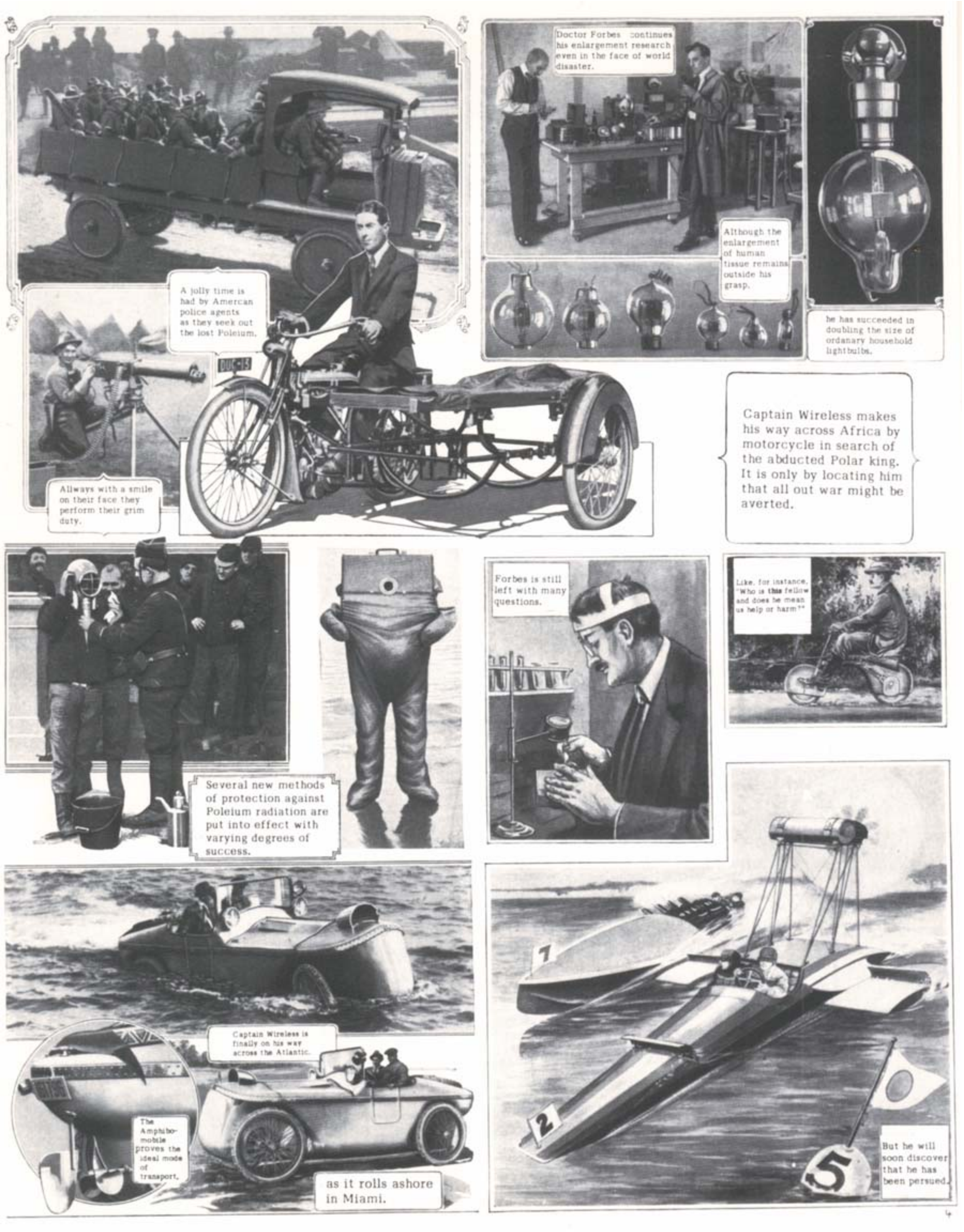
The Church of the SubGenius™

P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

CAPTAIN WIRELESS
BY
DR. AHMED FISHMONGER
Brass bands are motored into the citys in an attempt to counteract the effects of the Poleium radiation.
For it is the rays of this rare element, found only in the frozen polar realm, that Doctor Forbes accidently unleashed upon the world while using it in an attempt to enlarge the Tiny Polar People, that steals all sense of self esteem and will to achieve from all who are exposed to them.
Thus exposed the people of the World have been directing their energys toward pointless endevors,
or merely commiting suicide.
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS?!?

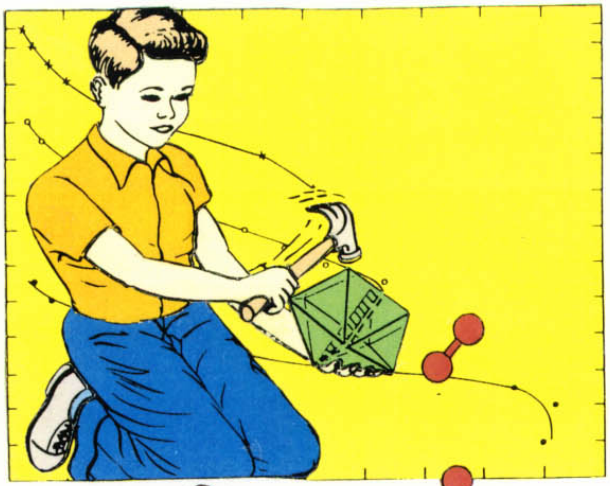
Captain Wireless! The living embodyment of all that is red-blooded and true-blue! Captain Wireless! Hero of the down-trodden and fighter for right! We find him in the waters off Singapore, relaxing with a copy of Popular Mechanics as he puts Dr.Forbes' human gill apparatus to the test!
At that moment an Iceboatman of the Polar kingdom is rapidly making for the mansion of the Canadian Prime Minister!
The next day a portion of Canada is ceded to the Polar kingdom as a base of operations.
A detatchment of British army patrols with armored bicicles.
In New York, the bands play on as the city falls into disrepair.
The entire operation is overseen by a masked man with an Italian accent.
The border of the new realm is guarded by American Rocket Men!
Strange RAY MACHINES are set up on the fronteer.
It is afternoon and German agents apear on the scene. At this point hardly anyone cares.
The Hun's Human Land torpedos aproach the new Polar realm's border.
2

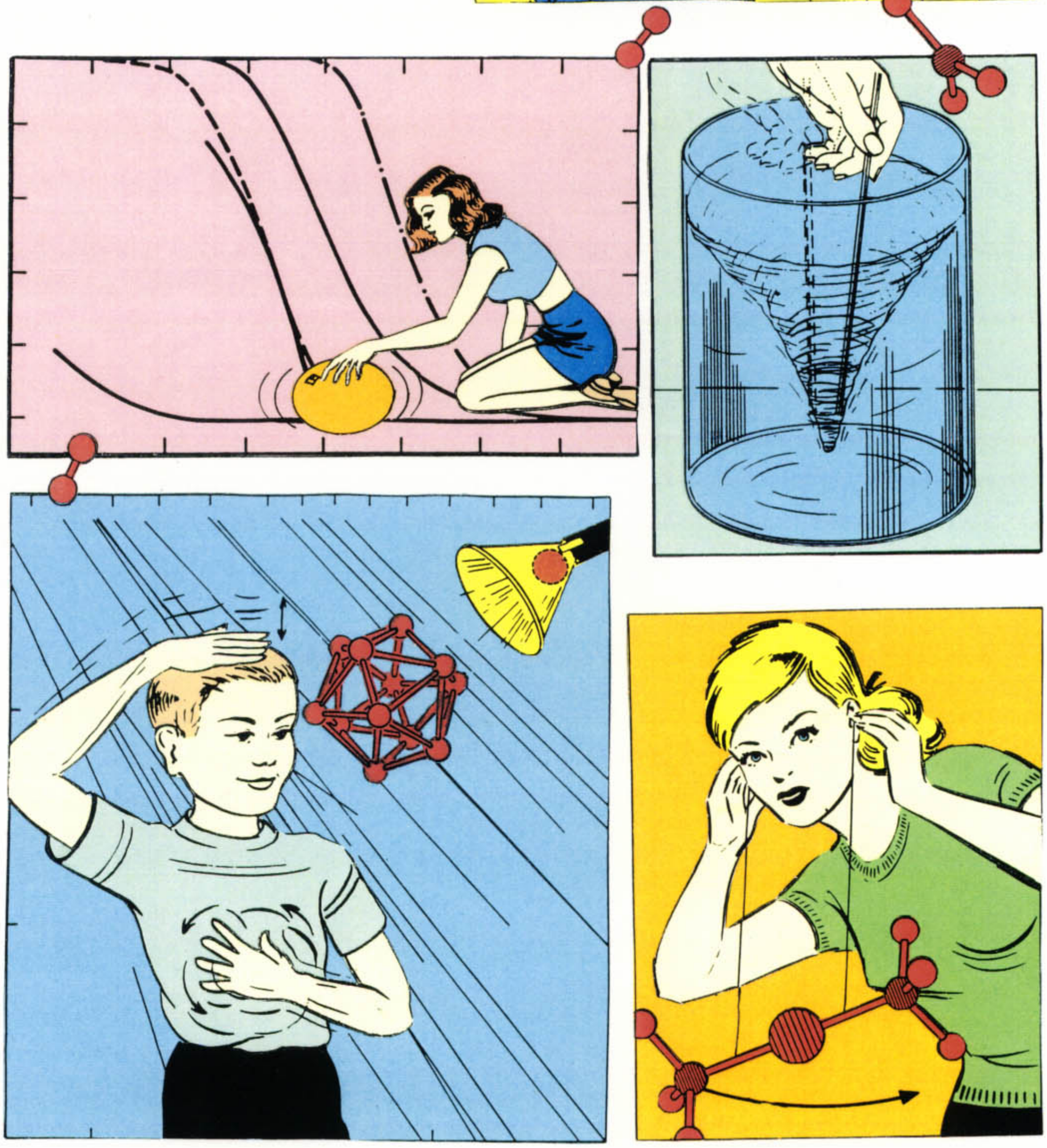
Dr. Forbes trys desperatly to contact Captain Wireless via a new device with wich he can see over wires. But to no avail.
Across the world, in the waters off Singapore are probed in the dim hope that the Captain might be found.
However, no sign of his presence is discovered. Where **is** Captain Wireless?
The Poleium radiation propagates its evil influence across the land. The talents of once productive citizens are now directed toward useless ephemera. Once great artists and artisans now produce noveltys and cheap toys. A great general now directs all his energy into his hatred of potatoes.
5 60
On the frontier of the new Polar kingdom a method of defence which uses no **amunition** is employed.
DON'T SHOOT
Building by building the city of Boston is removed from the path of the oncoming enemy.
In the Polar camp all is, for the moment, calm.
For even in a soldier's hard life, come times of peace.
Here we see a unit of Polar troops on a sunday picnic.
Far from the scene of the action and equaly far from those who seek him out, **Captain Wireless** is seen leaving by aeroplane from Santiago, Chile.
3
Little does he suspect the peril which grips the globe!!

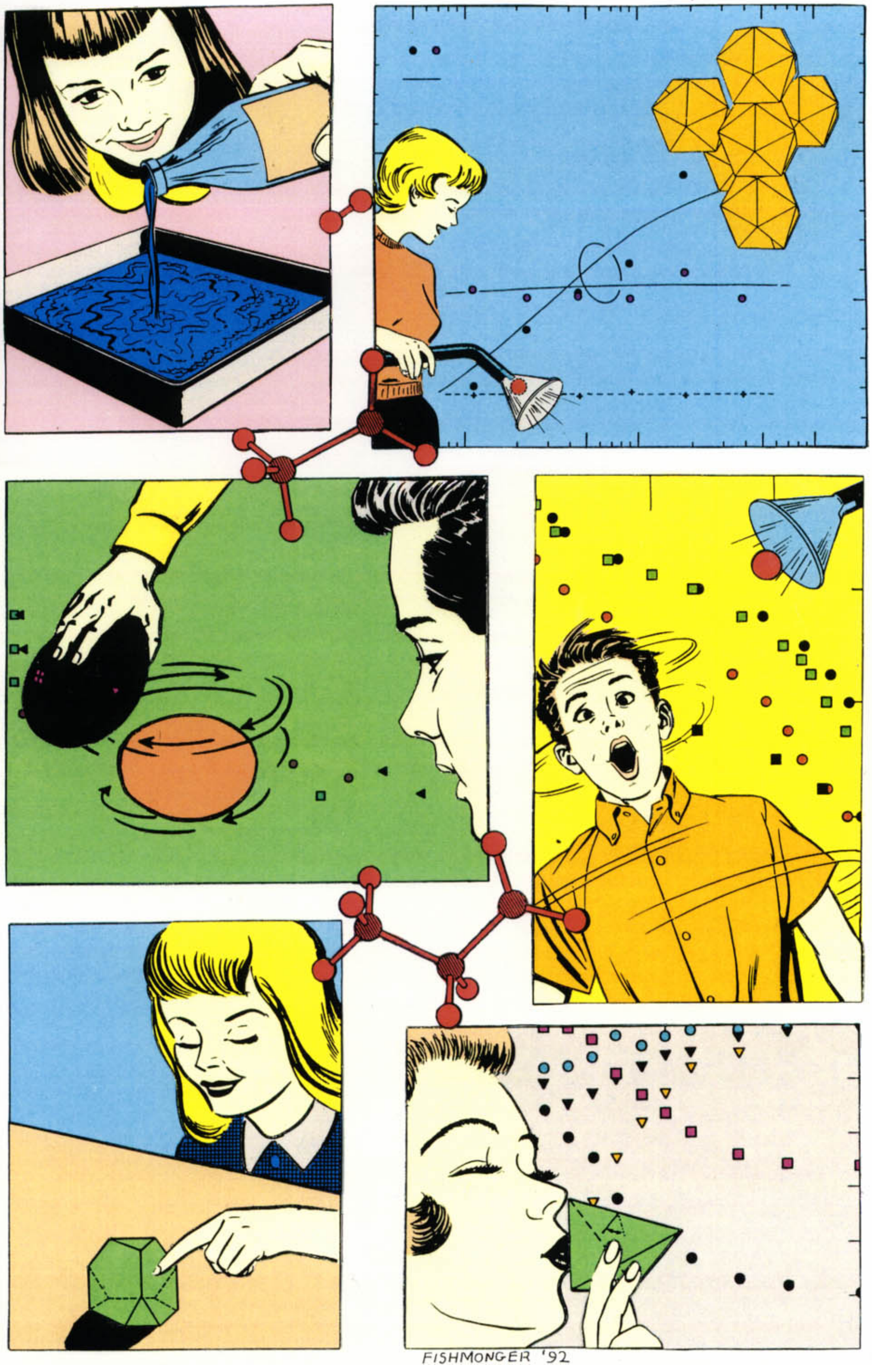

Doctor Forbes continues his enlargement research even in the face of world disaster.
Although the enlargement of human tissue remains outside his grasp.
he has succeeded in doubling the size of ordanary household lightbulbs.
A jolly time is had by Amercan police agents as they seek out the lost Poleium.
Allways with a smile on their face they perform their grim duty.
Captain Wireless makes his way across Africa by motorcycle in search of the abducted Polar king. It is only by locating him that all out war might be averted.
Several new methods of protection against Poleium radiation are put into effect with varying degrees of success.
Forbes is still left with many questions.
Like, for instance, "Who is this fellow and does he mean us help or harm?"
Captain Wireless is finally on his way across the Atlantic.
The Amphibo-mobile proves the ideal mode of transport,
as it rolls ashore in Miami.
But he will soon discover that he has been persued.

Dr. Forbes remains unsuccesfull in his endevors to contact the Captain.
In thecities, panic reigns supreme as the fabric of civilization crumbles before the onslaught of the demon Poleium rays. All attempts to restore order universally result in failure.
Messages via jury-rigged semiphore are also of little use. In New Jersey, a once-great engineer wastes his efforts in an attempt to break the sound barrier in a collander.
He escapes with only minor injurys and is quickly fitted with shielded clothing. Detectors the world over are registering titanic amounts of Poleium rays as the lost samples become further divided.
WHERE IS CAPTAIN WIRELESS?!?!?
Hopes are growing dim.
The battle on the Polar frontier takes on an atmosphere of desperation as the number of rational people declines
©1989 DR. AHMED FISHMONGER / FISHMONGER GRAFIX STUDIOS
5

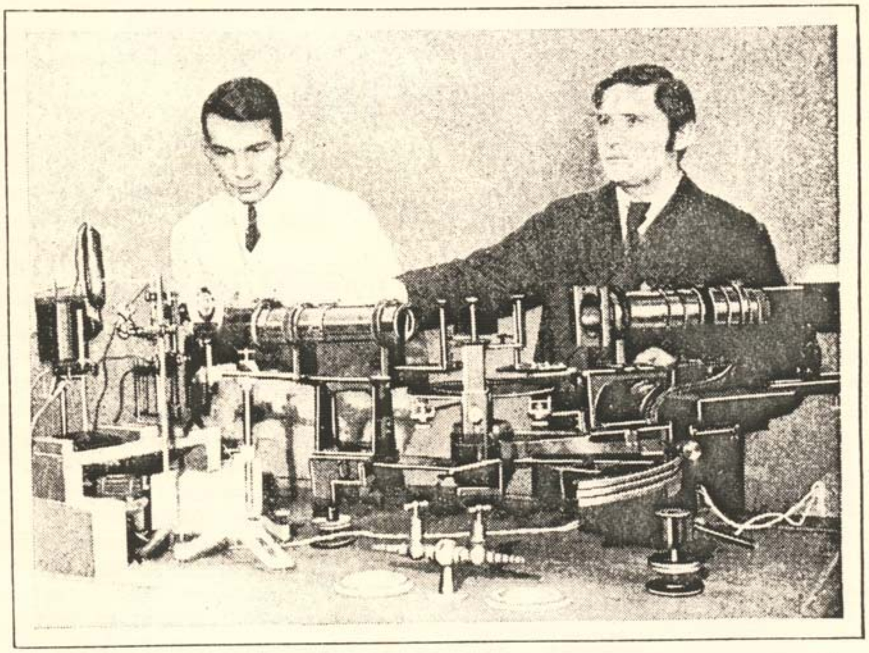
The Empire of Mirage





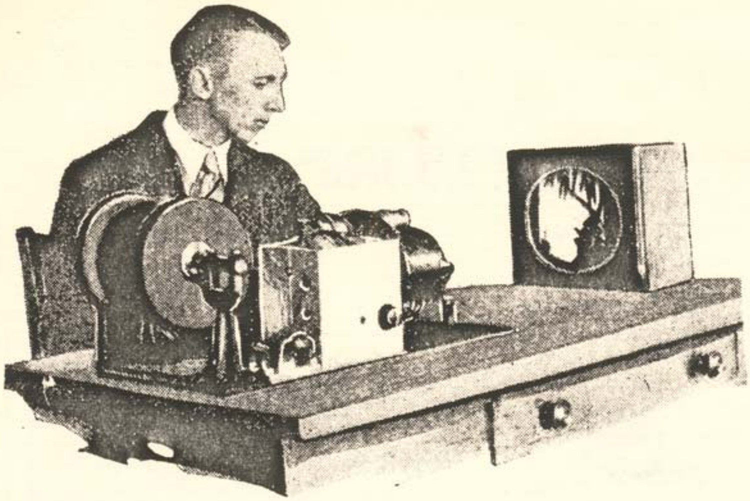

FISHMONGER '92

ᎢᏙ ᎾᏃᎵᏍ ᏓᏌᎯᏯᏍ



ᎤᎬᎾᏫᏍ ᎢᎦᏙᏝ ᏥᏌ ᎦᏮᏁᏍ ᎤᏙᏝᎦ.

ᏗᎦᏄᏉᏗ ᎪᏪᎵ ᏗᏂᏰᎵᎯᏍᏗᏍᎩ ᎤᎾᏓᏅᏖ
ᏩᏥᏂᏑ ᏧᏂᏄᏴᏫᏯᎯ.



ᏈᎵᎩᏱ ᎠᏁᎯ ᏧᏬᏪᎳᏁᎸᎯ.

ᎠᏯᏙᎸᎢ 1

1 ᏉᎳ ᎠᎴ ᏗᎹᏗ, ᏥᏌ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᎬᏩᏂᏅᏏᏙᎯ, ᏫᏙᏍᏙᏪᎳᏏ ᎾᏂᎥ ᎤᎾᏓᏅᏘ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᏥᏌ ᎬᏬᎯᏳᎯ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏈᎵᎩᏱ ᎠᏁᎯ, [illegible] ᏗᏂᎦᏘᏯ ᎠᎴ ᎠᏂᏯᏙᎯᎯ;

2 ᎬᏩᎦᏘᏯ ᎤᏓᏙᎵᏍᏗ ᎨᏒ, ᎠᎴ ᏅᏩᏙᎯᏯᏛ ᎢᏤᎳᏗᏙᎮᏍᏗ ᏅᏓᏳᎾᎵᏍᎪᎸᏔᏁ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎢᎩᏙᏓ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᏥᏌ ᎦᏟᏁᏛ.

3 ᎠᏆᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᏥᎦᎵᎡᎵᏤᎨ ᎢᏳᏍᏗᏉ ᎢᏨᏯᏅᏓᏗᎬᎢ,

4 ᏂᎪᎯᎸ ᏂᎦᏓᏙᎵᏍᏗᏍᎬ ᏂᏥᏔᏲᎯᎲ ᏂᎯ ᏂᏥᎥ ᎡᏥᏙᎵᏍᏗᏱ, ᎤᎵᎮᎵᏍᏗ ᎠᏆᏓᏅᏛ ᎦᏓᏙᎵᏍᏗᏍᎬᎢ,

5 ᏅᏗᎦᎵᏍᏙᏗᏍᎬ ᎢᏣᏖᏆᎶᏒ ᎣᏍᏛ ᎧᏃᎮᏛ ᏕᏥᏫᏎᏩᏗᏒᎢ, ᎢᎬᏱᏱ ᎢᎦ ᏅᏓᎬᏩᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᎪᎯ ᎢᏯᏍᏗ;

6 ᎯᎠ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏑᏓᎴᎩ ᎨᏒ [illegible], ᎾᏍᎩ Ꮎ ᎣᏍᏛ ᏗᎦᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᏗ ᎤᎴᏅᏛ ᏙᏗᏆᎶᏓᏅᏛᎢ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏰᎢᎸᏍᏗᏱ ᎬᎵᏍᏆᏗᏍᎩ ᏥᏌ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᎤᏤᎵ ᎢᎦ ᎠᎵᏰᎵᎢᎶᎸ ᎬᏗᏍᎩ;

7 ᎾᏍᎩ ᏥᏕᏳᎪᏗ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏨᏰᎵᏎᏗᏱ ᏂᏥᎥᎢ, ᏅᏗᎦᎵᏍᏙᏗᏍᎬ ᎠᎩᎾᏫᏱ ᎢᏨᏍᏆᏂᎪᏛᎢ; ᎾᏍᏉᏰᏃ ᎥᏆᎸᎢᏛ ᎨᏒᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᏥᏍᏕᎵᏍᎬ ᎠᎴ ᏥᏍᏓᏱᏗᏍᎬ ᎣᏍᏛ ᎧᏃᎮᏛ ᏂᎯ ᏂᏥᎥ ᎢᏤᎳᏗᏍᏗᏉ ᎬᏩᎦᏘᏯ ᎥᎩᏙᎵᎬᎢ.

8 ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯᏰᏃ ᎠᏆᏤᎵ ᎠᎦᏔᎯ ᏂᎦᎥ ᎢᏨᎨᏳᏒᎱ ᏥᏌ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᎤᏓᎨᏳᏗ ᎬᏗᏍᎬᎢ.

9 ᎠᎴ ᏥᏔᏲᎯᎲ ᎦᏓᏙᎵᏍᏗᏍᎬᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏓᎨᏳᏗ ᎨᏒ ᎢᏤᎲ ᎠᏏ ᎤᏟ ᎢᎦᎢ ᎤᏁᏉᏨᏍᏗᏱ ᎤᎵᏌᏍᏙᏗᏱ ᎠᎦᏙᎥᎯᏍᏗ ᎨᏒ, ᎠᎴ ᏂᎦᎥ ᏚᏳᎪᏛ ᎪᎵᏍᏗ ᎨᏒᎢ;

10 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏥᎪᏩᏛᏗᏱ ᏧᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᏚᏓᎴᏏᎥᎢ; ᎾᏍᎩ ᏂᏣᏠᎾᏍᏛᎾ ᎢᏣᎵᏍᏙᏗᏱ, ᎠᎴ ᏂᏣᏓᏏᏍᏆᎶᏍᏗᏍᎬᎾ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᎤᏤᎵ ᎢᎦ ᎠᎵᏰᎢᎶᎸ ᎬᏗᏍᎩ;

11 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏥᎧᎵᏨᎯ ᎢᏳᎵᏍᏙᏗᏱ ᏚᏳᎪᏛ ᎨᏒ ᎤᏓᎴᏅᎯ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏥᏌ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᎢᏳᏩᏂᏐᏗᏱ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᎸᏉᏙᏗᏱ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎠᎴ ᎬᏂᎨᏒ ᎢᏳᏩᏁᏗᏱ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎦᎸᏉᏗᏳ ᎨᏒᎢ.

12 ᎠᏎᏃ ᎢᏓᎵᏅᏟ ᎠᏆᏚᎵᎭ ᎢᏥᎦᏙᎥᎯᏍᏗᏱ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏧᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᎾᏆᎵᏍᏓ-

13 ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯᏰᏃ ᎣᏏᏳ ᎤᏰᎸᏗ ᎨᏒ ᏕᎤᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎯ ᏕᏣᏓᏅᏛᎢ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏣᏚᎸᏗᏱ ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᏉ ᏗᏥᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᏗᏱ.

14 ᏂᎦᏗᏳ ᏧᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᏕᏥᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎲ ᎪᎱᏍᏗ ᏂᏗᏣᏓᏕᎵᏎᎲᎾ ᎠᎴ ᏂᏣᏗᏒᎯᎲᎾ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ;

15 ᎾᏍᎩ ᏁᏥᏔᎧᏎᎲᎾ ᎠᎴ ᏂᏣᏠᎾᏍᏛᎾ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ, ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᏧᏪᏥ,

ᎦᎧᏗᎢᏍᏙᏗ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ, ᎢᏳᏓᎵᏴ ᎤᎾᏓᏥᏃᏍᏆᏗᎧᏛ ᎠᎴ ᎤᎾᎪᏅᏛ ᏴᏫ ᎠᏁᎲᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎾᎿ ᎠᏁᎲ ᏕᏥᏅᏌᏓᏗᏍᏗ ᎡᎶᎯ ᎢᎦ ᏗᎶᏍᏓᏁᎯ ᎾᏍᎩᏯᎢ;

16 ᎢᏥᎾᏅᎪᏫᏍᎨᏍᏗ ᏫᏃᎮᏛ ᎬᏂᏛ ᎠᏓᏁᎯ; ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏳᏩᏂᏐᏗᏱ ᎠᏆᏝᏢᏝᏍᏗᏱ ᎦᏩᏁᏛ ᎤᏤᎵ ᎢᎦ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏎᏉ ᏗᎩᏍᏆᏅᏔᏅᎯ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ ᎨᏒᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᏎᏉ ᏗᎩᏅᏫᏍᏓᏁᏅᎯ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ ᎨᏒᎢ.

17 ᏥᏌᏃ ᎯᎠ ᏂᏚᏪᏎᎴᎢ; ᏍᎩᏂᏍᏓᏩᏕᎦ, ᏴᏫᏃ ᏗᏍᏗᎦᏯᎷᎥᏍᎩ ᏅᏓᏍᏛᏴᏁᎵ.

18 ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᏚᏂᎧᏎ ᏧᏂᎦᏯᎷᏗ, ᎠᎴ ᎬᏩᏍᏓᏩᏛᏎᎢ.

19 ᎾᎿᏃ ᏫᎤᏪᏅ ᎤᏍᏗᎩᏛ, ᏚᎪᎮ ᏥᎻ, ᏤᏈᏗ ᎤᏪᏥ, ᏣᏂᏃ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏗᎾᏓᏅᏟ, ᎾᏍᎩᏃ ᎾᏍᏉ ᎤᎾᏣᎡ ᏥᏳᎯ ᏓᏃᏢᎯᏏᏍᎨ ᏧᏂᎦᏯᎷᏗ.

20 ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏫᏚᏯᏅᎮᎢ; ᎤᏅᏕᏨᏃ ᎤᏂᏙᏓ ᏤᏈᏗ ᎨᎦᎫᏴᎡᎯ ᏧᏂᏅᏏᏓᏍᏗ ᎢᏧᎳᎭ ᏥᏳᎯ ᎤᎾᏣᎥᎢ, ᎬᏩᏍᏓᏩᏛᏎᎢ.

21 ᎨᏆᏂᏃ ᏭᏂᏴᎴᎢ; ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᏗᎦᎳᏫᎢᏍᏗᏱ ᏭᏴᏅ ᏚᏕᏲᏁ ᎤᎾᏙᏓᏆᏍᎬ ᎢᎦ.

22 ᎤᏂᏍᏆᏂᎪᏎᏃ ᏄᏍᏛ ᏓᏕᏲᏍᎬᎢ, ᏚᏕᏲᏁᏰᏃ ᎤᎵᏂᎩᏛ ᏧᎨ ᎾᏍᎩᏯᎢ, ᎥᏝᏃ ᏗᏃᏪᎵᏍᎩ ᏓᎾᏕᏲᏍᎬ ᎾᏍᎩᏯ ᏱᎨᏎᎢ.

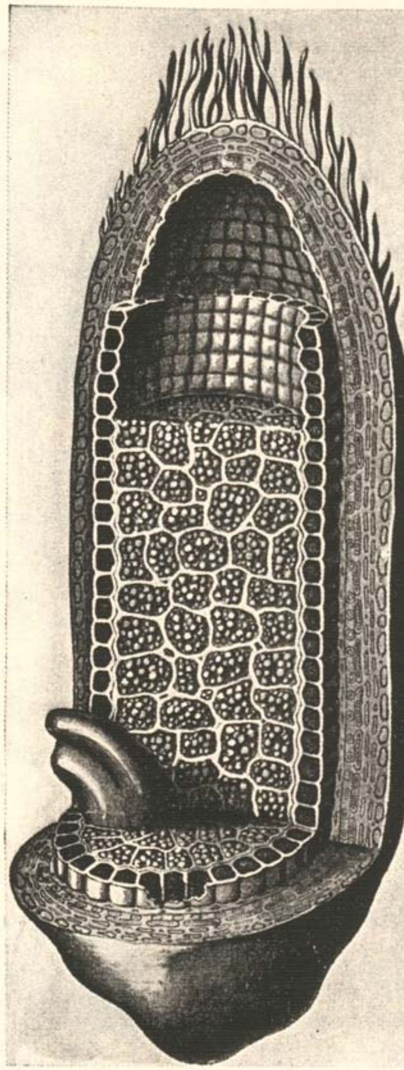
23 ᏧᏂᎳᏫᎢᏍᏗᏱᏃ ᎠᏯᎡ ᎠᏍᎦᏯ ᎦᏓᎭ ᎠᏓᏅᏙ ᎤᏯᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏪᎷᏁ, ᏂᏍᎫᏕᏍᏔᏅᏎ ᎤᏩᎴᏍᏗ.

24 ᎠᏂᏆᎵᏏᏃ ᎯᎠ ᏂᎬᏩᏪᏎᎴᎢ, ᎬᏂᏳᏉ, ᎦᏙᏃ ᎤᎾᏙᏓᏆᏍᎬ ᎢᎦ ᏂᏚᏳᎪᏛᎾ ᎨᏒ ᎾᎾᏛᏁᎭ.

25 ᎯᎠᏃ ᏂᏚᏪᏎᎴᎢ, ᏝᏍᎪ ᏱᏥᎪᎵᏰᎥ ᏕᏫ ᏄᏛᏁᎸ ᏧᏂᎬᏎᎮ ᎢᏳ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᎪᏄ ᏧᎧᏏᏍᎨᎢ, ᎤᏩᏒ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏣᏁᎮᎢ?

26 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏤᎵ ᎠᏓᏁᎸ ᏧᏴᎴ ᎾᎯᏳ ᏤᎮ ᎡᏆᏯᏓ. ᏄᎬᏫᏳᏒ ᎠᏥᎸᎨᎶᎯ, ᎠᎴ ᏗᎨ ᎠᎦᏙᏗ ᎦᏚ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎬᎩᏍᏗ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ ᏥᎨᏎ ᎠᏥᎸᎠᏁᎶᎯ ᎤᏅᏒ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᏉ ᏥᏚᏁᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏁᎯ.

27 ᎠᎴ ᎯᎠ ᏂᏚᏪᏎᎴᎢ, ᎤᎾᏙᏓᏆᏍᎬ ᎤᏙᏢᏁ ᏴᏫ ᏅᏗᎦᎵᏍᏙᏗᏍᎨᎢ; ᎥᏝᏃ ᎤᎾᏙᏓᏆᏍᎬ ᏱᏅᏗᎦᎵᏍᏙᏗᏍᎨ ᏴᏫ ᏱᎨᎪᏢᏁᎢ.



28 ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏕᎦᏃᏣᎸ ᎦᎧᎵᏎ ᎨᎵᎵ ᎾᎿ ᎬᏩᏚᏫᏛ ᎨᏒᎢ.

29 ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᏗᎦᎳᏫᎢᏍᏗᏱ ᏧᏂᏄᎪᏨ, ᏌᏩᏂ ᎠᎴ ᎡᏂᏗ ᎠᏂᏁᎸ ᏭᏂᏴᎴᎢ, ᎠᏁᎮ ᏥᎻ ᎠᎴ ᏣᏂ.

30 ᏌᏩᏂᏃ ᎤᏓᎵᎢ ᎤᏥ ᎦᏅᎨ ᎤᏢᎨ ᎤᏗᎴᎲᏍᎨᎢ; ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᎬᏩᏃᏁᎴᎢ.

ᎠᏍᏉᏄᎢ 2

1 ᏥᏌᏃ ᎤᏕᏅ ᎦᏚᏱ ᎦᏚᎲ ᏧᏗᏱ, ᎾᎯᏳ ᎢᏳ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ, ᎬᏂᏳᏉ ᎤᏂᎷᏤ ᏥᎷᏏᎵᎻ ᎠᏂᎦᏔᎿᎢ ᏅᏙ ᏗᎧᏄᎬ ᎢᏗᏢ ᏧᏂᎶᏎᎢ,

2 ᎯᎠ ᏄᏂᏪᏎᎢ; ᎭᏢ Ꮎ ᏧᏕᏅ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎠᏂᏧᏏ ᎤᎾᏤᎵᎦ, ᎣᎩᎪᎲᏰᏃ ᎤᏤᎵ ᏃᏈᏏ ᏗᎧᏄᎬ ᎢᏗᏢ, ᎠᎴ ᎣᏣᏓᏙᎵᏍᏓᏁᎵᎦ.

3 ᎡᎶᏛᏃ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎤᏛᎦᏅ ᎾᏍᎩ, ᎤᏪᎵᎯᏍᏗ ᎤᏓᏅᏓᏕᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᏂᎦᏛ ᏥᎷᏏᎵᎻ ᎠᏁᎯ.

4 ᏚᎳᏫᏛᏃ ᏂᎦᏛ ᏄᏂᎬᏫᏳᏒ ᎠᏥᎸ ᎠᏁᎶᎯ, ᎠᎴ ᏴᏫ ᏗᏃᏪᎳᏁᎯ, ᏚᏛᏛᏁᎢ, ᎾᎿ ᎤᏕᏗ ᎨᏒ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ.

5 ᎯᎠᏃ ᏂᎬᏩᏪᏎᎴᎢ; ᏧᏗᏱ ᎦᏚᏱ ᎦᏚᎲᎢ; ᎯᎠᏰᏃ ᏄᏩᏅ ᎤᏬᏪᎳ ᎠᏙᎴᎰᏍᎩ;

6 ᎠᎴ ᏂᎯ ᎦᏚᏱ ᎦᏚᎲ ᏧᏗᏱ, ᎥᏝ ᏍᎩᏂ ᏣᏍᏗᏂ ᏱᎩ, ᏥᏣᏓᎨᏍ ᏄᏂᎬᏫᏳᏒ ᏧᏗᏱ, ᏂᎯᏰᏃ ᏓᏣᏄᎪᏥ ᏗᏓᏤᎵ ᏴᏫ ᎢᏏᎵ-ᏗᏫᏁᏤᎯ.

7 ᎿᏉᏃ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᏕᎵᏛ ᏫᏚᏯᏅᎲ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏂᎦᏔᎿᎢ, ᎣᏍᏛ ᏚᏛᏛᏁ ᎢᏳᏉ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏃᏈᏏ ᎤᎾᏄᎪᏨᎢ.

8 ᎠᎴ ᏚᏅᏎ ᎦᏚᏱ, ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎢ; ᎢᏤᎾ ᎣᏍᏛ ᏪᏥᏲᎦ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏍᏗ ᎠᏲᎵ, ᎢᏳᏃ ᎡᏥᏩᏛᎲᎭ, ᎢᏍᎩᏃᏁᎵᏄᎭ, ᎠᏴᏃ ᎾᏍᏉ ᏫᏥᎷᏨᎭ, ᎠᎴ ᏥᏯᏓᏙᎵᏍᏓᏁᎵᏄᎭ.

9 ᎤᎾᏛᎦᏃᏁᎸᏃ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎤᎾᏂᎩᏎᎢ, ᎬᏂᏳᏉᏃ ᏃᏈᏏ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏂᎪᎲᎯ ᏗᎧᏄᎬ ᎢᏗᏢ, ᎢᎬᏱ ᎤᏁᏅᏒᎴᎢ, ᎬᏂ ᏭᎷᏥᎸ ᎠᎴ ᎤᎴᏫᏍᏔᏅ ᎦᎸᎳᏗᏢ ᎾᎿ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎡᎲᎢ.

10 ᎤᏂᎪᎲᏃ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏃᏈᏏ, ᎤᏣᏔᏅᎯ ᎤᎾᎵᎮᎵᏤᎢ.

11 ᎠᏓᏁᎸᏃ ᎤᏂᏴᎸ ᎤᏂᎪᎮ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏥ ᎺᎵ, ᎠᎴ ᎡᎳᏗ ᏚᎾᏓᏅᏁᎢ, ᎤᎾᏓᏙᎵᏍᏓᏁᎴᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᏧᎬᏩᎶᏗ ᎤᏂᏔᏅᏛ ᏚᏂᏍᏚᎢᏒ ᎤᏂᏁᎸᏁ ᎤᎾᎵᏍᎪᎸᏔᏅᎯ, ᎠᏕᎸ-ᏓᎶᏂᎨ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᎦᎾᏍᏛ ᎦᏩᏒᎩ ᎠᏜ, ᎠᎴ ᎻᎳ.

12 ᎠᎾᏍᎩᏓᏍᎬᏃ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᏚᏁᏤᎸ ᎡᎶᏛᏱ ᏭᏂᎶᎯᏍᏗᏱ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ, ᎤᎾᏂᎩᏒ ᎤᏣᏘᏂᏉ ᎢᏗᏢ ᏭᏂᎶᏎ ᎢᎤᏁᏅ ᎤᎾᏤᎵᎪᎯ.

13 ᎤᎾᏂᎩᏒᏃ ᎬᏂᏳᏉ ᏗᎧᎿᏩᏗᏙᎯ ᎤᏅᏏᏛ ᏱᎰᏩ ᎬᏂᎨᏒ ᏄᏛᏁᎴ ᏦᏩ ᎠᏍᎩᏓᏍᎬᎢ, ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎴᎢ; ᏔᎴᎲᎦ, ᎠᎴ ᏔᏯᏅᎦ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏥ ᎠᎴ ᏘᎵᏗ, ᎢᏥᏈ ᏫᎶᎯ, ᎾᎿᏃ ᏪᎮᏍᏗ ᎬᏂ ᏫᎬᏁᏤᎸᎭ, ᎡᎶᏛᏰᏃ ᎠᏎ ᏛᏲᎵ ᎤᏍᏗ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎤᎯᏍᏗᏱ.

14 ᎿᏉᏃ ᏚᎴᏅ ᎤᏯᏅᏎ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏥ ᏒᏃᏱ, ᎠᎴ ᎢᏥᏈᏱ ᏭᎶᏎᎢ.

15 ᎠᎴ ᎾᎿ ᏪᎮ ᎬᏂ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᏲᎱᏒ; ᎤᏙᎯᏳᏁ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏁᏨᎢ, ᎠᏙᎴᎰᏍᎩ ᏧᏬᏪᎳᏁᎢ, ᎯᎠ ᏥᏄᏪᏎᎢ; ᎢᏥᏈᏱ ᏫᏥᏯᏅᎲ ᎠᏇᏥ.

16 ᎿᏉᏃ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᏙᎴᎰᏒ ᎠᏂᎦᏔᎿᎢ ᎬᏩᎵᏓᏍᏔᏅᎢ, ᎤᏣᏔᏅᎯ ᎤᏔᎳᏬᏎᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏓᏅᏎ ᏫᏚᏂᎨᏁ ᏂᎦᏛ ᏗᏂᏲᎵ ᎦᏚᏱ ᎠᏁᎯ, ᎠᎴ ᏂᎦᏛ ᏂᎬᎾᏛ ᎾᎿᏂ, ᏔᎵ ᎢᏳᎾᏕᏘᏴᏛ ᏩᏍᏗ, ᎾᎯᏳ ᏅᏓᏳᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᏥᏓᎵᏏᎾᎯᏍᏓᏁᎵ ᏥᏓᏛᏛᎮᎸᎥᏍᎨ ᎠᏂᎦᏔᎿᎢ.

17 ᎿᏉᏃ ᎤᏙᎯᏳᏁ ᏤᎵᎻᏯ ᎠᏙᎴᎰᏍᎩ ᎤᏁᏨᎯ, ᎯᎠ ᏥᏄᏪᏎᎢ;

18 ᎴᎹᏱ ᎧᏁᎬ ᎤᎾᏛᎦᏅᎩ, ᏓᏂᏴᎬᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᏓᎾᏠᏱᎲᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏣᏘ ᎤᏁᎷᎬᎢ; ᎴᏥᎵ ᏓᏍᎪᏂᎲ ᏧᏪᏥ, ᎠᎴ ᏄᏚᎵᏍᎬᎾ ᎨᏒ ᎤᏄᏪᎯᏍᏗᏱ, ᏅᏗᎦᎵᏍᏙᏗᏍᎬ ᎾᏁᎲᎾᏉ ᎨᏒᎢ.

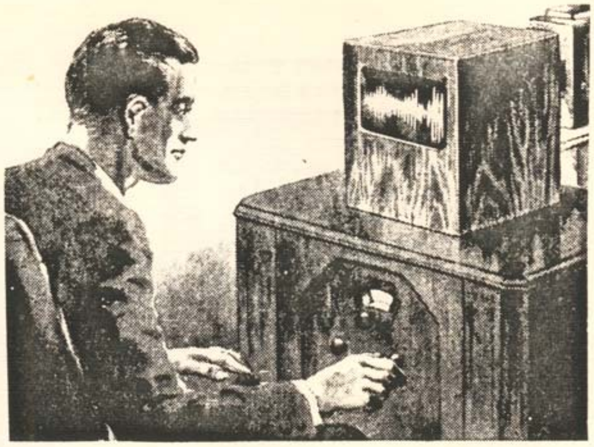
19 ᎿᏉᏃ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᏲᎱᏒ, ᎬᏂᏳᏉ ᏗᎧᎿᏩᏗᏙᎯ ᏱᎰᏩ ᎤᏤᎵᎦ ᎬᏂᎨᏒ ᏄᏛᏁᎴ ᏦᏩ ᎠᏍᎩᏓᏍᎬ ᎢᏥᏈᏱ,

20 ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎴᎢ; ᏔᎴᎲᎦ ᎠᎴ ᏘᏯᏅᎦ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏥ, ᎠᎴ ᎮᎾ ᎢᏏᎵᏱ, ᎿᏉᏰᏃ ᏚᏂᏲᎱᏒ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎬᏅ ᏧᏂᏲᏍᎩ.

21 ᏚᎴᏅᏃ ᎤᏯᏅᏎ ᎠᏲᎵ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏥ, ᎠᎴ ᎢᏏᎵᏱ ᏭᎷᏤᎢ.

22 ᎠᏎᏃ ᎤᏛᎦᏅ ᎠᏥᎳ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎨᏒ ᏧᏗᏱ ᎤᏙᏓ ᎡᎶᏛ ᎤᏓᏁᏟᏴᏍᏓᏁᎸᎢ, ᎤᏍᎦᎴ ᎾᎿ ᏭᎶᎯᏍᏗᏱ; ᎠᏎᏃ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏪᏯᏔᏅᎯ ᎨᏒ ᎠᏍᎩᏓᏍᎬᎢ, ᎨᎵᎵ ᏭᎪᎸᏍᏔᏁᎢ;

23 ᎦᏚᎲᏃ ᎾᏎᎵᏗ ᏧᏙᎢᏛ ᏭᎷᏨ ᎾᎿ ᎡᎮᎢ. ᎾᏍᎩᏃ ᎤᏙᎯᏳᏁ ᎠᎾᏙᎴᎰᏍᎩ ᏧᏂᏁᏤᎢ, ᎾᏎᎵᏗ ᎡᎯ ᎠᎪᏎᏍᏗ ᏧᎾᏛᏁᎢ.



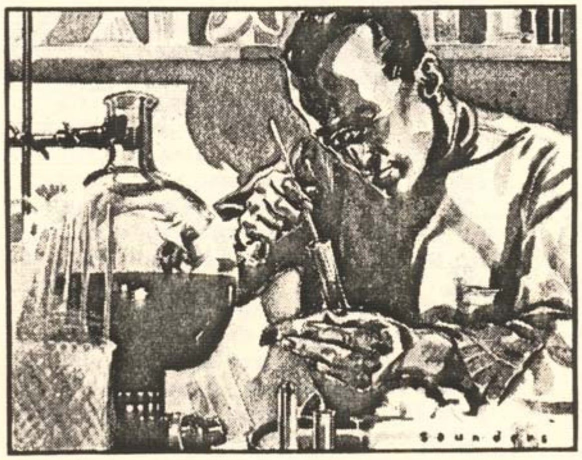
ᏥᎻ ᎤᏩᏪᎳᏅᎯ.

ᎷᎦ ᎤᏩᏪᎳᏅᎯ.

ᏧᏓᏏ ᎤᏩᏪᎳᏅᎯ.

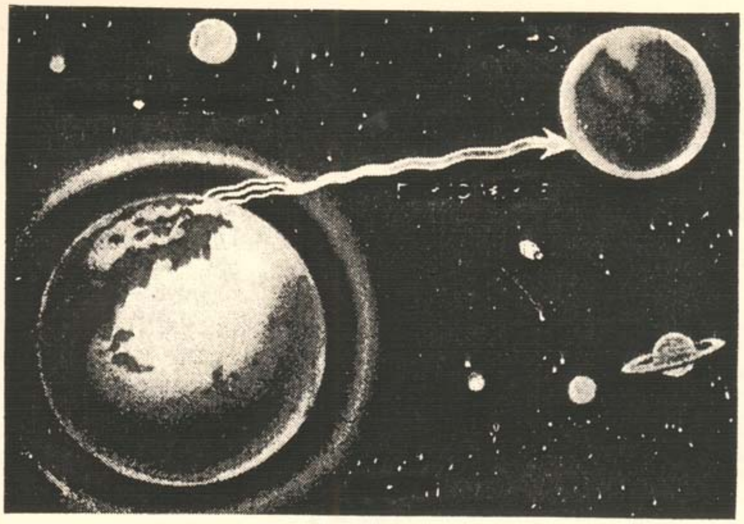
ᏛᎦ ᎤᏩᏪᎳᏅᎯ.

ᏣᏂ ᎤᏩᏪᎳᏅᎯ.



ᎠᏍᏙᏄᎢ 3

1 ᎯᏍᎩᎦᏚᏏᏁᏃ ᎤᏕᏘᏴᏌᏗ
ᎵᏯ ᏏᏌ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎨᏒᎢ,
ᏆᎴᏗ ᏧᏗᏱ ᏣᎦᏁᎶᏗ ᎨᏎᎢ,
ᎶᏛ ᎨᎵᎵ ᏍᎦᏚᎩ ᎨᏒ ᎠᏥᎦ
ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎤᏅᏟᏃ ᏈᎵᎩ ᎢᏚᎵ
ᏂᏗ ᎠᏥᎦᏘᏗᏍᏗ ᎨᏎᎢ,
ᎠᏈᎵᏂ ᎠᏥᎦᏘᏗᏍᏗ ᎨᏎᎢ;
2 ᎡᎾᏃ ᎠᎴ ᎦᏯᏆ ᏄᏂᎬ
ᏥᏄ-ᎠᏁᎶᎯ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎤᏁᎳᏅ
ᏂᏒᎯ ᎢᎾᎨ ᎤᎷᏤᎴ ᏣᏂ
ᎤᏪᏥ.
3 ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᎷᏤ ᎤᏪᏙ
ᎾᎥᏂᎨ ᎨᏒᎢ, ᎠᎵᏥᏙᎲᏍᎨ
ᏗᏓᏬᏍᏗ ᎨᏒ ᎦᏁᏟᏴᏛ ᎨᏒ
ᏛᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎦᏴᏓᏘᏁᏗᏱ ᏧᏍᎦ
4 ᎾᏍᎩᏯ ᏂᎬᏅ ᎪᏪᎸ ᎪᏪ
ᏌᏯ ᎠᏙᎴᎰᏍᎩ ᎤᏬᏂᏒᎯ,
ᎦᏪᎭ; ᎤᏪᎷᎦ ᎩᎶ ᎢᎾᎨ
ᏂᎦᏪᎭ; ᎡᏣᏛᏅᎢᏍᏓᏞ ᏱᎰ
ᎯᏍᏗᏱ, ᏚᏅᏅ ᏗᏥᏥᏃᎯᏍᏓ.



5 ᎰᎦᏎᏍᏗᏱ ᎤᏚᏄᏎ ᎤᏣᏒ ᎠᎴ
ᎺᏝ ᏣᏓᏴᏍᏗ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎦᏁᏝᏛ ᎰᏎᎢ.
6 ᎯᎠᏃ ᏄᏝᏍᏔᏁᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏏ ᎾᏞ
ᎠᏁᏙᎵᎢ, ᎤᏍᏆᏄᎵ ᎠᏂᏝ ᎤᎾᏄᎪᏫ-
ᏍᏗᏱ.
7 ᎤᎾᏄᎪᏫᏎᏃ ᎢᎬᏱ ᏒᎯ ᎤᏬᏥ
ᎠᏧᏣ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏪᏣᏄᏔᏁᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᏉᏰᏝ
ᎤᎾᏝᏍᏓᏴᏗᏱ ᎤᏄᏁᎢ; ᎥᏝᏰᏃ ᏳᎲ-
ᏅᏕ ᏧᏂᏒᏍᏗᏱ ᎠᏓᏁᏄᎢ.
8 ᎾᏂᏃ ᎾᎥᎢ ᎠᏫ-ᏗᏂᎦᏘᏯ ᎠᏁᏙᎲ
ᎤᏃᏕᎾᎢ, ᎠᏫ ᏚᏂᎦᏘᏰ ᏒᏃᏱ.
9 ᎬᏂᏳᏉᏃ ᏗᎧᏂᎪᏗᏱ ᏱᎰᏩ
ᎤᏓᏅᏖ ᎤᏂᎷᏤᎴᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎦᏄᏉᏗᏳ
ᎦᏄᎸᏛ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎤᏓᏅᏖ ᎦᎾᎦᎾᏍᏔ-
ᏁᎢ ᎠᎴ ᎤᏣᏘᏅᎯ ᎤᏂᏍᎦᎴᎢ.
10 ᏗᎧᏂᎪᏗᏱᏃ ᎯᎠ ᏂᎦᏪᏎᎢ;
ᏓᏍᏗ ᏱᏥᏍᎦᎢᎮᏍᏗ, ᎬᏂᏳᏉᏰᏃ Ꭲ-
ᏨᏯᎯᏍ ᏅᏍᏛ ᎣᏃᎸᏛ ᎤᏣᏘ ᎠᏞᎸᏞ-
ᏍᏗ, ᎾᏂᎥ ᏴᏫ ᎤᎾᏛᏗ.
11 ᎪᎯᏰᏃ ᎢᎦ ᎢᏣᏕᏁᏄ ᏕᏫ ᎤᏪ-
ᏕᏅᎢ, ᎢᏥᏍᏕᎸᎯ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏕᏣᏁᏛ
ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ.
12 ᎯᎠᏃ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏣᏙᎯᏯᏍᏙᏗ Ꮀ-
ᏎᏍᏗ; ᏨᏰᏥᎪᏛᎯ ᎠᏂᏝ ᎠᏥᏣᏄᎴ-
ᏍᏗ, ᏉᏰᏝ ᎤᎾᏝᏍᏓᏴᏗᏱ ᎦᏅᎰᏍᏗ.
13 ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᎤᏂᏣᏘ ᎦᏄᏔᏗ
ᎠᏁᎯ ᎬᎪᏝᎪᏁᎴ ᏗᎧᏂᎪᏗᏱ, Ꭴ-
ᏁᏩᏅᎯ ᎠᏂᏄᏉᏗᏍᎰᎢ, ᎯᎠ ᎾᏂᏪ-
ᏍᎰᎢ;
14 ᏕᏄᏉᏗᏳ ᎰᏎᏍᏗ ᎤᏁᏩᏅᎯ
ᎧᏁᏨ ᎦᏄᏔᏗᏳ, ᎡᏣᎯᏃ ᏙᎯᏱ Ꮀ-
ᏎᏍᏗ, ᏅᏍᏛ ᎰᎦᏓᏅᏖᏍᎨᏍᏗ ᏴᏫ.
15 ᏂᏉᏃ ᎯᎠ ᏄᏝᏍᏔᏁᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ
ᏛᏉ ᏴᏫ ᏙᏧᎾᏓᏅᏛ ᎬᎪᏓᏅᏖᏍᎨ-
ᏣᏂ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏕᏣᏁᏛ ᎰᎡ, ᎠᎴ ᎦᏣᏁᏛ
ᏂᎰᎡᎾ ᎰᎡᎢ;
16 ᏣᏂ ᎤᏁᏙ ᎯᎠ ᏂᎦᏪᏎ ᏂᎦᏛ,
ᎠᏴ ᏅᏙᎯᏳᎯ ᎠᏋ ᏕᏨᏯᏛᏍᏗᏍᎩ;
ᏓᏆᏍᎩᏂ ᎤᏟ ᎤᏝᏂᎩᏗᏳ ᎡᏍᎦᏉ
ᎠᏴ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏓᎧᏁᏤᎸ ᏗᏬᏚᏣᎩ ᎥᏝ ᏰᏝ
ᏱᏂᎪᎢ ᏗᎩᎧᏁᏴᏗᏱ; ᎾᏍᎩ ᏕᏄᏉ-
ᏗᏳ ᎠᏓᏅᏙ ᎠᎴ ᎠᏂᏄ ᏙᏓᏣᏬᏍᏔᏂ;
17 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏔᏈᎾᏍᏗ ᎠᏰᎵ, ᎠᎴ
ᏂᎦᏛ ᏓᎦᏔᏈᎾᏏ ᎠᏂᏓᏟᎢ, ᎤᏣᏘ-
ᏍᏗᏃ ᏓᎦᏟᏂ ᎹᏂ ᎤᏗᏱ; ᎤᏬᏑᏄ-
ᏩᏛᏅᎯᏍᎩᏂ ᎹᎪᏍᏔᏂ ᎠᏂᏄᏱ Ꮒ-
ᎬᏑᏍᎬᎾ.
18 ᎠᎴ ᎤᏣᏖ ᏧᏓᏛᏅ ᏕᎦᏬᏁᏗ-
ᏍᎬ ᏍᏝᏂᏙᏁᎴ ᏴᏫ.
19 ᏒᏟᎹᏍᎩᏂ ᏍᎦᏍᎩ ᎠᏂᎦᏘᏗᏍᏗ
ᎰᎡᎢ, ᏣᏂ ᎤᎬᏍᎪᏄᏁ ᏗᏝᏰᎢᏄᏍᏗ-
ᏍᎲ ᏒᏣᏗᏏ ᎤᏅᏟ ᏤᏝᎩ ᎤᏓᏝᎢ,
ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᏉ ᏂᎦᏛ ᎤᏣᏘᏂ ᏄᏛᏁᏄ
ᏒᏟᎹ,
20 ᎠᏏ ᏑᏓᎪᎾᏛ ᎯᎠ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏄᏛᏁ-
ᎴᎢ; ᏣᏂ ᏗᏓᏍᎦᏗᏱ ᎤᏍᎦᏁᎢ.
21 ᏂᏉᏃ ᎯᎠ ᏄᏝᏍᏔᏁᎢ, ᏂᎦᏛ
ᏴᏫ ᏕᎰᎦᏬᎢ ᎯᏳ ᎾᏍᏉ ᎠᏕᏬᏒᎢ,
ᎠᎴ ᎤᏓᏙᏝᏍᏔᏅ ᎦᏄᏔᏗ ᎤᏝᏍᏕ-
ᏎᎢ,
22 ᎠᎴ ᏕᏄᏉᏗᏳ ᎠᏓᏅᏙ ᏧᏬᎠᏎ
ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏪᏘᏄᏛᎢ, ᎠᏰᏄ ᏧᏝ-ᏗᏍᎪ-
ᏂᎯ ᎾᏍᎩᏉ ᎰᏎ ᎤᏙᎵᏒᎢ; ᏫᏁᎬᏃ
ᎦᏄᏔᏗ ᏦᏎ ᎯᎠ ᏅᏧᏬᏎᎢ; ᏂᎯ Ꭼ-
ᎰᏳᎢ ᎠᏇᏥ; ᏗᏏᏳ ᎬᏰᏄᎢ ᏂᎯ.
23 ᎯᏳᏃ ᏂᏉ ᎠᏎ ᏦᏍᎪᎯ ᎢᏳ-

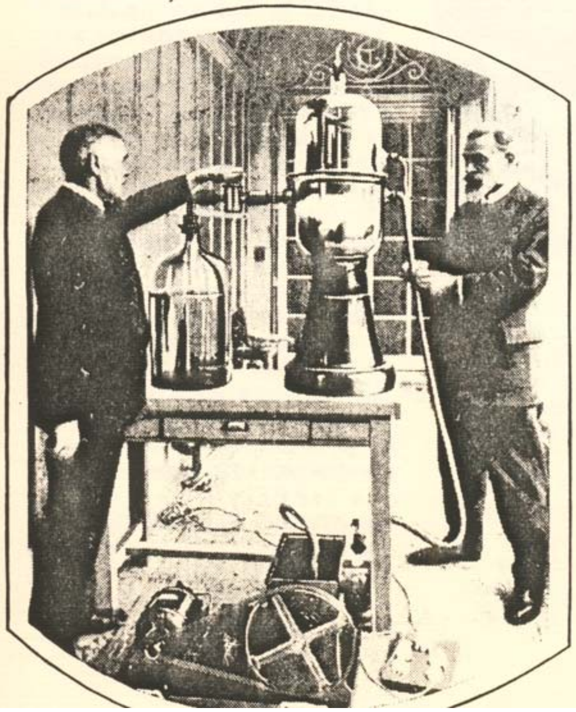
ᎦᏁᏴᏛ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏦᏩ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎤᏂ-
ᏰᎸᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎯᎳᏱ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ,
24 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎹᏓᏗ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎵᏫ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎺᎵᎦᏱ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏣᎾ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏦᏩ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ,
25 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎹᏗᏓᏯ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎡᎼᏏ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏁᎠᎻ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎡᏏᎳ, ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎾᎩ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ,
26 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎺᎠᏗ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎹᏗᏓᏯ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏏᎻᏯ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏦᏩ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏧᏓ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ,
27 ᎾᏍᎩ ᏦᎠᎾ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎵᏌ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏐᎳᏇᎵ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏌᎳᏓᏱᎵ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏂᎳᏱ ᎤᏪᏥ ᎨᏎᎢ,

28 ᏂᎦᏛᏃ ᏗᎦᏔᏫᎢᏍᏗᏱ ᎠᏂᏯᎢ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎯᎠ ᎤᎾᏛᎦᏅ ᎤᏂᏬᎵᏉ ᎤᏂᏔᏬᏍᎬᎢ.
29 ᏕᎾᎴᏁᏃ ᎠᎴ ᎬᏩᏄᎪᏫᏎ ᎦᏕᏙᎢ. ᎠᎴ ᎦᏩᏝᎥ ᎤᏌᎯᏄ ᏫᎬᏩᏘᏅᏍᏔᏂᏒ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏂᎦᏚ ᎦᏚᏙᎢ, ᏗᎬᏩᏆᎥᏔᏂᏎᎢ
30 ᎠᏏᏉ ᎤᎦᏛᎴᏎ ᎠᏕᎵ ᎠᏂᏙᎥᎢ ᎢᎬᏬᏅᏍᏔᏁᏍᏗ;
31 ᎠᎴ ᎨᏒᏂ ᎦᎷᏯ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎨᎵᎵ ᎦᏕᏙᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎦᎨᏥᏙᏍᎨ ᎤᎾᏙᏓᏈᏍᎬ ᎢᎦ ᏓᏍᏈᏄᏢᎬᎢ.
32 ᎤᏂᏍᏆᏂᎪᏎᏃ ᏄᏍᏛ ᏓᎦᏥᏙ-ᏍᎬᎢ, ᎤᎵᏂᎩᏗᏳᏍᏃ ᏫᏁᎨᎢ
33 ᏗᎦᏔᏫᎢᏍᏗᏱᏃ ᎠᏯᏒ ᎩᎶ Ꭲ-ᏳᏍᏗ ᎠᏍᎦᏯ ᎦᏓᏅ ᎠᏓᏅᏙ ᎠᏍᎩᎾ ᎤᏯᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᏍᏓᏯ ᎤᏪᎷᏁᎢ,

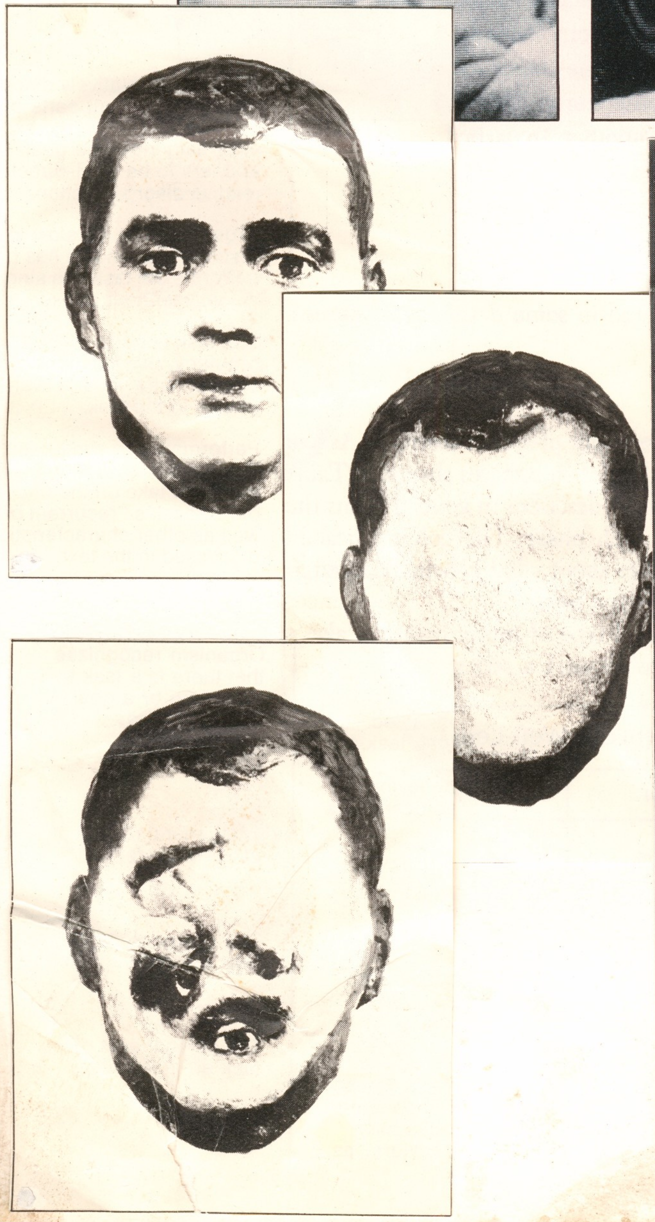
34 ᎯᎠ ᏂᎦᏪᏍᎨᎢ, ᏙᎦᏁᏔᎩ ᎦᏙ ᏗᎦᏓᏛᏙᏗ ᏂᎯ ᏥᏌ ᎾᏎᎵ Ꭵ ᏱᎯ ᏍᎩᏛᏔᏂᏔᏗ? ᎬᎦᏔᎭ ᏂᎯ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎨᏒᎢ—ᎦᏔᏲᏗᏳ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏤᎵ ᎨᏒᎢ
35 ᏥᏌᏃ ᎤᏍᎦᏉᎢ, ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎢ ᎡᏔᏪ ᏑᎾ, ᎠᎴ ᎯᏄᎪᎢ ᎠᏍᎩᎾᏃ
ᎠᏂᏅ ᎠᏕᎵ ᎤᏍᏆᏂᏍᏔᏅ ᎤᏄᎪᏉ ᏍᏆᎯ, ᎠᎴ ᎥᏝ ᎪᎱᏍᏗ ᏳᏩᏁᏨᎢ.
36 ᏂᎦᏛᏃ ᎤᏂᏍᏆᏂᎪᏎᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᎾᏠᏯ ᏧᏅᏒ ᎨᏒ ᎯᎠ ᏂᎦᏪᏍᏗᏎᏨ ᏕᏅ ᎤᏍᏗ ᏫᏁᎢᏍᏗ ᎯᎠ? ᎤᏉᎵ ᏍᏆᏃ ᎠᎴ ᎤᎵᏂᎩᏛ ᎨᏒ ᎦᎬᏗᏍᎩ ᏫᏁᏉ ᎠᏂᎦᏓᏍᎩ ᏗᏓᏅᏙ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᏂᏄᎪ
37 ᎦᏚᏃᏳᏄᏃ ᎾᏂ ᏂᎬᏅᏛ ᏕᏕᎵᏏ ᎴᎢ.
38 ᏕᎴᏅᏃ ᎤᏄᎪᏉ ᏗᎦᏔᏫᎢᏍᏗ ᏌᏩᏂᏃ ᎦᏁᏄ ᎦᏴᎴᎢ ᏌᏩᏂᏃ Ꭴ ᎵᎢ ᎤᏥ ᎤᎶᏗ ᎤᏗᏞᏙᏍᎨᎢ; ᎬᏩ ᏲᏎᏨᏃ ᎤᏍᏕᏄᏗᏱ.
39 ᎦᏅᎬᏃ ᎾᎥ ᎤᏨᏁ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏍ ᎤᏗᏞᏙᏍᎬᎢ, ᎤᏬᏲᏨᏃ ᎤᏗᏞᏙᏍᎬ ᎩᎳᏉᏃ ᎢᏴᏛ ᎤᏗᏛᎯ, ᎠᎴ ᏕᏍᏕ ᎪᏬᏨᎢ.
40 ᏗᎦᎶᎢᏍᎩ ᎥᏝ ᎤᏟ ᏱᎾᏥᏄᏍᏓ ᎡᏍᎦᏉ ᏧᏍᏆᏙᏍᎩ; ᎾᏂᎥᏍᎩᏂ ᎤᏂ ᏍᎢᏛᎯ ᏧᏁᏆᏙᏍᎩ ᏄᏍᏛ ᎾᏍᎩᏯ Ꭸ ᏎᏍᏗ.
41 ᎠᎴ ᎦᏙᏃ ᎢᎯᎪᏩᏘᏍᎪ ᎤᏢᏓ ᏄᏛ ᎤᎦᏔᏙᎢ ᏗᏍᏓᏓᏅᏟ, ᏁᎵᏍᎬᎾᏃ ᎢᎨᎥ ᎤᏃᏍᏛ ᎠᏓ ᏤᏒ ᏣᎦᏔᏙᎢ?
42 ᎠᎴ ᎦᏙ ᏱᎦᎵᏍᏙᏓ ᎯᎠ ᏱᏂᏥᏪ ᏗᏍᏓᏓᏅᏟ; ᏗᏃᏓᏅᏟ ᎬᏄᏏ ᎤᏢᏓᏄᏛ ᏣᎦᏔᏙᎢ, ᏤᏒᏃ ᏂᎪᏩᏘᏍᎬᎾ ᎤᏃᏍᏛ ᎠᏓ ᏤᏒ ᏣᎦᏔᏙᎢ? ᏣᏠᎾᏍᏗ! Ꭲ ᎬᏱ ᎯᏄ ᎤᏃᏍᏛ ᎠᏓ ᏤᏒ ᏣᎦᏔᏙᎢ ᏂᏗᏃ ᎬᏂᎨᏒᎢᏳ ᏣᎪᏩᏛᏗᏱ Ꭸ ᏍᏗ ᎯᏄᎡᏗᏱ ᎤᏢᏓᏄᏛ ᏗᏍᏓᏓᏅᏟ ᎤᎦᏔᏙᎢ.
43 ᏙᏍᏛᏰᏃ ᏡᎬ ᎥᏝ ᎤᏲ ᏯᏓᏛ ᏍᎠᎢ; ᎠᎴ ᎤᏲ ᏡᎬ ᎥᏝ ᎣᏍᏛ ᏯᏓᏛ ᏍᎠᎢ.
44 ᏡᎬᏰᏃ ᎪᎵᏍᏙᏗ ᎨᏒ ᏄᏍᏛ ᎤᏩᏒ ᎠᏓᏛᏍᎬᎢ; ᏥᏍᏆᏂᎩᏍᏗᎭᏰᏃ ᎥᏝ ᎡᎦᏔ-ᎢᏳᎾᏍᏗ ᏱᏓᏂᎦᏍᎪ ᏴᏫ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᏄᎦᏔᎭ ᎥᏝ ᏳᏔᏪᏗ ᏱᏓᏂᎦᏍᎠᎢ.
45 ᏙᏍᏛ ᏴᏫ ᎣᏍᏛ ᎤᏍᏆᏂᎪᏛ ᎤᎾᏫᏱ ᎣᏍᏛ ᎨᏒ ᎦᎾᏄᎪᏫᏍᎠᎢ; Ꭴ-ᏲᏃ ᏴᏫ ᎤᏲ ᎤᏍᏆᏂᎪᏛ ᎤᎾᏫᏱ ᎤᏲ ᎨᏒ ᎦᎾᏄᎪᏫᏍᎠᎢ; ᎤᎧᏛᏰᏃ ᎤᎾᏫ ᎤᏪᏘ ᎠᏁᎵ ᏫᏁᎠᎢ.
46 ᎠᎴ ᎦᏙᏃ ᏣᎬᏫᏳᎯ, ᏣᎬᏫ-ᏳᎯ, ᏘᏍᎩᏲᏎᎮᎢ, ᏂᏥᏪᏍᎬᏃ ᏝᏍᏛ-ᏁᏙᎾ ᎢᏨᏈᎢ?
47 ᎩᎶ ᎠᏴᎹᏉᏍᏗ, ᎠᎴ ᎠᏛᎩ-ᏍᎨᏍᏗ ᏂᏥᏪᏍᎬᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎾᏛ-ᏁᎲᏍᏗ, ᏓᏨᎾᏄᎪᏫᏎᎵ ᏓᏉᏧ ᎾᏍᎩ

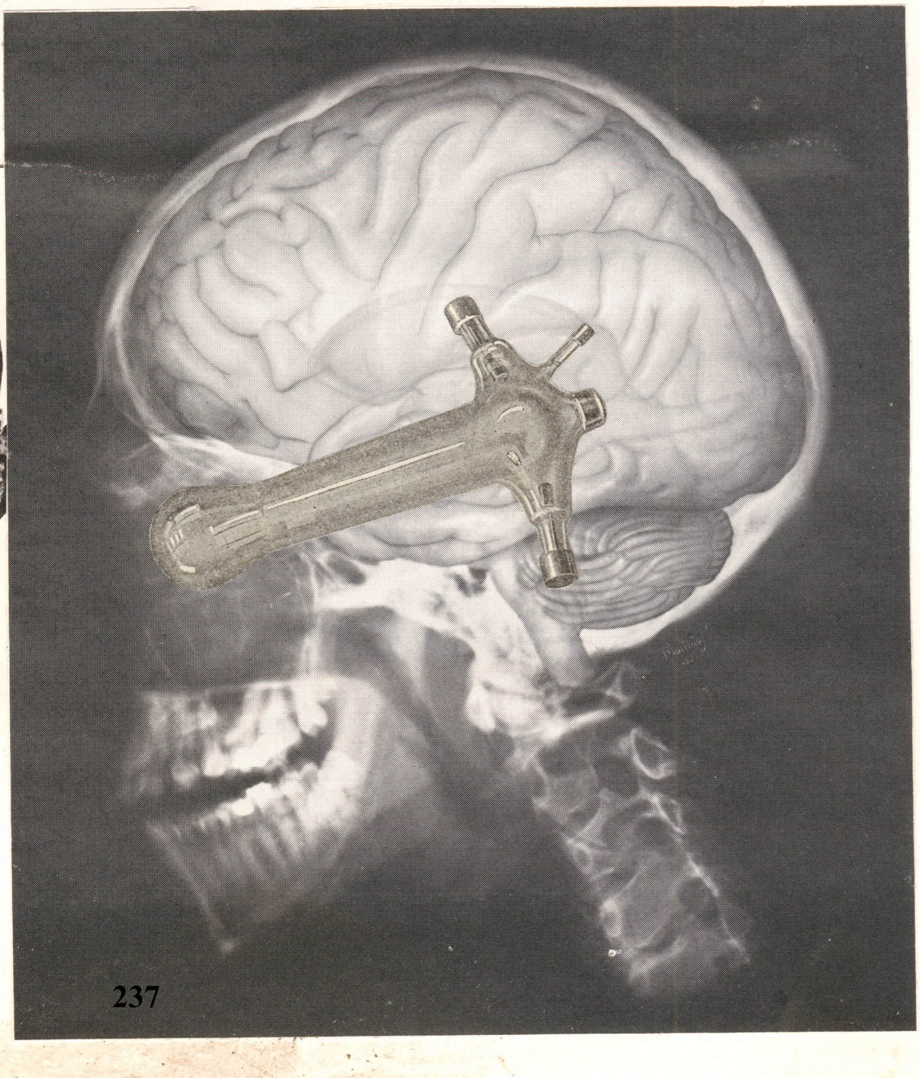
ᎠᏍᏙᏄᎢ 4

1 ᎾᏂᎥ ᎩᎶ ᎪᎦᏓᏅᏖᏍᎬ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ
ᏧᎩᏅᏏᏓᏍᏗ ᎾᏍᎩᏯ ᎪᎦᏓᏅᏖᏍᏥ-
ᏍᏗ, ᎠᎴ ᏧᎦᎦᏌᏯᏍᏗᏍᎩ ᎤᏕᎵᏛ
ᎨᏒ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏤᎵᎦ.
2 ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᏉ ᎤᎾᎦᏌᏯᏍᏗᏍᎩ ᎤᏚᎩ
ᎨᎬᏐ ᏚᏳᎪᏛ ᎢᏳᎾᏛᏁᏗᏱ.
3 ᎠᏴᏍᎩᏂ ᎦᏓᏅᏖᏍᎬ ᏅᎵᏌᎵᏉ
ᏂᎯ ᏗᏍᎩᏳᎪᏓᏁᏗᏱ, ᎠᎴ ᏴᏫᏉ ᏧᏚ-
ᎪᏙᏗ ᎨᏒᎢ; ᎥᎥ, ᎥᏝ ᎠᏋᏒ ᏱᏗᏍᏓᏚ-
ᎪᏓᏁᎭ;
4 ᎥᏝᏰᏃ ᎪᎱᏍᏗ ᏱᏥᎦᏔᎭ ᎠᏋᏒ
ᎠᏆᏓᎳᏫᏎᏗ; ᎠᏎᏃ ᎥᏝ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏯᏆᏓ-
ᎴᎭ; ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯᏍᎩᏂ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏗᎫᎪ-
ᏓᏁᎯ.
5 ᎾᏍᎩᏍᎩᏂ ᎢᏳᏍᏗ ᏞᏍᏗ ᏗᏧᎪ-
ᏔᏅᎩ ᎠᏏᏉ ᏄᏍᏆᏂᎩᏍᎾ, ᎬᏂ ᎤᎬ-
ᏫᏳᎯ ᎦᎷᏨᎭ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᎦ ᎦᏛ ᏥᏙᏓ-
ᎦᎾᏄᎪᏫᏏ ᎤᎵᏏᎬ ᏗᎬᏍᎦᎵ ᏥᎩ, ᎠᎴ
6 ᎠᎴ ᎠᏍᎩᎾ ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎴᎢ; ᎯᎠ
ᎾᏍᎩ ᏂᏕᏛ ᎤᎵᏂᎩᏗᏳ ᎨᏒ ᏱᏍᏕ-
ᏲᎯᏏ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᏕᏄᏉᏗᏳ ᎨᏒᎢ;
ᎠᏴᏰᏃ ᏛᎩᏍᎯᏐᏄ, ᎠᎴ ᎩᎶ ᏥᎥᏏ ᎨᏔ
ᏥᏁᎨᎢ.
7 ᎾᏍᎩ ᎢᏳᏍᏗ ᎢᏳᏃ ᏱᏍᏆᏓᏙ-
ᎵᏍᏓᏁᏄ, ᏂᏕᏗᏳ ᏂᎯ ᏣᏤᎵ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ.
8 ᏥᏌᏃ ᎤᏁᏤ ᎠᎴ ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎴᎢ;
ᎠᏆᏐᎭᏛ ᎭᎴᏓ ᏎᏓᏂ; ᎯᎠᏰᏃ Ꮒ-
ᎬᏅ ᎪᏪᎳ; ᏱᎰᏩ ᏣᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎯᏯ-
ᏓᏙᎵᏍᏓᏁᎮᏍᏗ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏩᏒᎯᏳ



ᎠᏁᎯ ᏱᏂᎦᏔᎮᎢ; ᏱᎠᏂᎦᏔᎮᏰᏃ ᎥᏝ
ᎾᏄᏉᏗᏳ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᏓᏓᎿᏩᏍᏛ Ᏹ-
ᎬᏩᎾᏛᏁᎢ;
9 ᎾᏍᎩᏯᏍᎩᏂ ᎯᎠ ᏥᏂᎬᏅ ᏥᎪ-
ᏪᎳ, ᎩᎶ ᎤᎪᎲᎯ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ, ᎠᎴ ᎤᏛ-
ᎦᏅᎯ ᏂᎨᏒᎾ, ᎠᎴ ᏴᏫ ᎤᎾᏫᏱ ᎤᏰᎸᎯ
ᏂᎨᏒᎾ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏄᏍᏛ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᏚᏛ-
ᏅᎢᏍᏓᏁᎸ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎬᏩᎨᏳᎯ.
10 ᎠᏎᏃ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎬᏂᎨᏒ ᏂᎬ-
ᏁᎸ ᎤᏓᏅᏙ ᎤᏮᎳᏅ; ᎠᏓᏅᏙᏰᏃ
ᏂᎦᎥ ᏧᏓᎴᏅᏛ ᎠᎪᎵᏰᏍᎪᎢ, ᎾᏍᏉ
ᎬᏍᎦᎵ ᎨᏒ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᏤᎵᎦ.
ᎤᏓᏙᎵᏍᏗ ᎨᏒ ᎠᏴ ᎥᎩᏁᎸᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩᏯ
ᎠᏏᎾᏌᏂ ᏄᎬᏫᏳᏒ ᏗᏁᏍᎨᏍᎩ ᎢᏳ-
ᏛᏁᏗ ᏫᏆᏛᏁᎸ ᎦᏗᏍᏛᏗ ᎠᎩᏅ, Ꮕ-
ᏩᏓᎴᏃ ᎾᎿ ᎤᏁᏍᎨᎲ. ᎠᏎᏃ ᎾᏂᎥ
ᎩᎶ ᎠᏁᏯᏔᎮᏍᏗ ᏄᏍᏛ ᎠᎾᏁᏍᎨᏍᎬ
ᎾᎿᏂ.
11 ᏅᏩᏓᎴᏰᏃ ᎦᎫᏍᏛᏗ ᎥᏝ ᎩᎶ
ᎬᏩᏗ ᏱᎩ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏩᏒ ᎦᏳᎳ ᎠᏅᎯ
ᏥᎩ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᏥᏌ ᎦᎶᏁᏛ ᏥᎩ.
12 ᎾᏍᎩᏃ ᎢᏳ ᎩᎶ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎯᎠ ᎦᎫ-
ᏍᏛᏗᎯ ᏳᏝᏅ, ᎠᏕᎸ ᏓᎶᏂᎨ ᏳᏁ-
ᏍᎨᎳᏅ, ᎠᏕᎸ ᎤᏁᎬ, ᏗᏕᎸᏉᏗ
ᏅᏯ, ᎠᏓ, ᎧᏁᏍᎦ, ᎠᏍᏗᏕᏒᎯ ᎤᎵᏃ-
ᎯᏴᎯ,
13 ᎾᏂᎥ ᏴᏫ ᏚᏂᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎸ ᎬᏂᎨᏒ
ᎢᎬᏁᏗ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ; ᎾᎯᏳᏰᏃ ᎢᎦ ᎬᏂ-
ᎨᏒ ᏅᏓᎬᏁᎵ, ᎠᏥᎸᏰᏃ ᎤᎾᏄᎪᏫᏍᏗ
ᎨᏎᏍᏗ; ᎠᎴ ᎠᏥᎸ ᎤᎪᎵᏰᏗ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ
ᎾᏂᎥ ᏴᏫ ᏚᏂᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎸ ᎢᏳᏍᏗ Ꮎ-
ᏍᎩ ᎨᏒᎢ.
14 ᎢᏳᏃ ᎩᎶ ᏚᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎸ ᏱᏂᎬ-
ᏩᏍᏗᏉ ᎾᎿ ᎤᏁᏍᎨᎲᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎠᏕ-
ᎫᏴᎡᏗ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ.
15 ᎢᏳᏃ ᎩᎶ ᏚᎸᏫᏍᏓᏁᎸ ᏱᎪᎲ-
ᏍᏔᏅ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏲᎱᏎᎮᏍᏗ; ᎤᏩᏒ-
ᏍᎩᏂ ᎠᏥᏍᏕᎸᏗ ᎨᏎᏍᏗ; ᎠᏎᏃ
ᎠᏥᎸ ᏣᏥᏍᏕᎸᎳᏃ ᎾᏍᎩᏯᎢ.
16 ᏝᏍᎪ ᏱᏥᎦᏔᎭ ᏂᎯ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ
ᎦᏁᎸ ᎨᏒᎢ, ᎠᎴ ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ
ᎤᏓᏅᏙ ᎢᏥᏯᎥᎢ?
17 ᎢᏳᏃ ᎩᎶ ᏳᏲᏍᏔᏅ ᎤᏁᎳ-
ᏅᎯ ᎦᏁᎸᎢ, ᎾᏍᎩ ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᏓᏳᏲ-
ᏍᏔᏂ; ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯᏰᏃ ᎦᏁᎸ ᎦᎸᏉ-
ᏗᏳ, ᎾᏍᎩᎾ ᏂᎯ ᏥᎩ.
18 ᏞᏍᏗ ᎩᎶ ᎤᏩᏒ ᏥᎠᏓᎵᏓᏍᏔᏂ.
19 ᏂᎦᏛᏃ ᎤᏂᏣᏘ ᎨᏒ ᎠᎾᏟᏂᎬᏁᎮ
ᎬᏩᏒᏂᏍᏗᏱ. ᎾᏍᎩᏰᏃ ᎨᏒ ᏗᏓᎴ-
ᎲᏍᎨ ᎤᏓᏅᏛᏗ ᎨᏒ ᎠᎴ ᏚᎾᏓᏫᏍᏗ-
ᏍᎨ ᎾᏂᎥᎢ.
20 ᏚᏌᎳᏓᏁᏃ ᏗᎦᏙᎵ ᏚᏬᎾᏁ ᎬᏩ-
ᏍᏓᏩᏗᏙᎯ, ᎯᎠ ᏄᏪᏎᎢ; ᎣᏏᏳ ᎢᏣ-
ᎵᏍᏓᏁᏗ ᎤᏲ ᎢᏣᏛᎿᏕᎩ; ᎢᏣᏤᎵᏰᏃ
ᎤᏁᎳᏅᎯ ᎤᎬᏫᏳᎯ ᎨᏒᎢ.





AVIATORS OF TOMORROW

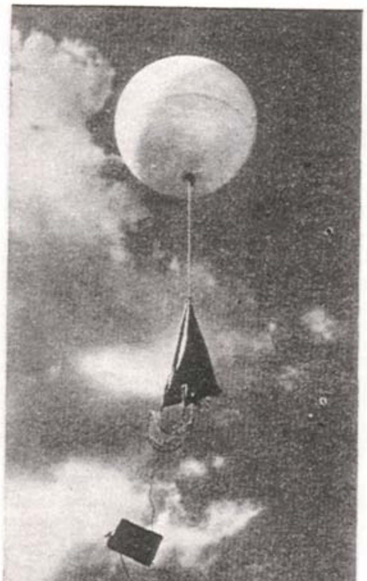
RULERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE

Chapter 8 "MINIONS OF THE MAGNET MASTER"

In hope of thwarting the aims of the mysterious "Magnet Master," Col. Rawlings learns a new way to breathe.

It is at this time that strange news arrives. It seems that t contents of hundreds of gas mains has solidified.

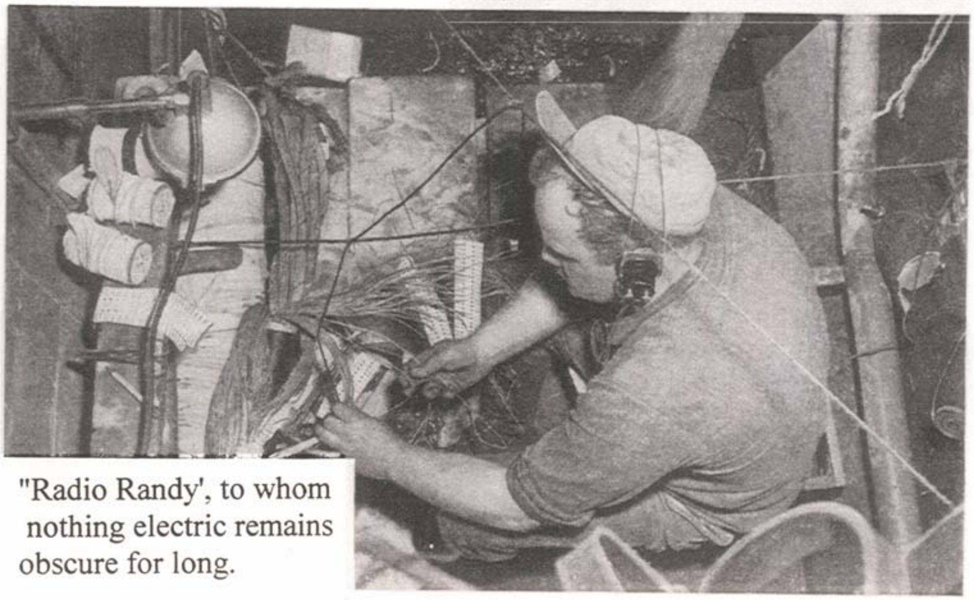
Immeadiately the balloon is sent up to summon the young, brave AVIATORS OF TOMORROW!



Who *are* these men of enigmatic nobility, these tireless enemies of evil?

His second in command is Father Mischa, the fighting priest.

The leader of the team is the intrepid Col. Virgil R. Rawlings, who at the tender age of fourteen became the youngest man to earn a commission in the Great War.



"Radio Randy', to whom nothing electric remains obscure for long.

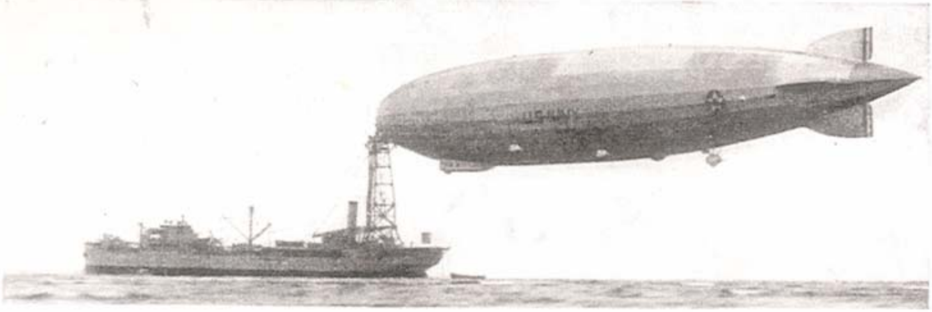
The two Mr. Smiths, whos simple folk ways have solved many a tough case.

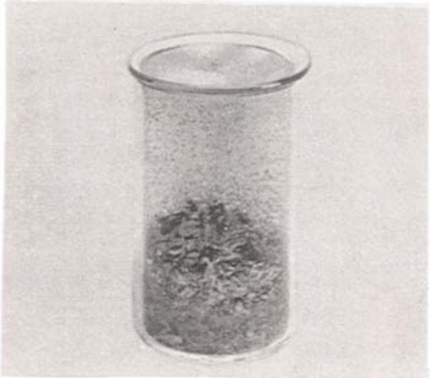
Jimmy Jones the exemplar of all that is best in American youth.

The elderly gentleman known only as "Uncle Raymond."

Max Finegold, who keeps the team in contact.

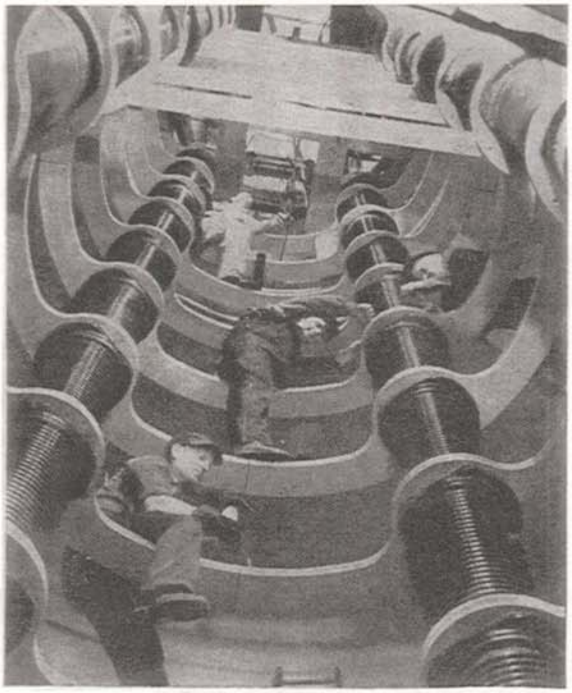
And, of course, **Bruno.**



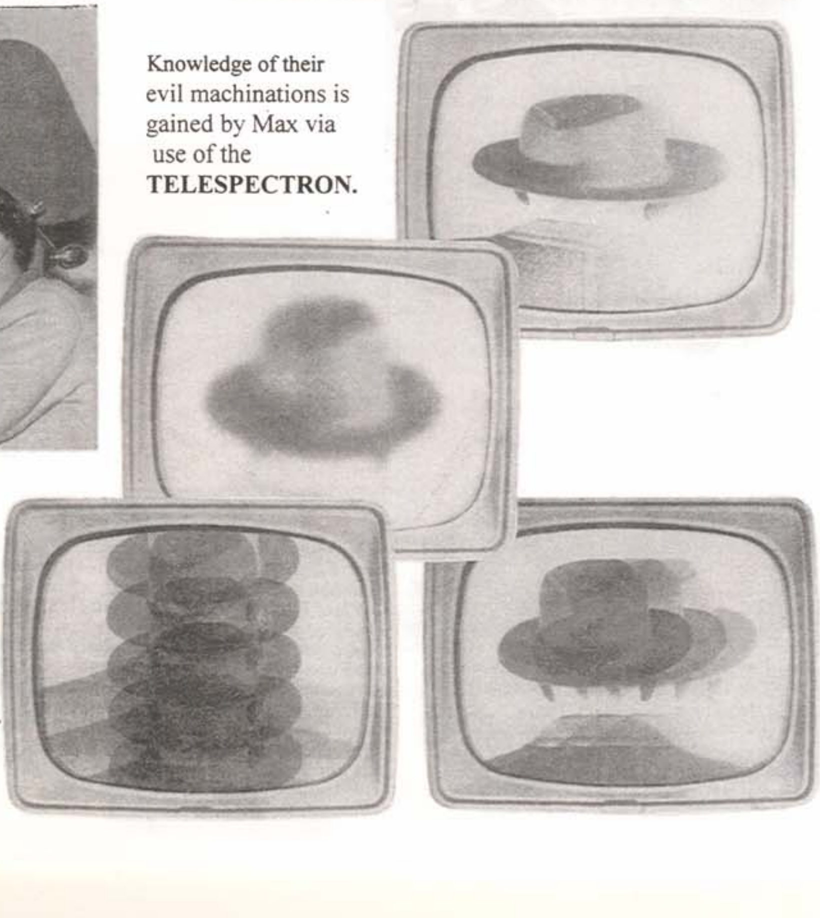


The dirigible headquarters of the Aviators docks at a ship under the command of Admiral Klaune. It is he who informs them that not only are gasses becoming solid, but many solids are beginning to volitilize. The only way, the Admiral explains, for these effects to come about it through the criminal use of **Pholon** which is also the basis for an insidious and illicit medication. A tincture of this drug has been known to give even men of the greatest disclipline *notions.*

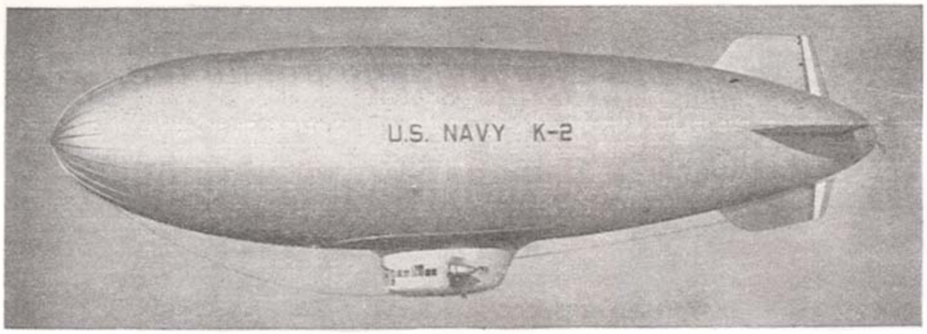
Time is of the very essence! The Colonel and his comrades board the airship with all due haste!Far away the deluded minions of the Magnet Master are consumed with malign industry.



Knowledge of their evil machinations is gained by Max via use of the **TELESPECTRON.**



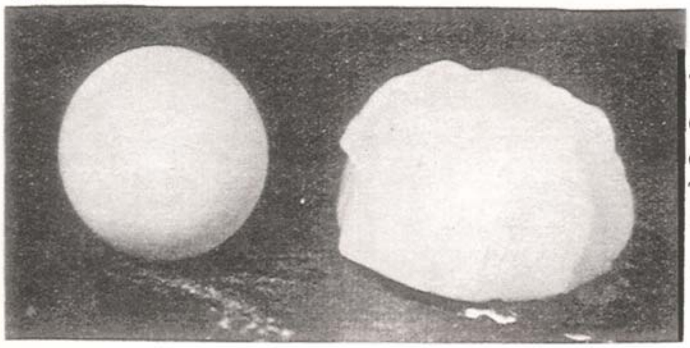
Try as he might, he cannot tune in an image of the master villan's face.



Meanwhile, the dirigible of the Avators of Tomorrow heads for the tiny country of **Donumbangi** where they will meet with Professor Andrade.

This man, who's missionary work is an example to all, is also the world's foremost authority on the manufacture and use of **Pholon!**

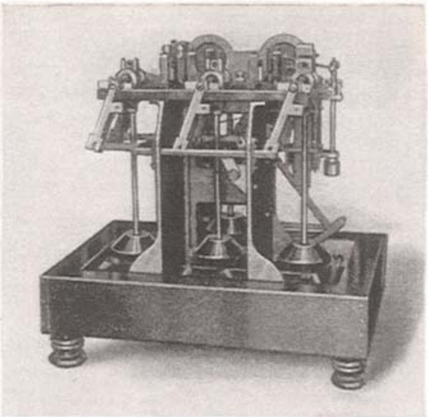
Their arrival is announced almost before they land.

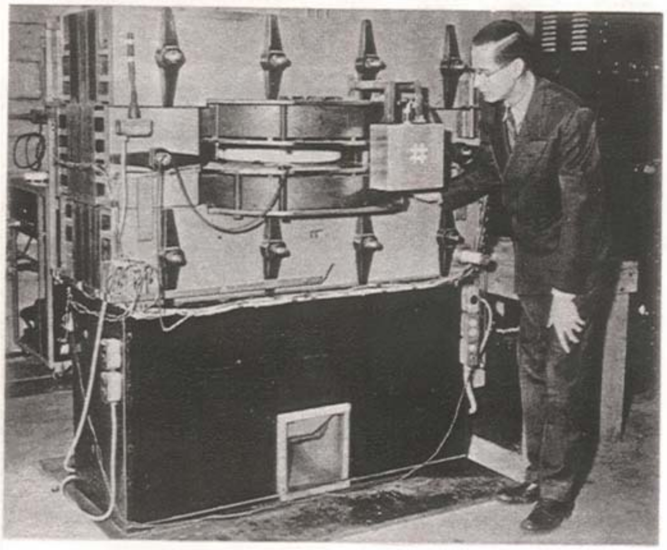


The Professor demonstrates the effects of that peculiar substance on an electric spark gap.
The electricity becomes **solid** before the astonished eyes of the Aviators.

The Professor explains that up until recently this process has been irreversible, but now that the Magnet Master has obtained through treachery the only existing Belmont Machine! This device allows the Pholon effect to be turned on and off at the will of the user, no matter how malignant that user's will may be!

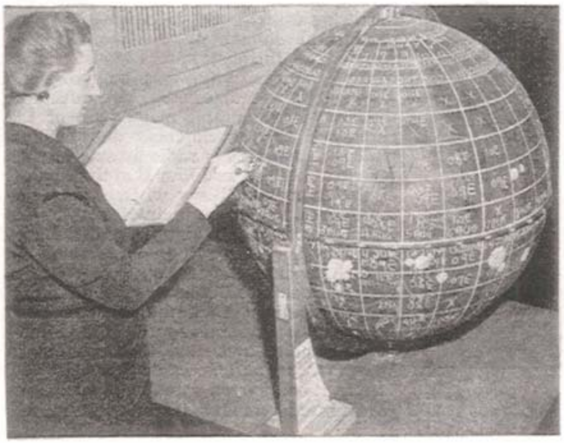
"Just imagine," he says, "if the Magnet Master could unfreeze this frozen electricity at will."



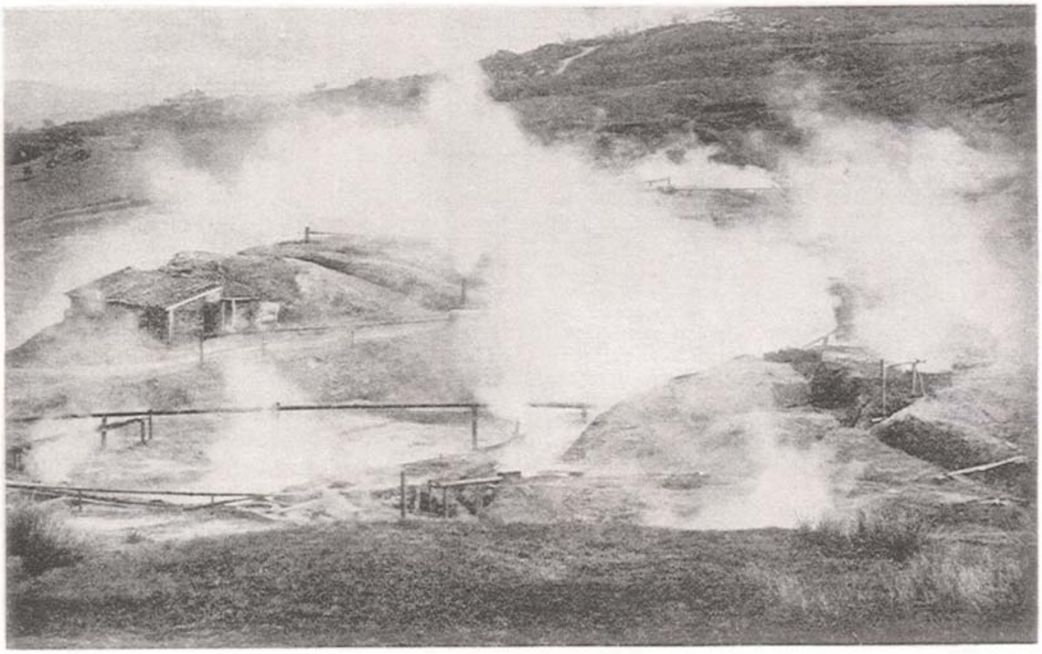


"In this special container is stored **seven tons** of solid electricity, if that *rascal* finds out that I have it he can destroy me at the merest thought! You gentlemen **must** retrieve the Belmont machine!"

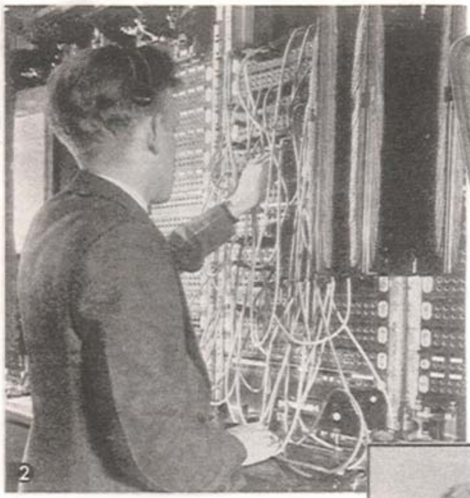
Even as the Professor speaks the servants of the evil genius work to locate the secret lab by use of **Psychic Geomancy!**

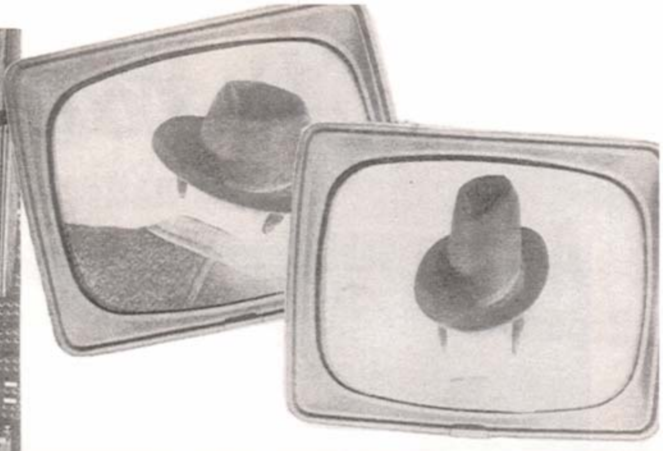


Meanwhile back in America, Max has just lost a wager with Bruno when their sport is interrupted by a message from the Colonel.

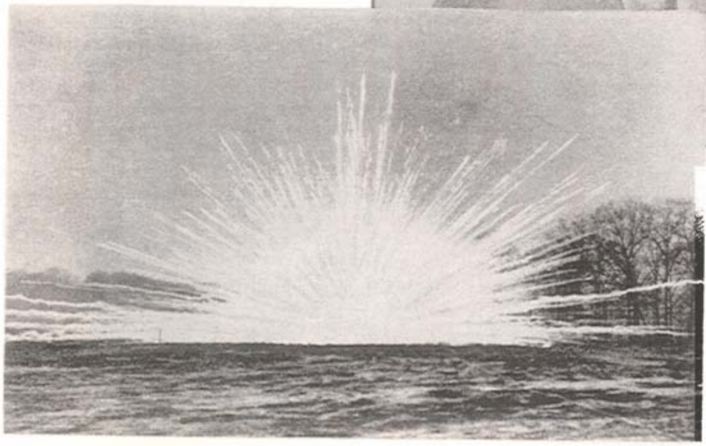


The content of the broadcast is terrifying indeed! Vast areas of the *land itself* have started to **vaporize!** The Magnet Master must be stoppedbefore the entire world fall into ***chemical chaos!***



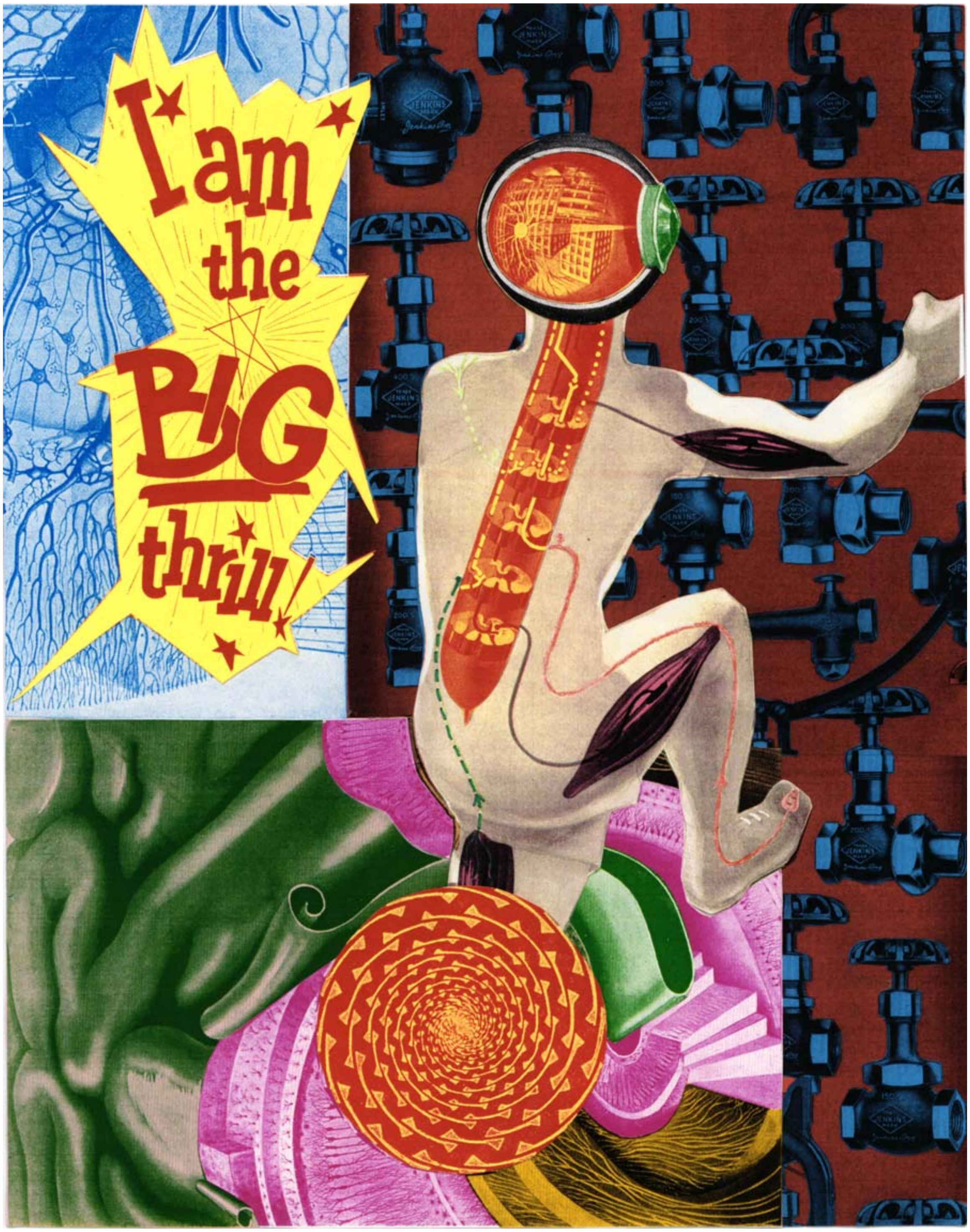


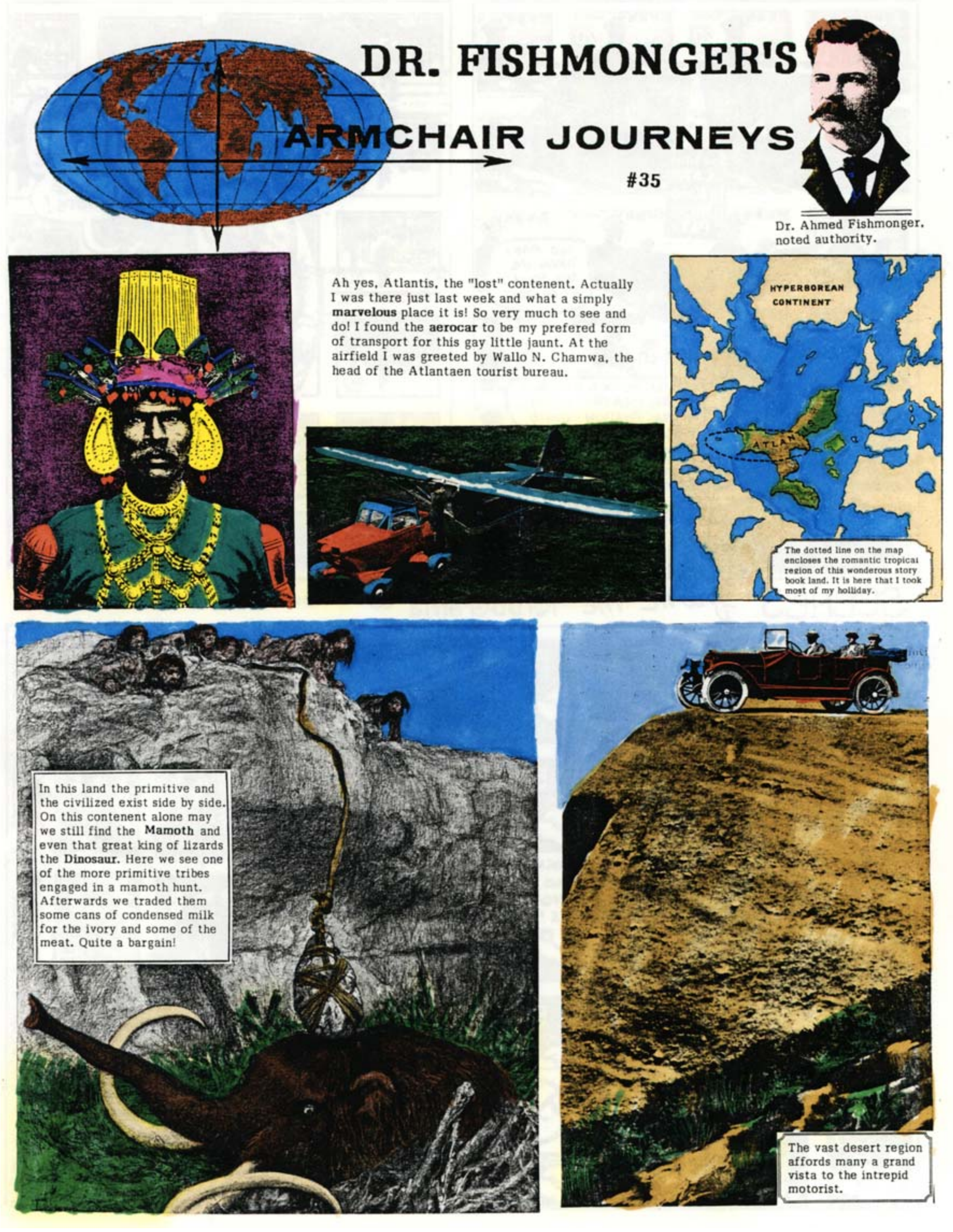
Radio Randy labors furiously to identify the evil "Malign Magnetician" but to no avail, while Col. Rawlings raises local help in Donumbangi.



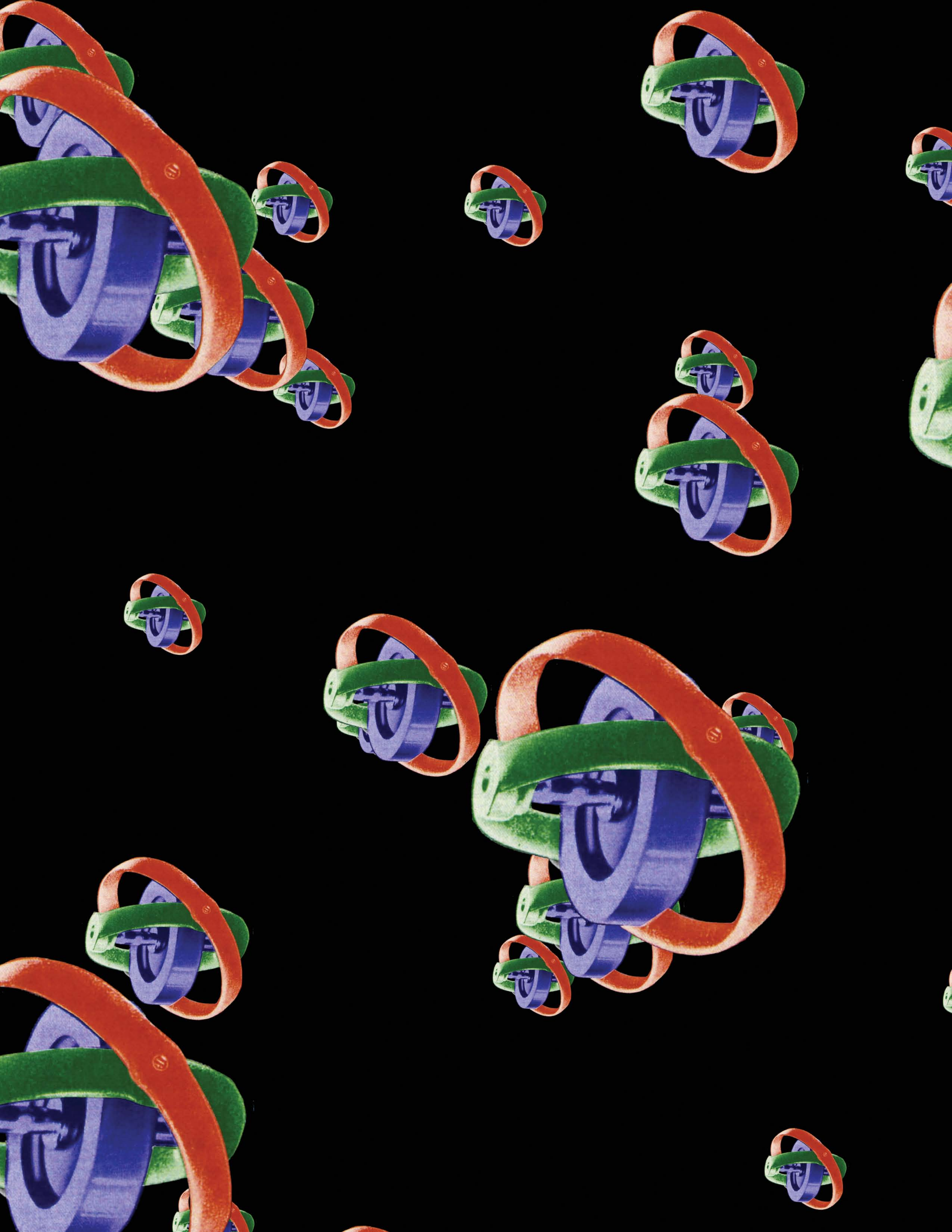
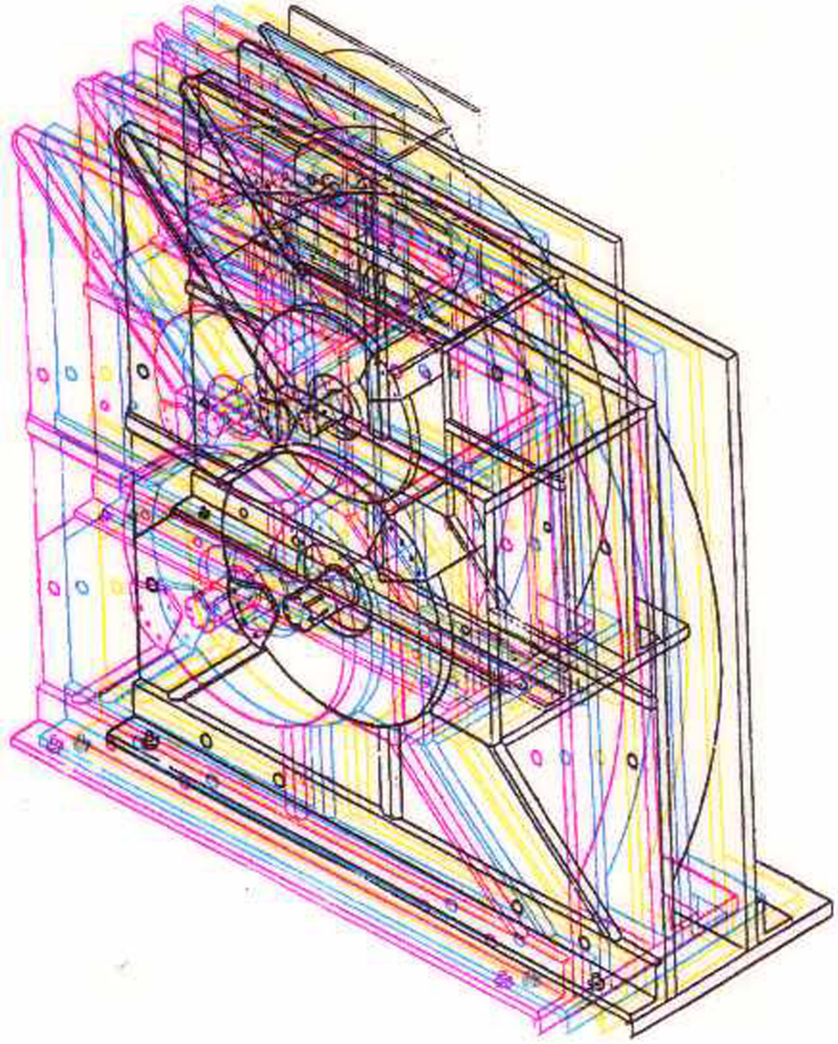
Without warning, all of Professor Andrade's stored frozen electricity thaws

TO BE CONTINUED....


I am the BIG thrill!


DR. FISHMONGER'S
ARMCHAIR JOURNEYS
#35
Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger, noted authority.
Ah yes, Atlantis, the "lost" contenent. Actually I was there just last week and what a simply marvelous place it is! So very much to see and do! I found the aerocar to be my prefered form of transport for this gay little jaunt. At the airfield I was greeted by Wallo N. Chamwa, the head of the Atlantaen tourist bureau.
HYPERBOREAN CONTINENT
ATLAN
The dotted line on the map encloses the romantic tropical region of this wonderous story book land. It is here that I took most of my holliday.
In this land the primitive and the civilized exist side by side. On this contenent alone may we still find the Mamoth and even that great king of lizards the Dinosaur. Here we see one of the more primitive tribes engaged in a mamoth hunt. Afterwards we traded them some cans of condensed milk for the ivory and some of the meat. Quite a bargain!
The vast desert region affords many a grand vista to the intrepid motorist.

At the desert"s edge we obtained rail passage...
...which caried us into the fertile central valley.
Along the route the contenents most beautiful country-side may be seen.
My companion, miss Woodward made this sketch of one of the wild dinosaurs we saw along the way. Some are friendly enough to eat out of your hand.
Here we see the "Ring Game" which has no winner or loser but rather relies on "dominance through intimidation". The Atlantean mind is, at times, frightfully hard to delve.
We would stop at many fine picnic sights by the side of the railway to indulge in many native games. Shown below is one called "Kicking the Landlord". The rules are almost impossible for an outsider to understand.
Ariving at a village, we are greeted by a member of the clergy. I am afraid that this publication will not allow me to discribe any of the local religous practices due to thier blasphemous nature.
NEXT WEEK: the French goat cheese festival!!

1
BROMFKIDOR
1

it's fun
DS
CASINO
PASTOR
GRILL
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